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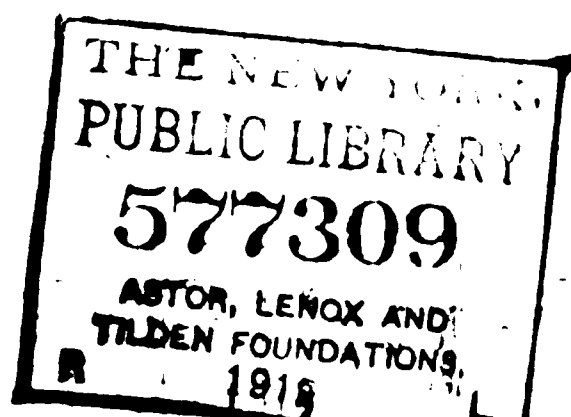
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ILLUSTRATIONS.

| | Page. | | Page. |
|-------------------------------------|-------|--|-------|
| Bull Fighting in Havana | 8 | O. M. Edwards, M. P. | 281 |
| An Exciting Moment | 9 | Gen. George H. Thomas | 296 |
| Bull and Picadores | 9 | Chaplain Harry W. Jones | 297 |
| Dragging out the Dead Bull | 11 | The Memorial at Llansannan | 305 |
| Lewis Anthony | 41 | Dr. Joseph Parry | 329 |
| Michael D. Jones | 43 | The Morning | 344 |
| Harbor of Cavite | 55 | Gwrych Castle | 345 |
| River Pasig from the Citadel | 56 | The Auction | 361 |
| Principal Street in Manila | 57 | Rev. Daniel I. Jones, Cincinnati, O. . | 377 |
| Prof. T. J. Davies | 89 | Kings of the Welsh Pulpit and Plat- | |
| Poynters' Mosaic of St. David | | form | 393 |
| (Frontispiece for March.) | | Rev. J. Hughes Parry | 425 |
| The Riderless Colt | 103 | Closing the Gorsedd | 439 |
| Old Ap | 104 | Addressing the Gorsedd | 440 |
| The Sexton | 105 | Morien, Chief Antiquarian of the | |
| Prince Trahaiarn | 121 | Gorsedd | 441 |
| Rev. J. P. Harris (Ieuan Ddu) | 137 | Llanddowror Church | 449 |
| Marietta College and Campus | 153 | Rev. B. Gwernydd Newton | 473 |
| Huw Jenny | 159 | Daniel T. Davies, Minneapolis Minn. | 475 |
| Jenny Throwing a Kiss | 161 | Happy Valley, Llandudno | 496 |
| Mr. Gee and "Degwm" | 197 | Llandudno Bay | 497 |
| Front of Capel Mawr, Denbigh | 200 | Richard Jones, Columbus, O. | 521 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gee | 201 | Mrs. Bessie Evans-Stephens, Rad- | |
| John, Huw and the Squire | 209 | nor, O. | 523 |
| Richard P. Howell, Racine, Wis. ... | 233 | The Holy Family (Frontispiece for | |
| Mr. and Mrs. Cadwaladr Jones, Gom- | | December) | |
| er, O. | 235 | Officers of the Cincinnati Eisteddfod | 507 |
| Hafod Oer | 247 | Rev. H. P. Howell, Columbus, O. ... | 569 |
| The Two Lovers | 249 | | |

INDEX

| | Page. | | Page. |
|---|-------|---|-------|
| A. | | L. | |
| A Christmas Story | 542 | Land of Wales (a poem) | 60 |
| A Trip to Boyhood's Days (A Poem) | 28 | Language and Religious Instruction | 529 |
| A Welsh Rip Van Winkle | 101 | Lovely Land of Wales (a poem) | 204 |
| A Relic from Wales | 106 | Love and Life (a poem) | 220 |
| A Winter Reverie (a poem) | 538 | Looking to the Light (a poem) | 352 |
| A Prayer (a poem) | 547 | Llandudno | 495 |
| An April Fool | 147 | | |
| Address to a Robin (a poem) | 151 | M. | |
| A Tragedy of Cader Idris | 246 | Musical Notes .. 65, 114, 166, 212, 267, 300, | |
| An Old Fashioned Garden | 261 | 357, 407, 452, 492, 531 | |
| A Kansas Pulpit | 298 | Musical Modes | 254 |
| About a Famous Poem | 314 | Minstrel's Longing | 269 |
| A Fancy Sketch | 353 | | |
| An Eccentric Welshman | 387 | N. | |
| At Twilight (a poem) | 390 | Nadab and Abihd | 405 |
| Age is Not Wintry (a poem) | 459 | | |
| A Unique Occupation | 489 | O. | |
| | | ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCEL- | |
| B. | | LANY. | |
| Bull Fighting | 6 | Sassafas Christians | 45 |
| Bunch of Violets (a poem) | 11 | Cannibals in Russia | 46 |
| Bards (a poem) | 435 | Did Shakespeare Ride a Wheel? .. | 46 |
| | | He Stopped at Home .. | 46 |
| C. | | Impartial | 46 |
| Clean Mouth Club | 52 | We Are Protestants .. | 47 |
| Children's Rights | 385 | Pet Mice a New Fad .. | 47 |
| | | Divorce in Burmah .. | 47 |
| E. | | How to Make Money | 47 |
| Elegy to Caradoc (a poem) | 5 | Marriage in the Phillipines | 48 |
| Enjoying the "National" | 439 | Encouraging Paternity | 48 |
| | | Bullets Point to Point .. | 48 |
| F. | | To Abolish Snoring | 93 |
| Fame (a poem) | 50 | Wanted Something Real | 93 |
| Fallen Leaves (a poem) | 146 | Through French Eyes | 93 |
| FIELD OF LETTERS .. 30, 76, 124, 172, | | Scientific | 94 |
| 221, 270, 317, 371, 413, 460, 510, 557 | | An Ancient Sport | 94 |
| | | New Science | 94 |
| G. | | Prima Facie | 94 |
| Gwrych Castle | 345 | Send Both | 94 |
| | | Betrothals in Spain | 95 |
| H. | | Ruskin and the Beggar | 95 |
| How Things Were Created (VI.) | 61 | Santa Claus | 95 |
| Hail to Theo (a poem) | 108 | Lucky for the Last "Next" | 95 |
| Hints to Theological Students | 150 | The Way he Does it | 96 |
| | | File and Drum | 96 |
| I. | | An Editorial Apology | 96 |
| Ideals | 113 | Short Items | 140 |
| In and About Monterey | 243 | Sunshine | 141 |
| Infant's Adieu (a poem) | 491 | Was Pardoned | 141 |
| | | The Little Girl's Burden | 141 |
| J. | | Salaries of Presidents | 141 |
| John Ruskin | 145 | A Good Law | 142 |
| John's Wife's Brother | 481 | Lincoln's First Speech | 142 |
| | | | |
| K. | | | |
| Kings of the Welsh Pulpit, &c. | 391 | | |

INDEX.

| | Page. | | Page. |
|-----------------------------------|-------|-----------------------------------|-------|
| 'The Oldest | 142 | A Board of Management | 335 |
| Don't Make a Noise | 142 | The Best Spaniards | 335 |
| Westminster Abbey Customs | 142 | The Lord's Day | 335 |
| An Island People | 143 | A Departure | 335 |
| A Novel Barometer | 143 | The Joy of the Lord | 336 |
| The Language of Animals | 143 | Col. Bryan's Two Jokes | 336 |
| John Wesley's House | 143 | Cromwell | 336 |
| About Bacteria | 144 | An Open Question | 384 |
| A New Version | 189 | The Earliest Bird | 384 |
| Clerical Insurance | 189 | Theology in Romance | 384 |
| What the Cubans Want | 190 | An Odd Bird's Nest | 430 |
| A Musical Critic | 190 | He Couldn't Swim | 430 |
| The Best Literature | 190 | Oom Paul | 430 |
| Yankee Science | 190 | Consider the Hen | 430 |
| Blind Hymn Writer | 190 | A Comfort | 431 |
| A Teacher of the Old School | 191 | Does Not Apply | 431 |
| All American Children | 191 | A Clever Appreciation | 431 |
| Tobacco in England | 191 | Brigham's Argument | 481 |
| World's Youngest Lawyer | 191 | Boiling Eggs for the Bishop | 432 |
| 'Twas Not So | 192 | A Dog's Bed | 432 |
| A Marvelous X-Ray Girl | 192 | Queer Advertising | 432 |
| Mr. Gladstone on Riddles | 192 | The Dead Irishman | 432 |
| The Only Penny | 192 | Latin in Philadelphia | 479 |
| A Welshman's Appeal | 238 | Told by a Clergyman | 479 |
| A Boy's Essay on Breath | 239 | Ingersoll's Money Argument | 479 |
| Three Queens | 239 | Hard on the Devil | 480 |
| Benefit of Peerage | 239 | The Blessing of One Newspaper .. | 480 |
| Feeding Hens on Newspapers | 239 | A Beautiful Tribute | 480 |
| His Last Word | 239 | A Girl's Idea of Boys | 480 |
| Obedying the Robin's Warning | 239 | Famous Donkey Names | 525 |
| Quite as Good | 240 | A Strange Conversion | 525 |
| Slightly Mixed | 240 | The Word "Ale" | 525 |
| Telephoning When Snow Bound .. | 240 | A New Lightning Rod | 525 |
| A Great Event | 240 | Work and Leisure | 526 |
| Professor Garcia | 240 | Is An American | 526 |
| White Hands | 285 | The Umbrella Conscience | 526 |
| A Curious Postal System | 285 | A Marriage Proposal | 526 |
| The Kansas Boys | 285 | One of Shakespeare's Aphorisms . | 527 |
| Imitating a Cascade | 285 | Sunday on Boston Common | 527 |
| Curious Clock | 285 | A Chinese Idea | 527 |
| Sleeping Machines | 286 | A Difficulty | 528 |
| Great Lovers of Water | 286 | Religion in Real | 528 |
| A Horse With Spectacles | 286 | Laughter in the Bible | 528 |
| A Singular Statement | 286 | The Quaker's Answer | 575 |
| A Model Republic | 286 | He Didn't Mention That | 575 |
| An Original Story | 286 | Rather Fresh | 575 |
| Babies in China | 287 | A Self-Made Jacobite | 575 |
| Where the Atrocity Occurred | 287 | The Boer Nature | 576 |
| Nothing New | 287 | A Great Undertaking | 576 |
| Talking with Foreigners | 287 | Cats With Knotted Tails | 576 |
| Rudyard Kipling Ancestry | 288 | Our Patron Saint .. | 109 |
| Funny Toothache Cures | 288 | Our Admiral (a poem) | 494 |
| His Reason Why | 333 | | |
| The Buds Always There | 333 | | |
| Music and Caterpillars | 333 | | |
| He'd Rather Leave | 334 | | |
| An Elephant's Memory | 334 | | |
| The Preacher's Book | 334 | | |
| Britain and Polygamy | 334 | | |
| The Grave of Jenny Lind | 334 | | |

P.

PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS—

| | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| Notes of Persons and Things... | 41, 88, 136, 185, 233, 281, 321, 329, 375, 425, 473 |
| Dr. Joseph Parry | 329 |
| Dr. Naunton Davies | 375 |
| Rev. D. I. Jones | 379 |

INDEX.

| | Page. |
|--|-------|
| Rev. J. H. Parry | 425 |
| Herbert A. Lewis | 428 |
| Rev. B. G. Newton | 473 |
| Daniel T. Davies | 475 |
| Colonel Morris, Girard, O. | 476 |
| Richard Jones | 321 |
| Mrs. Bessie Stephens | 523 |
| Rev. H. P. Howell, D. D., Colum- bus, O. | 569 |
| Rev. David Probert, Youngstown, Ohio | 572 |
| Fills and Powders | 13 |
| Poet Laureate Tribute | 294 |

R.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Random Notes | 548 |
| Revival of the Celt | 51 |
| Random Notes | 359 |
| Rev. Griffith Jones of Llanddowror.. | 447 |
| Rhys Llewelyn | 498 |

S.

| | |
|------------------------------------|----------|
| Successful Sabbath School Teaching | 1 |
| Sectarianism in Wales | 49 |
| St. David's Society of New York. | 155, 204 |
| Signs of the Coming Storm | 158, 207 |

SCIENTIFIC—

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Baby Drink | 34 |
| Insect Drunkards | 34 |
| Illegible | 34 |
| Remedy for Damp Cellars | 34 |
| Took Them in Water | 35 |
| Bad on Eyes | 35 |
| Social Life of Clerks | 35 |
| Why Drunkards see Snakes | 35 |
| Curiosities About Wood | 35 |
| The Apple as Medicine | 36 |
| Poisonous Plants | 36 |
| The Age of an Oyster | 36 |
| Chinese Remedies | 80 |
| Future Blacksmith Shop | 80 |
| Germ the Agents | 80 |
| Rest for Tired Brains | 80 |
| The Burning of Green Wood | 81 |
| Nation's Food | 81 |
| Turf as Fuel | 81 |
| A Waste | 82 |
| The Relative Insignificance of Man | 82 |
| National Life | 82 |
| Increase of Cancer in England .. | 82 |
| A Theory of Living | 83 |
| A Transformation | 83 |
| The Uses of Peat | 128 |
| The Darwinian Theory | 129 |
| The Seat of the Soul | 129 |
| Has Two Hearts | 129 |
| Food and Endurance, &c. | 130 |
| Does Drink Keep Out the Cold .. | 130 |
| Exercise and Growth | 130 |
| Egyptian Discovery | 131 |

| | Page. |
|---|-------|
| Depopulation in France | 131 |
| Spirit Photographs | 131 |
| The Care of Children in German Schools | 176 |
| No Doctors Needed in Turkey | 176 |
| Stomach Photographing | 176 |
| About Negro Children | 177 |
| Nerve Poisons | 177 |
| The Plague Microbe | 177 |
| Electricity a Thawing Agent | 177 |
| Poisonous Clothing | 178 |
| Was Wagner Crazy? | 178 |
| Origin of the Thimble | 178 |
| An Electric Revival | 179 |
| A Killing School System | 179 |
| About Bacteria | 179 |
| An Artificial Winter | 179 |
| Various | 225 |
| Function of Poetry | 226 |
| A Wonderful Railway | 226 |
| Christian Science and Poison | 226 |
| A Crannog | 227 |
| A Regular Beverage | 227 |
| Bigotry of Ignorance | 227 |
| Liquid Air | 227 |
| The Secret of Longevity | 227 |
| What Mrs. Eddy Believes | 228 |
| He Saw it | 228 |
| A Swallow's Flight | 274 |
| The Harvest of the Sea | 274 |
| Is Poetry Passing | 274 |
| A New Light | 274 |
| The Bible and Microbes | 274 |
| Must be Examined | 275 |
| A Popular Question | 275 |
| The Reindeer's Food | 275 |
| Laughter as Medicine | 275 |
| New Process of Cleaning Linen.. | 276 |
| Examples Needed | 276 |
| Lynching Does Not Stop It | 276 |
| Through Nature to God | 276 |
| Excavation of Babylon | 277 |
| Religion of the Future | 277 |
| Worth Considering | 321 |
| Liquid Air as Appetizer | 321 |
| About Disputing | 322 |
| Science's Latest | 322 |
| Mosquitoes and Malaria | 322 |
| A Relic | 322 |
| Voice is Power | 323 |
| Song Birds and Phthisis | 323 |
| Liquid Air | 323 |
| Bad Language of Birds | 324 |
| Llanberis Pass | 324 |
| The Eye and Tobacco | 324 |
| Miscellaneous | 372 |
| Science of Skull Tapping | 373 |
| Shakespeare and Insanity | 373 |
| Individual Cups | 373 |
| About Cheese | 373 |

INDEX.

| | Page. | | Page. |
|----------------------------------|-------|--|---|
| Cure for Rheumatism | 374 | | |
| There is Danger in Beards | 374 | | |
| The Effect of Drink | 374 | | |
| Pompeii at Paris | 417 | | |
| Why Babies are Cross | 417 | | |
| Sea Water for Sprinkling | 418 | | |
| Centenarians | 418 | | |
| The Way to Know Them | 418 | | |
| Origin of Spines | 418 | | |
| A Lip Guard | 419 | | |
| The Size of the Sun | 419 | | |
| Liquid Air as a Caustic | 419 | | |
| Music and Disease | 419 | | |
| Plants That Seem to Reason | 420 | | |
| Curio Factories | 420 | | |
| Photography of the Stomach | 465 | | |
| A Relief for Hunger | 465 | | |
| The Infinite | 465 | | |
| Religion and Money | 466 | | |
| Barley Water | 466 | | |
| Tobacco and Alcohol | 466 | | |
| Music and Worship | 467 | | |
| The Jews | 467 | | |
| Is the Universe Infinite? | 514 | | |
| Did Man Once Possess a Third Eye | 514 | | |
| Lithium Minerals | 515 | | |
| New Uses for the Automobile | 561 | | |
| Wireless Telephony | 562 | | |
| A New Instrument | 562 | | |
| Golf and the Nerves | 562 | | |
| Smokeless Coal | 562 | | |
| Individual Thinking | 563 | | |
| The New Religion | 563 | | |
| What Constitutes a Healthy Man.. | 564 | | |
| Cannibalism Produced Mankind .. | 564 | | |
| St. David (a poem) | 164 | | |
| Star of Bethlehem (a poem) | 535 | | |
| | | T. | |
| | | The Chiefs of Cambria..16, 66, 116, 168, | |
| | | 214, 262, 306, 364, 409, 454, 506, 550 | |
| | | The Phillipine Islands | 53 |
| | | True Basis of the World's Uplifting | 97 |
| | | The City's Lights (a poem) | 100 |
| | | The Welsh in Marietta College | 152 |
| | | The Observatory | 164, 292 |
| | | The Cymry Before They Came to | |
| | | Britain.. | 347, 398, 442. 539 |
| | | The Black Psalm | 360 |
| | | The Elsteddfod of the Twentieth | |
| | | Century | 536 |
| | | The Prince of the Sea (a poem) | 412 |
| | | The Elsteddfod Musically | 433 |
| | | The Bards (a poem) | 435 |
| | | The Cardiff National Elsteddfod.... | 436 |
| | | The Mystic Symbol | 450 |
| | | The Welsh Barony | 193 |
| | | The Grand Old Men of Wales | 196 |
| | | The Survival of the Strongest | 241 |
| | | To Sunbeam (a poem) | 257 |
| | | The Master of the Mind | 257 |
| | | Thoughts in Song | 289 |
| | | The Army and Navy | 295 |
| | | The Gift of Music | 302 |
| | | The Memorial of Llansaunan | 303 |
| | | The Mission of Poetry | 337 |
| | | The Morning (a poem) | 344 |
| | | W. | |
| | | War Song of Dinas Fawr | 291 |
| | | What the Flowers Say (a poem).... | 404 |
| | | WELSH NEWS & NOTES— | |
| | | Many Items of Interest.... | 37, 88, 132. |
| | | | 180, 229, 278, 325, 379, 421, 468, 517, 565 |



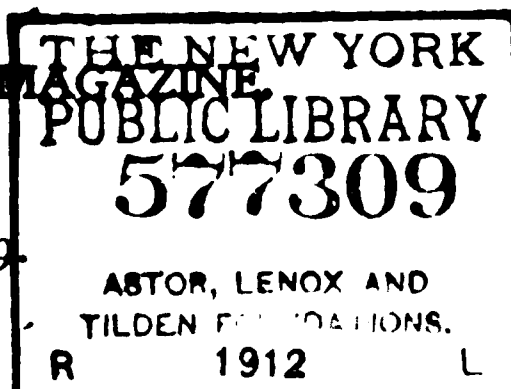
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SUCCESSFUL SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHING.

Prof. D. J. Evans, M. A., Athens, Ohio.

Sabbath School workers, who are acquainted with the difference between the Welsh and the American Sunday School, have often asked, what is the cause of this difference, and what is the secret of begetting the zeal manifested by so many young people among the Welsh for Bible study.

Perhaps it would not be unprofitable to offer a few thoughts regarding this difference, and to suggest something that will tend to improve the teaching, and also will retain the interest of American youth.

The difference referred to, broadly stated, is this: Among the Welsh the Sabbath School is regarded an educational institution, to instruct all in God's word; among Americans it is looked upon as a church rather than as a school, and children's church at that. No doubt there are Welsh communities who imitate the Americans in their Sunday School work, but the difference mentioned is seen between the typical American school and

the typical Welsh school, as conducted by Welsh from Llangeitho, the Mecca of Wales.'

The methods of work, as a consequence, in the two schools are different. Among the Welsh, teaching is didactic, among Americans, homiletic.

The cause of the difference begins with the origin, and continues with the growth of Sabbath School work, and hence it would be difficult, if not impossible, to introduce any new method into the work among the Americans to secure the conditions found to-day among the Welsh, that is, in the United States. The present difference to quite a measure may be traced back to the difference between the work of Robert Raikes and that of Thomas Charles. It has been continued by the difference of conditions in which the two peoples have been placed. Among the Welsh the Sabbath School was the chief, and often the only institution of learning, and means of acquiring knowledge in

the people's mother tongue, and also a source of social advancement, while among the English and Americans the Sabbath School has been unimportant both as a means of instruction and as a source of social help. Biblical and religious literature being the entire scope of the Welshman's reading has also contributed largely to the present regard and zeal for Sabbath School work, manifested by the Welsh.

Both in England and in the United States the beginning of Sabbath School work was among the destitute and the lower social classes. This of itself would tend to prejudice the minds of the well-to-do, not to mention the rich, against the work. Broadly speaking, among the Welsh, the Sabbath School, from the beginning, has been for all, and the general difference between the instruction prepared for the school by Raikes and Charles has been the general difference between the status of the Sabbath School work among the two peoples. Raikes was satisfied with elementary instruction, while Charles used his whole energy to place before his nation the best results of learning and scholarship, with regard to the teachings of the Scriptures. Thus among the Welsh Sabbath Schools, teaching is deemed worthy of the best scholarship and broadest learning, while among the other people piety is the chief requisite in a Sabbath School teacher, and I believe that these two estimates of teaching as made by the

two nationalities, are traceable to the original work of Robert Raikes and Thomas Charles.

In the United States, as far as the 60's, the conditions of the Welsh immigrant were still more favorable to the work of the school. In the early years of Welsh emigration, the majority of those who came to America from agricultural regions in Wales, were professing Christians, when, therefore, they came across the sea they found themselves strangers, and would seek every opportunity of getting together. Their religious nature and their eagerness to meet friends in a strange land combined to make religious gatherings frequent, and tended to crystalize public sentiment in favor of Sabbath School work. Thus a sharp distinction was drawn by the Welsh between the Sabbath School and other religious meetings. But among native Americans this distinction did not obtain, except to regard the school as a children's gathering, more or less exclusively. These peculiar conditions led to a method of Sabbath School work among the Welsh that is all their own, and has been possibly the chief cause of whatever is laudable in the institution.

My observation leads me to believe that the youth of our American schools are driven from the schools by the teachers' lack of tact in applying the morals of the lesson. Teachers seek the salvation of the youth by the same method as they seek that of a

grown man, but the child may be guided so as not to need repentance and regeneration and conversion. His salvation may be regarded preventive rather than curative. The effort to save a child should be in harmony with the condition and the capability of the child. Children will take pleasure in committing portions of the Bible to memory, and will take interest in its study intellectually, but as a rule, not religiously. This is not due to natural depravity, but to natural limitations. In the intellectual study, the child uses developed faculties, while his religious nature, or powers, are not yet sufficiently matured to bear the task that religious study would impose. Later in life, however, these powers will awaken, and memorized Scripture will nourish their strength and increase their energy. Teaching abstract doctrine to a child, in my opinion, will not benefit the child; on the contrary, it will beget a distaste for religious thoughts and thinking. These same doctrines however, if taught in a concrete form, will be both beneficial and attractive.

The young enjoy activity both of mind and body. Intellectual work is delightful as long as it exercises only developed faculties, but when it requires premature effort of a faculty it is burdensome and wearisome. Pedagogy teaches that we must postpone studies requiring the use of the reasoning faculty, until the mind is mature. Children find

mathematical problems and abstract lessons distasteful because these require unseasonable toil of the reasoning faculty. In an analagous manner, religious talks and exercises should be deferred until the soul has developed its ethical powers. To impose religious thinking upon a child before it grows ethical is to beget aversion in the child to religion and morality. The child can comprehend the simpler truths of the gospel, but is not equal to the deep thoughts of theology. It has faith, it is able to know what it is to love the Savior, and its religious instruction should be upon these lines. A child should be told of the image of God, but its curiosity should not be aroused by any mention of sin and its consequences. A child is naturally inclined to trust God, and believe his word. To distrust and be skeptical a child acquires only through some one's teaching, though the teaching is often unconsciously done. Children learn only what they are taught. In the Sabbath School and in the home, only the innocent, the truthful, the sincere and the beautiful should be brought to the notice of the child, and a child thus surrounded will grow truthful, trustful and sincere; it will admire the good and seek the beautiful. To know of the evil way and its awful end does not increase the moral strength of a child. When, therefore, the teaching in the Sabbath School is adapted to the capacity of the young, the work will be enjoyed. When the

history and the biography of the Bible are made the object of knowledge, the pupils will take pleasure in acquiring the knowledge, and this will in turn affect their conduct; but when, on the other hand, some "moral" is pointed out from the history or the biography, the pupil will close up every avenue to his heart. In a mission school a boy was asked why we should imitate the beautiful life of Joseph, and he answered with a yawn: "Aw! Heaven and all that."

I may add that a course of instruction like the one described has been tried and found practicable and efficient. Parents who are careful in studying the nature of their children, and are wise in their training, take pains to beget in their children a love for virtue for its own sake, and experience seems to testify against the training that would inculcate virtue by displaying the heinousness of sin, or by portraying its consequences. In any teaching, wise instructors are careful not to give the pupils an opportunity of forming a mental picture of error. In teaching correct language, the acceptable form and usage are given to ear and eye to identify and imitate, but the improper forms are carefully omitted lest the child's quick apprehending power may form a mental picture of error. So should it be in moral training. The image of God should be given to be acquired, but never ought the wrong be presented to tender minds, even with the strongest in-

junctions against it. The facile pencil of a child's imaginative—the representative power will retain, and the child's ready sympathies will arouse curiosity to know more of the wrong, if its image is left in the mind. I believe that God's word has convicting power, and when children study it, they will be affected by this power so that the "moral" of a narrative will be impressed on their minds, and that it will affect their future life independent of the teacher's effort.

The Apostle John states his various reasons for writing to the different ages. He wrote to the little ones because their sins were forgiven; to the fathers because they knew him who was from the beginning; to young men because they were strong, and because the word of God was in their hearts. This seems to suggest that religion is to be presented to men according to their condition and capability. Children are innocent, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Young men are strong, and activity is their pleasure as well as their duty. It seems reasonable, therefore, in Sabbath School teaching, to adapt the work to the nature of the pupil. To the aged the teaching should have reference to what they "know of him who was from the beginning." To the young, the energy of the teacher should inspire them to be active, and to be strong. But the teaching of the children should be directed to lead those whose sins are forgiven into a greater salvation. Thus

in my opinion; Sabbath School cause they are exhorted to be teaching may be made to lead children further into the kingdom, strong, or persuaded to enter into any covenant, but because they without urging them to repent and have God's words in them. It may be converted. To the youth it may also be made helpful to the aged, be made instructive and attractive, and fascinating to all. that they may be strong, not be-



ELEGY TO CARADOC.

Gone is the pride of Cambria,
Her sweetest songster stilled!
The hands that swept her heart strings,
Death's icy touch hath chilled;
The master of her many keys
Now joins the heavenly melodies.

How strange to see a Vulcan
So sweep the sounding lyre,
And forge the thunderbolts of sound,
Nor strike mere earthly fire,
But heavenly sparks from music's deeps
That make the dullest soul that sleeps!

* * * * *

With violin full often
He led the choral band,
And sweetest strains were summoned,
Sometimes with either hand,
He led a mighty surging throng
In sep'rate strains of blending song.

How oft the learned doctors
Led hosts against his art
With proud, unruffled faces,
With confidence of heart,
To find themselves in deepest shade
Beside the leader "born not made."

Twice in the Crystal Palace
This miracle was wrought,
And with our hero's praises
The throbbing air was fraught;
For all, ere ceased the sea of sound
Had thought themselves on charmed ground!

* * * * *

We mourn our prince of leaders,
None can his scepter sway;
But God all gifts has given,
And He can take away.
'Thank Him who tunes our mortal ears
To catch the music of the spheres!'

BULL FIGHTING.

 By Max Norman.

The three words bull, bull-fighting, and a Spaniard, suggest a complete thought of modern cruelty, for it is hard to think or conjure up before the mind's eye anything equal to bull-fighting, as it is cultivated among the Spanish. This is the highest expression of cold-blooded cruelty and savagery; and this amusement as it is practiced in Spain, and in colonies influenced by Spanish civilization, is the worst known to modern times. When we think of Spain's position as a Catholic country, when we think of its blind devotion to the church, we are shocked at its paganism, and somewhat puzzled at the godliness and godlessness which is so incorporated in its national life. The Spaniard's religion is a mere cloak, a garb, and his catholicism a mere hat and feather, wherein he parades in the eye of the world, but the Spaniard himself is a Romanized pagan who revels in the diversions of pre-Christian times—in fact, he is a survival of the ancient spirit of unrelenting cruelty.

It is certainly sad to think that rational beings, after eighteen hundred years of Christianity, can enjoy such barbarous sport as bull-baiting and bull-fighting—but there are thousands to-day, even in America, that would give their dollars

willingly to see such a spectacle as bull-baiting or bull-fighting, but thank God, such state of things is past tolerating in Protestant countries. The condition of men which developed the bull-dog as a caterer of amusement; the state of barbarism which reckoned cruelty a means of pleasure is passed, and may we say, forever, and the bull-dog, bull-fighting and the Spaniard is in a fair way of being abolished.

Bull-fighting, or the fighting of men with bulls for public entertainment is an old institution. Such sports were common in Rome and Greece in ancient times, which are synonymous with barbarous, but they became so cruel in the opinion of considerate pagans that they were prohibited by emperors, and condemned by early Christians. One of the first fruits of Christianity was increased tenderness and mercy, and followers of the gentle and merciful Jesus never think of tolerating cruelty, even to animals, as means of entertainments. The fact that this form of paganism has survived among the Spanish prove beyond a peradventure, that the Spanish nature is pre-Christian and barbarous. Bull-fighting is a favorite sport in Spain, Mexico and Cuba—or rather was in Cuba—because, probably, American influence will

soon have it abolished in the island. Charles IV. once abolished it; the Church has made attempts at doing the same; Joseph, Napoleon's brother, in the true spirit of old Roman times, to please the people, re-established the sport, and the Spaniards since have paid especial attention to the art of fighting bulls. The greatest part, and the best part, of the year is devoted to this sport, commencing in April and closing in November. Very often, it is done for especial benevolent purposes; it seems that the most effectual way of appealing to the heart of the Spaniard is through worrying a bull, which is as much as to say that it is difficult to touch him at all.

This sport is a national institution; it is the chief amusement of the people; it is like horse-racing or cricket among the English, foot ball among the Americans, and *Eisteddfodau* among the Welsh. Spain has especial places built for this pagan entertainment, what is called "Plaza de Toros" (a place of bulls), with room often for from 10,000 to 12,000 spectators who pay a high price of admission, and go there dressed in their best Sunday clothes as if going to Sunday School or to church. Bull-fighting is systematic: there is a college of bull-fighting where young pupils are trained and graduated after a course of careful teaching by experienced professors; in another institution, bulls are reared and prepared for the ring, and worthless brutes of horses are selected with the parti-

cular purpose of making them easy victims for the bulls, which increases the pleasure of the entertainment. Every part of the show is pre-arranged and prepared so as to furnish amusement for the populace. The fight, very often, is a miserable affair—a farce rather than a fight—and, sometimes, all the actors, bull, horses, picadores and matador are hissed for their despicable performance; but, the Spaniard is finally satisfied when he sees blood flowing from a disemboweled horse or a stabbed bull.

The work is done thus: The heroes on the one side are the picadores (the spearmen) the *chulos* (helpers) and the matador (the killer); on the other, the bull himself. The picadores are all mounted, like brave knights armed with lances; the *chulos* are on foot gayly dressed in bright colored cloaks; the matador is also on foot—he is chief actor, holds in one hand a sword, and in the other, a stick with a piece of scarlet silk attached. The opening of the fight is a kind of skirmish between the picadores and the bull and the entertainment depends on the quality of beast the bull proves himself to be. If it is wild, there is some rare galloping around and hair-breadth escapes, but if the beast is quiet, the picadores take the offensive in order to worry him into madness. In case a picador is thrown or hurt, the *chulos* (the butchers' assistants) rush in to attract the attention of the bull with their cloaks; and in case of an at-

tack on them, they escape over the fence which encloses the circus. Very often, this furnishes part of the amusement. Finally, when the bull becomes tired and sick of the battle, the butchers and their assistants close in on him, stick and stab

matador, pierces him "between his left shoulder and the blade," and the beast falls to the ground. Sometimes, the matador is killed; and the people are so generous and impartial that they care very little as long as there is bloodshed. How-



Bull Fighting in the City of Havana—ready for the fray.

him with banderillas, darts ornamented with little paper flags. Sometimes, also, these little barbed darts trimmed with paper flags have explosives attached to them which serve to annoy and infuriate the beast. At last, the matador (the killer, the murderer) enters to complete the tragedy, with a scarlet flag in one hand, and a sword in the other. The bull generally goes for him who, if a good and dexterous

ever, the matador is rarely hurt, things being so arranged that it is pretty difficult for the beast to get in his work.

There is nothing so characteristic of the Spaniard as religion and bull-fighting; and, if we credit history at all, he thinks more of bull-fighting than of religion; because whenever he has the choice between the two, he clings to bull-fighting. The Church has fulminated against the

bull-ring: Pius V. in 1567 issued his famous edict prohibiting bull-fighting, placing princes who would permit it, and ecclesiastics who would witness it, together with the performers themselves, under the ban of excommunication, depriving the latter even of Christian burial. The threat applicable to the bull-fighters themselves is in force to-day. So, it seems that bull-fighting is more deeply seated in the bigoted Spaniard's heart than religion. He disobeyed and dared the Church rather than deprive himself of the barbarous pleasure which this sport furnishes. Although the Church crushed the spirit of freedom and progress, it failed to influence the rock-bottom of the Spanish character, his love of cruelty. The Church was persuaded to withdraw its op-

sible; but this seemed to be the most forcible consideration, viz., that the hospitals and houses of



An exciting moment.

charity would gain greatly from the financial aid resulting from the performance. The rights of the animals are utterly ignored, and even the evil of fighting and tormenting bulls is made passable and respectable as long as it serves to furnish holy cash. Spain of to-day continues the time-honored policy of



Bull and mounted picadores.

position on account of reasons which are no credit to it. It was urged that the dexterity of the bull-fighters made accident rarely pos-

worrying and cruelly tormenting bulls for benevolent purposes; and the Spaniard sees nought out of place or unchristian in murdering

Paul's bull in order to fill up Peter's pocket!

Bull-fighting is a science among the Spaniards, and the history of its development is truly interesting as showing the great attention paid to it through generations. The Spaniards show much more progress in the science of bull-fighting than in education and religious liberty. They honor bull-fighters in Spain as other nations honor their Lamarcks, Darwins, Huxleys, Haeckels, Edisons, &c.; and they take pride in the great heroes of the ring and the developers of toreadorship. How they love to immortalize their Romero, Bellon, Martincho, Candido, Costillares, Pepe Hillo, Montes, Arjona, &c.! These are great names.

Francisco Romero was the inventor of the muleta (the red rag), and the first to treat bull-fighting as a fine art. He was the first artistic matador or butcher. He was by trade a shoemaker, but becoming tired of the brad-awl, he exchanged it for the matador's sword. He is considered the father of the bull-ring. He was succeeded by his son and grandson. Martincho performed the astonishing feat of killing a rushing bull even when seated in a chair with his feet tied! Jose Candido became celebrated through his "salto de testuz," by which he would step on the head of the advancing beast, walk over his back, and slide over his tail with the greatest ease and grace. Sub-

sequently, he met a most horrible death. Costillares is famous for his mastery of the details of the science of bull-fighting. His father being a butcher, and young Costillares having been born and bred, as we may say, in a slaughter-house, this gave him a great insight into the nature of bulls, which he utilized in the ring. He was the first to reduce the performers under command of the matador. Pepe Hillo was one of his disciples, and became such a notable performer that the bull-fighting Spanish admirer gets into ecstasies at the mere mention of his name. When only 33 years old he was killed by a furious bull, which plunged his horn into his stomach, and broke ten of his ribs, but this was all-right as long as "Hospitals and Houses of Charity" would gain by it financially. The great competitor of Hillo is Pedro Romero, who during his career, is said to have killed 5,600 bulls. After his retirement from the ring he continued to take interest in it, and before his death was appointed a professor at the bull-fighters college in Seville. Arjona and Redondo were remarkable artists, and Carmona should be mentioned with them. Carmona who invented the quiebro, a twisting of the body without changing the position of the feet, thus avoiding the bull; but the greatest bull-killer that ever lived was Montes, a graduate of the "College of Bull-fighting." His time is also called the Renaissance of the

Ring. Since his time nothing has entered the arena to participate in the glory of the chivalry of bull-fighting. been added to the art of killing bulls excepting the fact that women have



Dragging out the dead bull.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

A little way below her chin
 Some violets are fastened in,
 Caught in her bosom's snowy hem,
 How madly I do envy them,
 They do not miss their meadow-place
 When sweet they see her smiling face,
 Nor are they conscious that their skies
 Are but the blue of her mild eyes
 There in the downy meshes pinned,
 They think her breath the fragrant wind;
 Such sweet illusions haunt their rest,
 They seem to tremble on her breast;
 As if, close to her heart, they heard
 A captive secret slip its cell,
 And with desire were quickly stirred
 To find a voice and tell'

Idlewood, Pa.

T CHAMBERS, DAVIS.

THE CLEAN MOUTH CLUB.

G. H. Humphrey, Utica, N. Y.

The Clean Mouth Club is made up chiefly of young people, but old men and women are received into it as honorary and illustrative members. The fundamental condition of membership is absolute cleanliness of mouth. Of course, that includes constant use of water and of a tooth-brush, so that the teeth shall be wholly free from tartar and all other repulsive and unwholesome matter. It should never be forgotten that the teeth need regular washing no less than the forehead, cheek and chin. But sometimes a young person that in repose has a pleasing appearance becomes simply disgusting when he smiles, because then he exposes a set of teeth that are nasty and nauseating by reason of their neglected condition. The Clean Mouth Club forbids such lack of tidyness and politeness, and aims at making the teeth a part of personal beauty.

Furthermore, the Club insists that its members shall neither take anything into, nor hold anything in, the mouth that shall give the breath a bad smell. If no one has a right to be malodorous in company, no one has a right to be in the presence of others after taking a strong drink of any kind. This of itself ought to be a sufficient argument for total abstinence. To be sure, the Club

excludes tobacco chewing, which may be described as a most swinish habit, that makes the breath intolerable. As to smoking, if it does not seem to be as heathenish as chewing, it is in some respects more impolite. If you should take water into your mouth and then squirt or spray it against a passer-by, you would be in trouble; but that would not do the passer-by any more harm than, and perhaps not as much as, if you should draw your mouth full of tobacco smoke, and then eject it into the faces of those who may be near you. Most smokers take for granted that they have a social license to be social nuisance! Only think of it! The smoke that is thrust into your face on the street or elsewhere, may have been drawn through an old pipe-stem that is black with the poison called nicotine, or it may have been held and revolved between decayed, scummy teeth and scrofulous or otherwise diseased gums and palate! Such a vulgarity is an imposition on the community. The habit is an "unclean thing" in every sense.

But the Clean Mouth Club does not stop with material neatness; it requires and promotes ethical and moral freedom from filth. It specifies profanity, indecent language, and scandal as unpardonable viola-

tions of the Constitution and By-Laws. It is a truth recognized by this Club that the mouth cannot in the latter sense be pure, if the heart be not pure. But impurity can not thrive in the heart without vent. An evil mouth is to an evil heart what an open elevator shaft is to an incipient fire at the base; it gives to it a draught that develops a lingering flame into a leaping conflagration. Profanity in the mouth invigorates impiety in the depths of the soul. Indulgence in unchaste conversations enlarges, emboldens and influences the secret Sodom cherished in the human breast. Angry words, envious words, hate-

ful words, slanderous words, likewise defile the tongue and lips that give them utterance.

Blessed is he or she whose mouth is thoroughly clean! His laugh is a delight to his companions. Her breath of ambrosial zephyr. Their conversations are in the heavenly places of purity. Their very atmosphere is a tonic and a joy. Their throat, instead of being "an open sepulchre," is an open alabaster box full of precious fragrance. Therefore, let every reader of "The Cambrian" be a member of The Clean Mouth Club, and retain good and regular standing therein until death.



PILLS AND POWDERS

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

In a former article we referred to the fact that "there is nothing new under the sun." Coming, as this statement does, from the wisest of all men, and having been continually impressed upon our minds for so many centuries, we feel somehow that the least we can do is to believe it in spite of so many apparently new things which continue to crop up in our midst.

But, much as we may vary in our opinions regarding this fact, it is presumable that we will all agree, at least, that this is a "New Year." And, we heartily join the official

staff at Utica in wishing it to be a "Happy New Year" to every "Cambrian" reader throughout the land. In addition to that, no one could fail noticing that the Christmas issue of the "Cambrian" had a new dress; and more, a decidedly new inspiration has imbued it of late raising it to a markedly higher plane of interest and efficiency as compared with its status of former days, for which, we gratefully acknowledge and thank its able editor, at the same time hoping the New Year will stimulate him to proceed along the same lines, which cannot help

but result in a "Happy New Year" both to himself and readers.

* * * * *

The latter days have brought to view so many new things that one must be very careful in applying the qualification "latest" to them. One of these, however, is, the discovery that it is possible to change the color of the eyes by injecting coloring matter behind the pupil. The loving, better sex will undoubtedly be interested in this, for not long ago I overheard one of them saying to her "special" friend—"my bonnie blue eyed boy," indicating that as a class they have a preference to a certain color of the eyes.

The operation has already been successfully performed, and a young lady with naturally pale, colorless eyes is now rejoicing in a pair of violet ones! She declares that she has suffered no injury from the treatment, but it is early days yet, and no one knows what the future may bring forth in her case. Many women, doubtless, would like to appear with lovely velvet brown or bright starry eyes, instead of their own, but let such remember that nature is a wonderful artist, and perhaps the change would, after all, suit them not at all. Hair, skin, and eyes have to be painted by the same unerring hand. And I believe in the good sense of the sex delicately hinted at, that the vast majority of them would think seriously many many times before daring to tamper with such a delicate organ as the eye, for there is no

added beauty in the world that would compensate them for a failure in their sight.

* * * * *

Among the absurd things belonging to one of the sexes (which of them, we will refrain from mentioning here), is the costly paraphernalia afforded poodle-petted dogs, such as boots, coats, jewelry, night dresses, table-napkins, &c., &c., &c., at which many have laughed, while others have looked at them with contemptuous anger. Along this line of tender consideration, so much neglected through past ages, a new thing surely has appeared in the fact that one of these dogs has a banking account of his own! What would Solomon say to this? Now, this little dog cannot possibly want it, for he has every other luxury, and one is sure he would so willingly draw it all out and bestow it on some poor, lonely tramp-dog, weary and foot-sore, who has no boots to wear, who is often hungry, and oftener is happy with a piece of his ragged master's crust, and he is not as envious as one might suppose of the pampered favorite.

One can almost see him laughing at the delicate little thing as he passes him by in a brougham, wrapped in sealskin, on the knee of his adoring mistress, with the proud knowledge of his banking account! Ah! that the money could go to some human small waif—who knows? Perhaps it will some day, for the tenure of favorites on the

affection of their mistresses is known to be uncertain.

* * * * *

Surely the following is a new thing, wherein those preachers who take the liberty of putting every rascal in heaven in their funeral orations, might draw solace and satisfaction, or otherwise, as the case may be.

On December 13 last, at the Court House, at Swainsboro, Ga., Seaborn Bell, an honored citizen of that county, celebrated his 85th birthday by having his pastor preach his funeral sermon. Mr. Bell is an Adventist, and has been for fifty years or more. He belongs to the old school of bucolic gentlemen who scorn even at an approach towards dissimulation.

He declared the previous night in speaking of the novel sermon:—"I will sit to-morrow among my friends to hear my funeral oration. I shall listen attentively, and should the minister by design or oversight strain the truth regarding my character or any incident of my life, I will stand up before them all and declare the statements untrue."

Mr. Bell said that during his long life he has seen so much post-mortem deception and undeserved praise accorded the most hardened sinners, that he proposes that nothing but the truth shall be spoken about him, therefore he planned to hear the funeral sermon as a birthday celebration on the above mentioned date.

God bless him, and may he mul-

tiply by the thousands in the near future.

* * * * *

Another new thing has been discovered which in the near future will relegate our "Weather Bureau" to a back-seat among things that are ancient.

And here it is, Elias Hartz, an aged weather prognosticator of Reading, Pa., says that the winter of 1898-99 will be a very severe one. He states that the dark lines extending along the breast-bone taken from a goose last spring are infallible indications that the winter will be unusually stormy and cold, and apt to be as severe as the winter of 1834-'35, which was the hardest he ever experienced. The summer of 1834 was similar to that of last year, and the winter set in early, and was a terrible one. The dark lines of last year's goose bone are divided by a clear spot, indicating a period of mild weather, which will not last long, however! This doubtless, will be an exceedingly valuable piece of information to our cousins on the other side, where the goose is as much in evidence as the turkey is with us. Pity that every family in the land could not have a goose once a year at least. Is it not possible to establish a custom to have a goose to feast on at Easter, as we do with the turkey Thanksgiving Day and Christmas? It would decidedly be a most humane act, as well as a national boon, for we would then know at the beginning of the summer what the character

of the coming winter was going to be, and the wise would prepare themselves and act accordingly! The French ladies have introduced a new drink to the country, and which from its character would (in the minds of many) help considerably to tide us over the severe winter; but since this article is already

too long, and lest our loving better-halves, sisters and gentle friends, would indulge because of its having been introduced by their aesthetic sisters from Paris, we refrain, remembering also, that occasionally at least, Paris fashion and custom have some slight influence over a few in our midst!



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII.

Among the Ruins.

The joy and feasting which prevailed in Rhuddlan was more than equaled by bitterness and sorrow in Hereford. Among others the bishop Leofgar was filled with hatred towards Gryffydd and Algar, and his anathemas fell thick and fast. None had lost more than he by the sacking of the town. Not only was the cathedral in ashes, but his rich plate was taken. The former he could not have saved; the latter was lost through the perfidy of one of the monks, who being desirous of quitting his monkish life, and thinking that the bishop's days were numbered, hid the plate in a closet, and after assuring Leofgar that his command concerning his treasure had been strictly obey-

ed, returned to his booty, intending to buy the good-will of the invaders with it, and thus pass into liberty, and be lost to the church forever. He gained not his object, however, for in the general rush for plunder which soon followed he was cut down before he had time to say a word, and the plate was conveyed to the camp.

When the bishop entered the crypt there was no doubt in his mind as to the safety of the gold and silver vessels, and he comforted himself with the thought that he would have them in spite of the sacrilegious hordes that robbed the sanctuary of its sacred furniture and ornaments. As long as hostile footsteps and voices were heard above he and his companions in hiding remained perfectly quiet;

but after the noise had ceased he ventured to the stone steps leading out of the crypt, and cautiously opened the secret door to find the Ladies Chapel full of smoke. It was then that he sent a monk to the relief of those mentioned in a previous chapter, and when they were safe within the crypt he closed the door, and once more descended the steps shaking his head and groaning in the agony of his grief. It was not until hours had passed that the door was again opened, and then only after some difficulty, as a small portion of the chapel wall had fallen on it. The relief thus afforded was more than offset by the depression caused by the desolation that everywhere met the eyes of the afflicted individuals that now emerged into the light of day. Their hearts sickened at the sight, and even the hardest of them could not restrain his tears. Those who were not directly connected with the cathedral were naturally drawn to those parts of the city where their homes had been, but they found their sites only after much searching, all the landmarks with which they had been familiar having disappeared. As all the buildings, with one exception, were of wood, and most of them only one story, it had taken the fire but a short time to burn them even with the ground. In some places scarcely anything but ashes remained to indicate the spot where a house had been. The cathedral had been built of stone and wood, and what remained still

standing of its walls formed a most conspicuous object within the city limits. From the main building and the cloisters thick volumes of smoke still ascended, and the bishop surrounded by the surviving monks and clerks, stood sadly viewing the smoldering ruins, and lamenting the death of their ill-fated brethren, until night compelled them once more to enter the crypt, which now must serve them both as a sanctuary and dwelling place. Next morning the bishop found the fire nearly extinct in the vestries, and he immediately set two of the monks to clear away the rubbish from the floor of one of them, evidently with a definite purpose in view. Although the work progressed rapidly, he could scarcely wait until it was done. He could not understand the tremor of anxiety that had seized him. Of course, he thought the plate would be found where he had commanded the monk to secrete it. Why then should he lose his self-control? The plate would keep; it was not perishable material. It would remain where it was until removed, for it had neither feet nor wings. Yet he would like to see it once more. It would be such satisfaction to handle it piece by piece again. Especially would it be a delight to have another look at the gold chalice. Ah, yes the chalice! he valued that more than all his plate. It was the gift of his old master. Harold the earl, Harold the generous, had caused it to be brought from Rome with the

blessing of his holiness the pope, and had given it to him in recognition of his service. That chalice should remain with him until death should force them apart, and when it could be of no further use to him he would will it to—to whom? Ay, to whom? This question was not settled, for the floor being now laid bare in the east corner of the vestry, a new difficulty arose. The contrivance for opening the door of the vault in which the plate was supposed to be deposited had been rendered inoperative by the falling of the wall which contained the spring whereby it was manipulated. The door also, which was a large flagstone fitted so snugly in the floor that it could be forced open only by the use of hammer and chisel. The bishop would not consent to its being pounded to pieces for fear of injuring the plate. The monks, therefore, were under the necessity of instituting a search for the necessary tools, and while they applied themselves to this difficult task Leofgar paced to and fro over the vault in a half-distracted manner. Nor did the result of the search have anything like a soothing effect on his nerves, for nothing in the shape of an edged tool could be found anywhere. At length one of the clerks suggested that under the circumstances there was no alternative but to shatter one of the flags near the door, and his suggestion was immediately acted upon. The bishop no sooner saw the door forced open than he descended into

the vault, trembling with intense excitement; and the next moment he fell in a dead faint. His plate was not there, and the discovery was too much for his overstrained nerves to bear. Instantly grasping the situation two or three of his subordinates immediately went to his assistance, and carried him out into the open air, where he presently regained consciousness by the help of a restorative. The burden of his grief seemed to crush him, and for a long time he sat with his head buried in his hands, lamenting his loss, while his sympathetic helpers tried to console him. Whether they thought of it or not, their master evidently cared more for earthly treasures than for heavenly riches, and he was now reaping the fruit of his folly.

When the bishop had somewhat recovered from the shock he had received, one of the monks descried a large cavalcade approaching from the southwest, and at once called attention to it. At first the horsemen were too far away to enable the ecclesiastics to determine their character; but presently it became evident that they were knights in shining armor. But who they were, and on what mission they were bent, could not be decided. The direction from which they came indicated that they were Welshmen, and some of the monks were in favor of seeking safety from possible harm in the crypt. The bishop, however, caring little what became of him now, insisted that they stay

where they were, whether the knights were friends or foes. He had by this time risen to his feet, and surrounded by his subordinates he stood waiting the arrival of the cavalcade. The latter at length came to a halt in front of the ruins, and the leading horseman dismounted leaving his charger in his squire's care, while he proceeded to the spot where the bishop stood. After saluting the latter, he addressed him in Saxon, remarking with a slight accent,

"It is indeed a sad hour when the scenes of war invade the asylum of peace and when the house of God shares the fate of the meanest hovel."

"Thou speakest truly," said Leofgar eyeing him closely, "but methinks thy tongue is not a stranger to the language of Gryffydd the destroyer. Hast thou come to complete the work which he would fain have finished?"

"I come to complete the work which I have begun, and that work concerns not the Bishop of Hereford, except it be to aid it," was the reply.

"And who is it that thus seeks my aid, and what aid does he seek of me who am myself in need of help?"

"If it please you, holy father, to give me a private audience, you shall learn both my aim and my mission."

The bishop commanded his subordinates to retire out of hearing, and while they moved away the knight took off his helmet to wipe the

sweat from his brow, thus revealing the features of Idrys. Personally he was unknown to the bishop, but Leofgar was not wholly unacquainted with the name which he now gave him.

"If rumor be true," said the bishop, "thou art as much Gryffydd's friend as I am. Is thy mission concerning him?"

"Ay, I am so much his friend that I shall leave no stone unturned until either he or I be dead. Twice have I striven to accomplish his death, and twice have I failed. My last attempt was but two nights ago, when the allied forces were encamped yonder, and had I succeeded Hereford would not now be a wasted city. I slew one of the king's guards, and had Einion ap Howel not missed the other, Rolf would not have had occasion to leave the field and run a race with the winds."

"Nor would I be now lamenting the loss of my plate! The saints forgive the perfidy of the monk who obeyed not my command respecting it; but I shall never forgive him. I had rather lose all other possessions than be robbed of my plate, and especially the golden chalice. Would that I knew where that wolf in sheep's clothing has hidden my treasure. It must be somewhere under these ruins."

"I fear my lord bishop is mistaken, and that the sacred vessels shall adorn queen Aldyth's room. At least they were seen yesterday among the spoils, and methinks

that Aldyth, being Algar's daughter as well as Gryffydd's wife, shall have them to grace her sideboard, or rather thine, for thy sideboard was also taken."

"Then I swear by St. Dunstan that I shall have them again or die in the attempt to regain them. I will ask Harold, the earl, for a strong army, and overwhelm the spoilers with the torrent of my wrath, thus avenging our wrongs as well as regain my treasure."

"Think you not that Harold himself will collect a great army, and advance against our common foes?"

"Would to God that he be so inclined! He is a general favorite, and the people would speedily assemble from all parts of the kingdom at his command. But I fear me that he is too much pressed with the affairs of state to exchange the scepter of power for the sword, for he it is that rules, though Edward reigns."

"Yet Edward may persuade him to enter upon this campaign, seeing that the earldom of his nephew has suffered so much from the inroads of the enemy. Methinks the Bishop of Hereford also might have influence both with the king and with Harold, since he was once a favored chaplain of the latter, and is highly respected by the former, being a priest of note."

Leofgar was greatly flattered by this last remark. Though a bishop now, he was always proud of the fact that he had in earlier years been Harold's confessor. It was a grati-

fying fact to him also that King Edward held the clergy as well as the church in general, in such high esteem. Idrys was not backward in turning his knowledge of these things to his own advantage. At heart he had no more regard for Leofgar than had Gryffydd and Algar; nor was he sorry that the city and surrounding country had been laid waste. He would not have been a Welshman had he not cherished the traditional hatred of the Saxon race. But it served his purpose at present to appear to be on the Saxon side. The desire for revenge was stronger than his patriotism, and until his vengeance was satisfied he was willing to cast his lot with the English foe. He hoped to gain favor with Harold through Leofgar, that he might not only urge him to take up arms against Gryffydd and Algar, but also have his assistance to regain the power lost by the death of his father. He was wise enough, however, to keep his own motives in the background while talking with the bishop, that he might appear to be more anxious to have the depredators punished than to have his personal interests advanced. He took care, also, not to give a dictatorial coloring to his remarks, seeking rather to gain his object by appealing to the bishop's prejudices, and by feeding his vanity. Thus he was able before the end of the interview to make him as anxious as himself to go and see Harold and the king, and they were

about to commence the journey when they espied a large company of people coming from the south-east. A number of them were mounted, and the rest plodded along behind them, leading some half a dozen horses heavily burdened. This fact together with the motley character of the travelers plainly indicated that they were some of those who had fled from the city about the time Rolf was defeated, and were now returning to make a new start in life.

While they were yet some distance from the ruins of the cathedral they halted, and after a hasty consultation, one of the horsemen came forward, evidently for the purpose of ascertaining the character of the mounted men they saw. The bishop beckoned him forward, and the next moment he was at his side, while the rest of the company assured that there was no danger ahead, resumed their journey.

"Ah, it is thou, Hubba," said Leofgar, addressing the horseman. "Thou hast been more fortunate than thy father's house, but not more fortunate than the rest of the family, I hope. Are they in yonder group?"

"Would that they were," was the sorrowful reply. "But such is not the will of heaven. My father was slain during our flight yesterday, and mother and the other children were taken captive, and are now with the enemy."

"Thou art greatly afflicted, my son," said the bishop in a sym-

thetic voice; "but not more so than hundreds of others. Thou must know that there are as many sorrowful hearts as there are wasted homes. Heaven help us to avenge our wrongs, and to forgive our cowardly defenders. Knowest thou where Rolf is?"

"On his way to London to see the king. They say he is going to ask him to send a large army to punish the invaders. I hope King Edward will have the grace to grant his request."

"And to give the leadership to a man that will not turn his back to the foe in the hour of battle," added the bishop.

The rest of the company arriving at this point the bishop exchanged a few words with some of the leading men. Then selecting four of his subordinates as a sort of body-guard, he and they mounted five of the horses that had just arrived, and escorted by Idrys and his followers, they started on their way to London. They found that tidings of the desolation caused by the ravages of the allied forces had preceded them everywhere, and cries for vengeance rose from every hamlet and town, while London itself was full of excitement.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Bloodless Victory.

In a room not far from the ante-room of the king's closet in the palace of Westminster, sat Harold the earl. His long hair, parted from the temples, fell in large waves half

way to his shoulders, and his steady, deep eyes were fixed abstractedly on the wall. A look of displeasure rested on his usually calm, self-satisfied face, and his attitude was one of pride and determination. He had just been engaged in a private interview with the king, and was musing upon the subject which had been under discussion.

"Confound the idiot!" said he speaking to himself. "If he had not been so shallow-brained as to command his English forces to fight on horseback in imitation of his despicable Norman followers, he might at least, have saved the town. Yet Edward blames him not; nay were I to give my consent he would send him on another wild-goose chase, and the army to destruction. Nothing would please the treacherous Algar and his blood-thirsty father-in-law so well. But I have a mind to give them amusement of another sort."

At this juncture a loud knock on the door startled him, and the next moment he welcomed Leofgar and Idrys with feigned composure and dignified pride.

"I rejoice to see thee in the flesh again, noble Harold," said the bishop as the three seated themselves. "Methought not many days ago I would never see thy face again. I am as a brand plucked from the burning. I was hard pressed by the enemy; my soul was grieved within me by reason of desolation."

Harold cast a searching glance at

Idrys as if to satisfy himself that he was what he claimed to be. Then reading reassurance in the bishop's eyes he said,

"Rolf brought us the news of the terrible incursion yesterday; but as his haste to reach London, left Hereford without a protector, you doubtless have further tidings for our ears."

"Such defenders as Rolf," said the bishop with a frown, "should have mill-stones tied about their necks, and be cast into the sea. They are nought but a snare and a delusion. Hadst thou been there, my son, we might have laughed the enemy to scorn; but since thou wast not there to protect us, thou wilt no doubt avenge us. The sword has drunk innocent blood, and fire has consumed the whole city, the cathedral not excepted. Multitudes have been taken captive, and the enemy rejoices over much spoil. I myself, am despoiled of all my treasures, not excepting the gold chalice which thou gavest me, and which money could not buy. Ah! we are sore afflicted, my son, we are very sore afflicted."

"The heartless fiends!" exclaimed the earl, "they deserve no mercy, for they showed none. Something must be speedily done to punish them. Gryffydd and Algar must be separated, if not by death, then in some other way. England is not safe while two such fierce and restless wolves as they prowl around her borders. An army must be sent immediately into Wales."

"An army without the noble Harold to lead it would be but chaff before the wind," said Idrys. "The Welsh fear no name in England as they do his name."

"Our friend speak truly," said Leofgar "Thy name is to them what thunder is to the lion, or what the hound is to the fox. And since thy name is a terror to them, how much more will thy presence be. Edward can spare thee long enough from the affairs of state to go and whip the Welsh into submission, and Algar into perdition. Idrys here is anxious to join thee with his hundred knights, and I will for the sake of dear old England exchange my episcopal robe for a suit of armor, and my crosier for a sword, until the will of heaven shall be accomplished."

Both flattered and amused at these remarks, Harold now expressed his intention of leading the army in person into Wales, and after exchanging a few more words, Leofgar and Idrys brought their visit to an end, leaving Harold to think over the situation.

Early on the following morning the earl placed himself at the head of all the troops available in and around London, and hurried forward in the direction of Gloucester, accompanied by the bishop and Idrys. The army received re-enforcements at several places along the way, and upon its arrival at Gloucester, Harold, however, wishing to increase his forces still more, deemed it best to remain a few days

in the town before advancing into the enemy's territory, and to send out scouting parties to ascertain where Gryffydd and Algar were. As Idrys was well acquainted with the Welsh border, he and his followers, at the earl's request, constituted one of the these parties, and in due time set out in the direction of South Wales. Gloucester was scarcely left behind ere Idrys turning to his mounted companion remarked,

"What dost thou think of the son of Godwin, Owen? Is he a fit rival for the son of Llewelyn?"

"Ay, in ambition and subtlety, and more than his equal in deliberatness of thought and action," was the reply.

"But thinkest thou that the usurper need to fear him in battle?" continued Idrys. "He has almost the form of a giant, and he has the courage and will of his father."

"Gryffydd measures not the strength of his foes by their stature; nor is he deficient in courage and will. I hope Harold will defeat him; but methinks he will not find him an easy prey. The power and skill which have made the son of Llewelyn an usurper, have also made him victorious in every battle he has fought."

"True, but he cannot always be victorious. The sun of his prosperity must set some time, and if aught that I can do can hasten the eve of its setting thou shalt not find me a laggard."

"I bid you God speed. But think

you not that were we rid of Gryffydd we would find another and less tolerable tyrant seeking to crush us with his iron heel?"

"Another tyrant? Who from St. David's or Cardiff to Rhuddlan canst thou find to equal Gryffydd as an oppressor? He slew my father that he might have his dominion, and drove Cynan ab Iago into exile that he might rule over Gwynedd. The people's lives are not their own except to be thrown away in his service, and he must have the best of the flock and on the field."

"Cymru may not hold another tyrant such as he; but methinks were Edward dead, England might have a king who not being satisfied with the land stolen from our fathers would stretch his sword over our possessions, and reduce us into a worse condition than slavery."

"Ah, thou thinkest of Harold. But strong and ambitious as he is thou needst not fear him. If I mistake not, he will have enemies enough in England to keep his hands employed, should he ascend the throne; and even if he were able by craft or otherwise to pacify the disaffected Duke William, to whom, it is reported on good authority, Edward has promised England's crown, he would dispute his claim to royal power."

Thus the two whiled away the time until the party penetrated the heart of Gwentland, not forgetting at the same time to keep their eyes and ears open for signs of the en-

emy's presence. Despite their vigilance, however, Trahaiarn with a number of tried warriors, managed to surprise the whole party in a thicket not far from Pontypool. Idrys and his men were thrown into the utmost confusion for a moment, then they rallied, and a brief but severe engagement followed in which several on both sides were slain or wounded. It was a hand-to-hand fight, and none were more active than the leaders, who at the outset sprang at each other like lions, dealing and parrying blows that fell like thunderbolts, and glaring at each other with fiendish hate.

"Take that, thou cursed worshiper of tyrants," said Idrys, aiming a fatal blow at the prince.

"And take thou that, thou base traitor," said Trahaiarn, receiving the blow on his shield, and returning it with such precision and effect that his antagonist fell seemingly lifeless from his horse. At the same moment a number of Idrys' followers, having routed some of Trahaiarn's men, surrounded the prince, and began to attack him from all sides. But he was equal to the situation, being in armor like his assailants, and an expert swordsman. During the brief struggle that ensued he slew one of his antagonists, and unhorsed two others. Then finding that he could not continue the fight except at great disadvantage, owing to the superior numbers and equipment of the enemy, he and his followers gal-

loped away in the direction of Powys, pursued for a short distance by Idrys' men.

Upon their return to the scene of action, the mailed knights immediately applied themselves to the care of the wounded and the burial of the dead. Thinking that their leader was among the latter they were happily surprised to find not only that he was still alive, but also that his wound was not necessarily fatal. It so happened also that his estate was but a few miles away, and they bore him, together with the rest of the wounded, to his lordly hall.

When the excitement caused by the arrival of the wounded Idrys had somewhat subsided, and the officers in temporary command of the party had learned through the servants at the hall that Gryffydd and Algar with an immense army were in the southern part of Powys, he sent one of the knights disguised as a rustic to acquaint Harold with the strength and position of the enemy, and of Idrys' inability to return to him with his men. Nothing of a disagreeable nature happening on the way, the messenger safely arrived at Gloucester, but not in time to find Harold. For some reason, the earl had left the city sooner than he intended, and was now a day's march northwest of the city, pursuing his course towards Gwynedd. Determined to deliver the message, the messenger mounted a fresh horse and sped after the army.

In the meantime Harold pushed forward with considerable speed towards the enemy's territory. As yet he had found no clew to Gryffydd and Algar, but supposing them to be at Rhuddlan he intended to surprise them there. Reaching the border of what is now known as Montgomeryshire, he allowed the army to rest a few hours. Then resuming the march he advanced in a northerly direction; but he had not proceeded far when the messenger overtook him.

"Who art thou, and what is thy business with me?" said he, taking the man aside.

"I am a member of the scouting party whom the noble Harold sent into the South, and I have important news for your ears. Our leader would have brought the news himself had he not been wounded almost to death in an encounter with some of the enemy."

"The enemy?" said the earl with unfeigned surprise. "Surely Gryffydd and Algar are not in the South!"

"If the noble Harold sees fit to doubt my word he may do so," said the messenger, not without a tinge of resentment. "Nevertheless I tell you the truth. Those whom you seek are in Powys, and their followers are almost like the stars in number. The saints forbid that they march into England while its best defender is here in Gwynedd."

The man's manner left no room for doubt; yet Harold wishing to be

on the safe side beckoned the Bishop of Hereford to him, and asked him in an undertone,

"Knowest thou this man, holy father? And if so is he to be trusted?"

"If I mistake not he is one of Idrys' men, and according to the testimony of his leader, a trustier man has never lived," replied Leofgar, casting a side glance at the messenger.

"Thou hast done well to bring us these tidings," said Harold, turning to the man, "and thou shalt not go unrewarded. Perhaps thou wilt tell us also what is the nature of the country where the enemy has sought refuge."

"It is a country which abounds in high hills and deep precipices, thick woods and narrow ravines," was the reply. "Nevertheless, if English hounds can climb like Welsh goats, and combine the cunning of the fox with the keenness of the hawk, the noble Harold can yet seize his prey."

Having learned all that could now be known regarding the enemy, Harold brought the interview with the messenger to a close, and turning to the bishop he said,

"I am in a strait, and know not what to do. Fain would I continue our course to the north and punish the treacherous brood dwelling in these parts with fire and sword. But we would thus lose more than we would gain were the enemy to take advantage of our absence, and

again invade our land. Then if we advance into Powys where our foes have every advantage, we shall be cut to pieces, and England will be at the mercy of cut-throats. England is not afraid to fight her enemies; but she should not fight under a disadvantage. Defeats add neither to her glory nor her safety."

"Thou speakest truly," said Leofgar, "and it grieves me that we are in such a strait. No punishment can be too severe to inflict upon this accursed race, and gladly would I see all its members dead, and all their towns destroyed. But as thou sayest, we can have revenge only at a fearful risk. Hence, much as it is against my heart's desire, I would suggest that we return to Hereford. Perhaps we shall thereby attract the enemy from their fastnesses, or if that be impossible, we can rebuild the city walls, and have a trench dug about it while we wait God's pleasure in the matter."

Harold was impressed with the wisdom of this suggestion, and immediately carried it into action. Though the soldiers were somewhat disappointed at the command to retreat without penetrating farther into the enemy's country, they had such implicit trust in the earl's good sense that they obeyed without a murmur. Perhaps Harold permitted them to devastate the Welsh frontier for the sake of humoring their whims no less than as a punishment to the enemy. At any rate,

the line of retreat was marked for miles with signs of violence and hate.

Reaching the city of Hereford in due time, Harold at once set the army at work repairing the damages done by the invaders, and in the course of a few weeks the city was more strongly protected than it had ever been before. Gryffydd and Algar, however, though perfectly aware of Harold's movements, seemed to be in no hurry to leave Powys. This aggravated the earl, the more so because matters of state were daily becoming more urgent for his return to London. At last, greatly as he disliked it, he decided to enter into negotiations with the enemy with the view of settling the quarrel between them in a peaceful way. Hence, two envoys were sent, escorted part way by a small body of picked men, into Powys with propositions from Harold. As one of the envoys bore aloft the holy rod as a signal of peace they were permitted to reach the enemy's camp without being molested. Nor did Gryffydd and Algar receive them ungraciously.

"What would King Edward's thegn with Gryffydd the king?" said the son of Llewelyn.

"His message, O king, is to earl Algar no less than to the royal Gryffydd," said one of the envoys.

"Ah! then deliver his message, for we are both here, and have ears to hear," said Algar.

The envoy who acted as spokesman now recounted the losses and

sufferings caused by the late incursion into Hereford, and spoke at length of the just reasons which England had for punishing the offenders. This he did chiefly to give additional force to what he still had to say.

"But," said he in conclusion, "Harold is as generous as his king is forgiving. Instead of vengeance he will have mercy, and instead of coming into Wales with fire and sword he graciously offers terms of peace."

The envoy paused, and after a moment's silence Gryffydd fixed his piercing eyes upon him and said,

"We have heard the offer, but not the terms. Our patience is not yet exhausted; say on."

"Gryffydd the king and Algar the thegn must hear the terms of peace from the earl's own lips," was the reply.

Having thus delivered his message, the speaker, accompanied by the other envoy, withdrew into a neighboring tent to partake of refreshments, while Gryffydd and Algar discussed Harold's offer in the royal tent.

"By St. David, wonders never cease," said the king, "who would have thought that the haughty Harold would sue for peace before aiming a single blow at his enemy?"

"The royal Gryffydd is mistaken," said Algar, laughing. "He sues not for peace, but offers us terms of peace because he is too generous to seek revenge!"

(Continued.)

A TRIP TO BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

By George Coronway, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Away with care, the world's dull care,
 That mars our earthly joys;
 A trip take we, on memory's sea,
 To the days when we were boys.

Full many a storm we braved since
 then,
 Saw many a cloudy day—
 The finger-marks of care are seen,
 In many a hair turned gray.

To-day our cares forget shall we—
 In fancy's park, on memory's sea,
 We'll sail away,
 With hearts as gay,
 As when we all were boys.

Kind fate, do thou us safely bear,
 And favor us with breezes fair.

Thanks, goddess, thanks—now speed
 we free,
 Fair blows the wind, calm is the sea,
 And gayly glides our gallant craft—
 Young hope afore, old care abaft—
 Full sail above, fair tide below,
 And every heart with joy aglow.

Come sit we on the deck and gaze
 Upon those scenes of boyhood's days,
 Which fancy shall unroll, as we
 Sail back on memory's mystic sea.

Come now in view the happy shore,
 The hills and dales we roamed of yore,
 The wildwoods gay, where often we
 Would ramble through with boyish glee,
 And listen to the warbling throng
 Discoursing well their summer song.

Those green clad hills, in olden time,
 How often you and I would climb
 Their sloping brow, the top to gain,
 When playing, "up and down again."
 Our ups and downs were then, somehow
 More pleasant far than they are now.

And see the fields—in days of old,
 In careless troops we through them
 strolled,

And plucked the flowers there that grew
 The cowslip sweet, of golden hue;
 The daisy fair, whose modest eye,
 Would upward gaze towards the sky;
 The butter cup—we mind it well
 How this we fairy used to tell,
 When it we placed beneath the chin,
 How we liked butter—"thick or thin!"

And see the hedges in full blow—
 Do you remember, long ago,
 How we would ramble mong the thorn,
 With faces scratched, and jackets torn?
 How we would spend the day in quest
 Of some poor birdie's cosy nest?
 With keen and well experienced eye,
 How quickly then we could espy
 The sought for treasure in the bush,
 And steal the same without a blush!
 Despite the mother's mournful cry—
 Do you remember how she'd fly
 Around us, begging us to spare
 Her little home—its treasures rare?
 How hard she'd beg, but all in vain—
 The thought now, friends, doth bring us
 pain,—

Who steals a nest, commits a wrong,—
 He robs the world of many a song!

Thus death has robbed yea, many a cot,
 The mother's woe it touched him not,
 How many a tender voice he's stilled,
 How many a heart with sorrow filled?
 Alas! we mortals, here below,
 Must all, some day, fall 'neath his blow!

And yonder is the merry rill,
 With murmuringsound is running still;
 Come sit we by its cheerful flow,
 As oft we did in long ago.
 Ah! friends, it seemeth like a dream,

Since we, before, sat by this stream.
 How often we, in days of old,
 With sleeves above the elbow rolled,
 Our trousers turned above the knee,
 Like merry fishermen would we
 Wade through its depth and fish about
 The stumps, and stones, for speckled
 trout?

How proud we were, when one we
 caught?

We felt our hearts with joy afraught,
 When we, returning home would bring
 A batch of "beauties" on our string.

And see the pond—its limpid mass,
 Like nature's mirror on the grass,
 Reflecting to our thoughtful gaze,
 The thousand joys of by-gone days,
 When you and I, with nimble grace,
 Would skate across its frozen face.

Perhaps upon a summer's shine,
 We'd spend the day with hook and line,
 And watch the little cork afloat,
 Then sink—a sign a fish was caught!

Perchance we'd trim a log, or plank,
 And sail away from bank to bank—
 Arriving at the distant side,
 We thought we'd crossed the ocean wide
 Returning like a merry band
 Of sailors from a foreign land!

There stands the school-house old,
 where we

Learned to recite our A, B, C;
 Below are still the play-grounds fair—
 What happy moments spent we there,
 And rung the air with shouts of glee—
 Then life was all a Jubilee!

The old oak stands yet by the mill,
 The old swing hanging to it still;
 How oft we gathered there to play—
 To swing the happy hours away!

Do we not wish, though wish in vain,
 We were those happy boys again?

Oh! blissful hours,—what joy, untold,
 Still lingers 'round those days of old.
 Dear friends, wherever we may roam,
 We'll find no place like childhood's
 home.

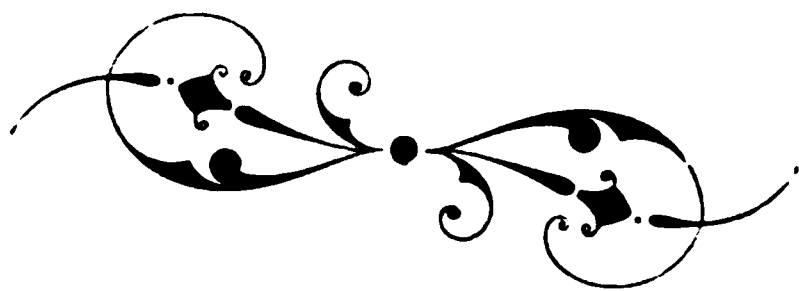
Oh! where on earth is there a spot,
 So sweet as mother's humble cot?
 There we were nursed with tenderest
 care—

Remembered in her holy pray'r—
 Oft lulled to sleep upon her breast,—
 With ev'ry joy and comfort blest;
 Unknown to every woe and pain—
 Oh! that I were a child again!

Adieu, ye happy days of yore,
 With all your joys, to come no more!
 Farewell loved scenes of days gone by,
 We leave you with a tearful eye;
 'Tis but a trip, we cannot stay,
 Stern duty calls, we must obey!

We'll steer our bark by yonder star,
 That dazzling, holy star of truth
 Until we reach that land afar—
 The home of everlasting youth!

'Tis well, betimes, when earthly cares,
 Do mar our earthly joys,
 To sail as we, on memory's sea,
 To the days when we were boys.





FIELD OF LETTERS

It is seven years now since "Cymru'r Plant" set sail on the uncertain sea of Welsh literature, as the editor expresses it. Although we boast that the Welsh are lovers of literature, it is considerable risk to publish a Welsh book. We must say that as a nation we are covetous, we are slow to invest a little money in good books. We would like to have books, but we do not want to buy them. "Cymru'r Plant" richly deserves to prosper, and it should be welcomed into every Welsh home. Its devoted editor should have the heartiest patronage.

Its appearance is attractive, and its contents, month after month, year after year, continue to improve; and the editor promises to make it still more entertaining and instructive during 1899. Such publications as "Cymru'r Plant" will teach our children to cherish Wales and the old Cymraeg.

Its frontispiece for December is the Yule Log, and it asks appropriately the reason why this season of frost and snow has underneath it a spirit of cheer. There are no signs of life, no flowers, every thing seemingly dead, and yet we are comforted and cheered by a secret conviction and appreciation of the great truth that Christ was born on Christmas Day; and this is the Yule Log that burns and cheers every hearth in Christendom.

The editor of the "Ceninen" promises to make that national periodical more interesting next year than ever. Some

of the questions discussed will be "Welsh Literature of the Century, has it Improved or Deteriorated?" "The Eisteddfod, is it worth the Trouble and Cost of Holding it?" "The Religious Sects—do they act in accordance with their Creeds?" The best writers have been engaged to write for it.

The contents of the "Traethodydd" is theological, excepting the article by the Rev. J. M. Morgan on the "Failings and Foibles of the Welsh Character." The Rev. R. S. Thomas reviews a book entitled "The Principle of Incarnation," by the Rev. H. C. Powell. The Welshman is at home among such abstruse subjects, and he enjoys nothing so well. This is followed by an article on the Apostolic Church; then the "Two Words," by the Rev. R. V. Griffith, and an article by the Editor, the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, M. A., on Apostolic Succession. Henceforth, the Editors will be Rev. Evan Jones and J. E. Hughes, Carnarvon.

A good many attempts are made these days to expose the failings and foibles of the Welsh character. The Rev. J. M. Morgan, in the article already referred to, brings some of these into relief, such as the Welshman's lack of perseverance, his sentimentality, his servility, his shyness, his want of experience, and many other qualities which are essential to success in life. There is this peculiarity which lies at the bottom of all his failings, viz., his self-sufficiency. This is seen in all his life and behavior. He lacks expansive-

ness. He is self-satisfied. He is controlled by what undermines every effort and enterprise, the spirit of contentment. He is not enterprising like the morning, but like the evening, he feels like musing and meditating, content with the performances of the past. He acts like a spirit that has no future, unless it be in heaven. This also may account for his great fondness for theology. He is more sentimental than practical; and he thinks more of literature that appeals to his emotion and fancy than that which enlightens and benefits him materially. All this may be attributed to his past manner of life and training; and the aim of the present age should be to lift him out of this ancient rut.

The Editors of the "Cronicle" in their preface to this volume, promise to make it as useful and instructive as ever, an advocate of the principles which the founders of this popular monthly championed in the past. There are thousands of Welsh readers who revere the memory of the R. Brothers, who have made Llanbryn-mair in Montgomeryshire celebrated. This preface, as we are informed, was prepared in the very neighborhood where the renowned S. R. prepared the first number in 1843. This volume, therefore, is the 56th, and to all appearances, the brisk little Monthly is as popular as ever, and is likely to live to a patriarchal age. The Roberts' family has done as much as any other in Wales to elevate and instruct the people. The little "Cronicle" is a living monument to their sacred memory.

The December number has the usual quota of articles and miscellaneous matter. The Notes by Editor Keinion contain the following short articles: The Late Rev. D. S. Davies; Dr. Dale's Memoir; the Nonconformist Alliance; A Religious Revival. Pedrog has an

interesting review of Gwylfa's "Drain Gwynion;" Poetical Reminiscences of Mynyddog, the celebrated humorist; Events of the Month, &c., &c.

The Hooley exposures in the Bankruptcy Court shows the corrupting influence of the love of money. Hooley in his testimony, or rather his confession, has opened the eyes of Englishmen as to corruption in circles which hitherto had been regarded as respectable. It is astonishing to think that our nobility is subject to the influence of boodle, and that titles can be procured by means of bribes. Hooley was promised a seat in Parliament and a title in the bargain for the sums of \$50,000 and \$250,000 respectively. This money was cashed to a Conservative Political Club. He was also offered a membership in the Carlton Club for the reasonable price of \$5,000. Hooley even succeeded to bribe the Church of England by a donation of a gold communion service, by which he managed to hallow his rotten business enterprises.

It would benefit Welsh literature to attend to the sensible advice which "Cwrs y Byd" gives its correspondents and contributors in its December number. "We do not intend to publish sermons, essays and articles we cannot understand, and which have no known direct aim, written for the simple purpose of seeing them in print. We do not mean to publish senseless tattle and gossip. We do not pretend to be sublime, but we will endeavor to be simple, clear and practical, not swerving from the path of duty through fear of man. We used to have some correspondents and admirers who were Nicodemuslike in their conduct, but all that has been changed." "Cwrs y Byd" is determined to inaugurate into Welsh periodicals an era of practical

sense and fearlessness in the advocacy of principles.

"Great cry but little wool" was the love affair which disturbed the peace of the University at Aberystwyth, a while ago. A young man whistles on the highway, a girl student on the second floor of a house lifts the window, and the consequence is, an indiscreet woman on whom no young man ever whistled reports the case, the young lady is sent home, and the young man is "rusticated" for two years. If she (the indiscreet woman) had any Christian sense, she would have taken the girl aside, advise her like a mother, showing her kindly the danger of whistling in an educational community.—"Cwrs y Byd."

The contents of the "Dysgedydd" for December are as follows: The Temptation of Christ—was it possible for Him to sin? by the Rev. D. J. Williams, Tredegar; The Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin, by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; Peru before the Spanish Conquest, by W. J. Parry; Miscellanies, &c.

The addresses of Mr. Lloyd George, M. P., and Dr. R. F. Horton, at the meeting of Nonconformists in London recently, were excellent, and they have been instrumental in opening the eyes of many with regard to the questions of education and Ritualism in the Church of England. It was pointed out that taxes and tithes ostensibly for the support of Protestantism and education are used to further clandestinely the cause of Popery in England. The disguised priests of the Church are working secretly to introduce Romanism into English Protestantism, and they dare the authorities to interfere with and end their efforts. English newspapers and the Protestants within the

Church seem to be indifferent and apathetic, and with the exception of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, no Liberal of any prominence has as yet brought the question before Parliament. Dr. Horton showed by extracts from the works of Dr. Pusey, that that Ritualistic and Papistic leader believed that lying and duplicity are perfectly legitimate and commendable when used in God's service, and that priests have a divine right to prevaricate.—Dysgedydd.

In the "Nineteenth Century" there appears an apology by Dr. Jessop; wherein he expresses great sorrow on account of two things: Firstly, because the paper he read at the Bradford Church Congress was obscure, which led the Archbishop to mistake its meaning; and secondly, because some criticized the Archbishop for misinterpreting its contents. Dr. Jessop professes great regard for the Archbishop, and expresses great pain at the results of his own obscure style of dealing with religious questions. It appears through this apology that to Dr. Jessop an Archbishop is above committing mistakes in speech or writing, and he takes the opportunity of expressing his high regard of the Church dignitary; but, nevertheless, the Doctor sticks to his views, viz., that the separating line between clerics and laymen in the Apostolic age was thin; that laymen often performed holy functions, and that they had a voice in appointing clericals to holy offices. But yet Dr. Jessop seems to hold that episcopacy is divine, having being introduced by God subsequent to the Apostolic Age.—Drysorfa.

Wales is often regarded as the most religious spot in the world—the land of exceptional privileges, and the home of revivals. Doubtless, much has been

done, and great sacrifice made for its religion. Every nook and corner has its chapels, and great expenses have been incurred to build and establish churches and Sunday Schools in every place. But zeal may be shown for such external things without our being possessed of practical religion. The Welsh people have a strong tendency to make religion a matter of feeling, neglecting its deeper principles. The work of the Holy Spirit to them too often, means an emotional excitement, a superficial enthusiasm which is called "hwyl." This is a characteristic weakness of our people. They think more of this pious excitement than they do of the really practical struggle against the world, the flesh and the devil.—Traethodydd.

Gweledigaeth Bardd Cwsg, by Ellis Wynne, and edited by J. Morris Jones: Jarvis and Foster, Bangor, N. W. This edition is dedicated to Prof. John Rhys, M. A., LL. D., Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, and is a faithful reproduction of the original copy. In addition to the text, it has a Preface, a sketch of the author's life, the original Title Page, Explanatory Notes, Glossary, &c., &c. This is a beautiful edition printed on fine paper.

This supernatural regard in which bishops and high church dignitaries are held is a peculiar trait of the Ritualistic party, and is the natural and inevitable outgrowth of the Ritualistic creed. Sacerdotalism is based on this superstitious worship of church bishops and archbishops. J. H. Newman (afterward Cardinal Newman) regarded his Bish-

op (Dr. Bagot) as God in ecclesiastical vestments, and he himself tells us that there was something divine in the voice of his Bishop. God was, in fact, speaking through his Bishop; and yet this Church of England clergyman later seceded and entered the Romish fold, deserting the English establishment, and Dr. Bagot, in whose voice and commands there was so much divinity! Divinity in the Ritualistic system of religion is merely holy means to accomplish very unworthy ends. This superstitious regard for clericals is the evil that Protestantism should direct all its energy to destroy. Sacerdotalism and liberty are contradictions.

The "Cerddor" serves a purpose among the Welsh in creating uneasiness and causing dissatisfaction with commonplace musical views. We are too much disposed to become contented with ordinary achievements, our standards being popular rather than ideal. The "Cerddor" is continually laboring and endeavoring to arouse the Welsh musical mind to an appreciation of something higher and perfecter than what has been in vogue for the last fifty years. It is always trying to impress the Welsh with the importance of mastering the science of music-musical culture being something more than mere singing and contesting for prizes at Elsteddffodau. In the December number there are valuable lessons and hints in the direction of musical culture. Its reviews and criticisms on various lines are always practical and instructive. It also discusses questions and national foibles which are hardly ever noticed in other periodicals.

SCIENTIFIC

The sanitary authorities of Sutton Surry, England, have gone into the perfume business in an unusual manner, for they are producing lavender on their sewage farm.

The ptomaines of preserved meats are, according to Van Ermenglin (Jour. de Ph.), secretions of a specific bacterium, bacillus bolulinus. The toxin, called by the discoverer "bolulin," is so poisonous that 0.000001 gramme is sufficient to kill a rabbit. Fortunately, the toxin is destroyed by a comparatively low temperature, 60 to 70 degrees C. At 85 degrees the bacillus is also destroyed; cooking is, therefore, a reliable safeguard in the use of salted, smoked, or otherwise preserved meats.

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BABY DRINK.

Dr. Mary A. Willard, Detroit, Michigan, said: "Nursing mother, with your beer mug, throw it out of the window, and never touch it again. Beer-milk is not a fit food for your baby. The child may grow fat, but it will not be healthy. Better have less milk of good quality, and piece out the little one's diet with something else. In closing, I have this to say, not from the standpoint of a temperance crank, but from that of a physician; make up your mind that yourself and alcohol, in all its forms, are from henceforth strangers, and, my word for it, you will never mourn your estrangement."

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INSECT DRUNKARDS.

Many plants and shrubs secrete pollen and nectar that are intoxicating, and the blossoms of such plants are

especially sought out by certain insects, who seem to enjoy a debauch on the natural stimulants as much as does a veritable human drunkard a like carouse on the artificial potations of mankind whose basis is alcohol.

An intoxicated bee was carried to my laboratory for dissection and microscopic investigation. This insect was so drunk that, when placed upon its back, it had the greatest difficulty in getting upon its legs; yet, when a cosmos blossom was brought within two inches of its head, the bee thrust out its proboscis and staggered toward it! It immediately began to suck the nectar, and, in a few moments, tumbled over, a drunken, senseless, almost inert little mass—a victim of appetite!—James Weir, M. D.

—o:o—
ILLEGIBLE.

A writer in a recent number of *Medicin Moderne*, after expressing his sympathy with the pharmacists whose difficult task it is to decipher illegible prescriptions, adds that the matter has attracted the attention of the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Paris. The execrable handwriting of many French physicians is thought to be a menace to the public, and the Dean is reported to have said that he would take the earliest opportunity of bringing the matter to the notice of the faculty. The pharmacists of America will doubtless sympathize with this movement.

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REMEDY FOR DAMP CELLARS.

Take old preserve cans and put therein calcium chloride, a pound of this salt sufficing for a large cellar. The

same attracts the water from the air, which collects in the cans. This, however, is not poured away, but is evaporated on a strong fire, whereby the salt crystallizes again and becomes fit for renewed use. Especially for potato cellars this process is very serviceable, since the sprouting of the potatoes, though not entirely prevented, is considerably retarded thereby.

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TOOK THEM IN WATER.

The following story is told of Pasteur by the San Francisco Argonaut: "While dining at his son-in-law's one evening it was noticed that Pasteur dipped his cherries in his glass of water, and then carefully wiped them before eating them. As this caused some amusement, he held forth at length on the dangers of the microbes with which the cherries were covered. Then he leaned back in his chair, wiped his forehead and unconsciously picked up his glass, drank off the contents, microbes and all."

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BAD ON EYES.

Oculists are now unanimous in the statement that after a certain time, which varies in different individuals, reading in the cars is a positive danger to eyesight. The page is in constant vibration, and the eyes are strained in trying to follow automatically the rapid movements. Too much light is almost as bad as too little. Reading by a powerful electric light invariably brings on eye troubles. People would make their eyes remain serviceable much longer if the instant the printed letter becomes blurry or the reading matter gets out of focus they would seek the best professional skill and prepare to use glasses. This may be at any age between 18 and 40.

SOCIAL LIFE OF CLERKS.

Some people say that the private character of an employe should have no bearing upon his relations with his employer; that so long as he does his work satisfactorily it is nobody's business how he spends his time away from the store. This is a fallacious idea, however. In railroads, banks, and other lines of business there is strict watch kept upon the habits of employees, and if they are known to be spending their spare hours in dissipation, it is not long before they are dropped from their positions. Employers know that it is only a question of time when fast living means stealing.

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WHY DRUNKARDS SEE SNAKES.

It is said that 9 per cent. of visual hallucinations in delirium tremens consists of snakes in one form or another. Dr. Davies has been investigating the subject with the ophthalmoscope. In every one of the cases examined the blood vessels instead of being pale and almost invisible as in their ordinary condition, were almost black with congested blood. The blood vessels of the retina which are so small and semi-transparent in health that they are not projected in the field of vision, assume such a prominence in this disease that they are projected into the field of vision, and their movements seem like the twisting of snakes.—S. W. Press.

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CURIOSITIES ABOUT WOOD.

The strongest wood which grows within the limits of the United States is that known as "nutmeg" hickory, which flourishes on the lower Arkansas river. The most elastic is tamarack, the black, or shellbark, standing not far below. The wood with the least

elasticity and lowest specific gravity is the *Fiscus aurea*. The wood of the highest specific gravity is the blue wood of Texas and Mexico. The heaviest of the foreign woods are the pomegranate and the *lignum vitæ*, and the lightest is cork. Four hundred and thirteen different species of trees grow in the various states and territories, and of this number 16, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. These woods of high specific gravity grow mostly in the arid regions of New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada.—St. Louis Republic.

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THE APPLE AS MEDICINE.

The apple is such a common fruit that few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid, in an easily digestible shape, than any other fruit known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It also agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretion, and prevents calculus growth, while it obviates indigestion, and is one of the best preventives of diseases of the throat. Next to lemon and orange, it is also the best antidote for the thirst and craving of persons addicted to the alcohol and opium habit.

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POISONOUS PLANTS.

The berries of the yew have killed many persons, and it is pretty well known nowadays that it is not safe to eat many peach pits or cherry kernels at once. Among the garden plants commonly in vogue which possess a

poisonous nature botanists mention the jonquil, white hyacinth, and snow-drop, the narcissus being also particularly deadly—so much so, indeed, that to chew a small scrap of one of the bulbs may result fatally, while the juice of the leaves is an emetic. There is enough opium in red poppies to do mischief, and the autumn crocus, if the blossoms are chewed, causes illness. The lobelias are all dangerous, their juice, if swallowed, producing giddiness, with pains in the head. Lady's slipper poisons in the same way as does poison ivy. The bulbs seem to be the most harmful. Lilies of the valley are also as poisonous. The leaves and flowers of the oleander are deadly, and the bark of the catalpa tree is very mischievous. The water dropwort, when not in flower, resembles celery, and is virulent.

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THE AGE OF AN OYSTER.

He who wishes may find out the exact age of any oyster, though he has not the telltale evidence in teeth. The lines in the groove of the hinge of the shell tell the whole story, each line representing a year. An oyster is of age at four years; that is, he is old enough to vote, take care of a family, and go to market. Going to market is a disastrous undertaking, for a four year old oyster is particularly palatable. By this it must not be supposed that after an oyster has passed the four layer period, and has five, six or even ten wrinkles on his shell he is a back number. Indeed, there are records of oyster being eaten just after celebrating their thirtieth birthday and in most cases they formed a delicious meal. Thirty is an unusual age for an oyster to attain, because few are given an opportunity to live so long. If let to enjoy life in his own way, it is quite probable that the oyster would become an octogenarian or even centenarian.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Literary defects of the Welshman are classified by the editor of "Cymru" as follows:—Lack of patience and perseverance; extreme and obstinate clinging to old forms; and intellectual conservatism.

Shortly before his death Mr. Thomas Gee presented the Aberystwyth University College Library with the copy of Dr. W. O. Pughe's dictionary, upon which are entered, in the author's own hand, the corrections and additions designed for the second edition.

Mrs. Piozzi, a friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, born in Bodvel, Carnarvonshire, considered Cardiff the wrong end of the Principality, but still a better place for a Welshman to get lost in, than England.

A statement is made in the "Record" that in Wales the Eucharist vestments are in use in 47 churches, incense in seven, altar lights in 100, the mixed chalice in 41, and the eastward position in 169.

It is a remarkable fact that between 1700 and 1870 not a single Welsh-speaking bishop was appointed to any Welsh see, although more than three-fourths of the people in Wales spoke during the greater part of that period nothing but Welsh.

They don't understand the Welsh "hwyl" in England. A Welsh Methodist preacher spoke at a conference over

the border recently, and as he warmed up he got into the "hwyl." The charm of the peculiar intonation was lost on the audience. They were consumed with amusement, and one irreverent man called out, "Cheer up, brother; don't cry."

The Welsh Industries movement is really very much alive, and steps are now being taken to establish a weavers' dyeing factory at Carmarthen. The weavers are at last convinced that they must dye on the spot in order to live. Long let them dye!

It has been suggested to the committee of the Liverpool National Eisteddfod that a silver harp be presented to the conductor of the chief choral competition instead of a baton, as traditionally the most fitting emblem of a "pencerdd."

Some time ago the Welsh Wesleyan Methodists appointed a committee to prepare a new Welsh hymnal for the denomination. The committee have now completed their work, and it is expected that the collection, with a number of new tunes, will shortly be issued.

It is pointed out as a curious fact that nearly all the successful English novels about Wales have hitherto dealt with Cardiland. Is it chance or what? Cardis believe that the authors have at all events this justification, that of

all our 13 counties Cardiganshire is the most typically Welsh.

That suggestion of thanksgiving services for Omdurman did not come off, but it serves as an excuse for reviving an old story. The clergyman of Beaumaris Church, North Wales, after returning God thanks for Admiral Duncan's victory, and the capture of the Dutch, added, "We also thank thee, O God, for the late capture of fine, full-belly'd herrings on our coasts."

Steps have already been taken for holding a Welsh "Summer School for Theology" at Llandrindod Wells during next summer. Arrangements are to be made for a series of lectures by a number of specialists, representing the "four denominations" and the Established Church in the Principality. Llandrindod being central for North and South Wales, there is every reason to expect that the school will be popular and successful.

Success is crowning the efforts of the Welsh Wesleyan Methodists in connection with the fund which they are raising towards the "John Evans (Eglwysbach) Memorial Chapel," which is being erected at Pontypridd. The chapel is now in course of erection, and it is to be opened early in the new year. It will be a most fitting memorial to the late Rev. John Evans, who did some excellent work as superintendent of the South Wales Wesleyan Forward Movement.

One of our readers was kind enough to send us an extract from the "Scottish American" wherein is estimated the number of famous men and women in the last 298 years, to be precisely, 287, of whom only 7 are Welsh! Our reader is interested in the fact that the Welsh percentage is so low. Supposing the facts to be true, the only

way it can be explained is, that England, Scotland and Ireland have had their Universities, which Wales did not have until recently. The Welsh have also been handicapped by their adherence to their language. Wales has been cruelly neglected; her sons and daughters will be honored in due time.

An aged deacon of a Calvinistic Methodist chapel near Bridgend is notoriously rough on long sermons. "I'm afraid I preached rather a long sermon," said a young minister who officiated there the other Sunday, and who was anxious for a word of commendation. "Oh, it averaged up well," said the old blaenor. "How so?" "It may have been a trifle long, but, then, it was neither very broad nor very deep."

Everything, it is said, comes of use if only kept for a period long enough—nine years being the rule, according to the proverb. At present moth-eaten Welsh ballads, containing no poetry and very little rhyme are being collected in all parts of Wales. Mr. Davies, of Cwrtmawr, when not engaged in professional work, spends his time in hunting such literary curiosities, and has already bagged a considerable number over a thousand. They will be "resurrected," probably, at some future time.

A Welsh medical manuscript of the thirteenth century, known by the name of "Meddygon Myddfai," contains the following quaint recipe:—Take a frog from the water alive and extract its tongue, putting the frog back again into the water. Place the tongue on a man's heart while asleep, and he will confess in his sleep what ever he hath done.

It is understood that the vicars of the more advanced churches in the diocese

of Llandaff have been informed by the bishop that high celebrations may not be held unless at least three communicants shall have previously given notice of their intention to partake of the holy communion at such celebrations. Hitherto communicants at high celebrations have generally been discouraged, so that the bishop's request is one of importance.

Just as Mr. Beriah Evans failed some years ago in "Cyfaill yr Aelwyd," so now it appears that the substitution of the English "v" for the Welsh "f" has been discarded even by the Welsh Colonists in Patagonia. The innovation was first introduced by the Rev. Professor Michael D. Jones, of Bala, and he found a number of imitators, who have, however, grown weary in well-doing. When the "Drafod," the Welsh organ of the Colonists in Patagonia, was recently taken over by a company, the very first resolution passed by the shareholders was that the "new orthography" should be discontinued, and the Welsh "f" and "ff" therefore at once reinstated.

An Irish reader has sent this story to the "Sheffield Telegraph:—"I was present at the International match between Ireland and Wales, played at Limerick, last March. The grounds where the match took place were quite close to a workhouse, and one of the paupers, a half simpleton, happened somehow to be amongst the spectators. Never seeing the game before, he shouted out, to the amusement of the crowd, 'See here, my foine big fellas, what are ye kicking that ball around, for that's doin' ye no harm? Can't ye gine over that wall beyant, and kick around the workhouse master that desarves it?' "

The little affair of Aberystwyth College (says the "Westminster Gazette")

has been made a great deal too much of, and we cannot see that any blame is to be attached to the principals. Discreet parents do not, as a rule, encourage "Romeos" whistling under their young daughters' windows in the evening, and, as the principal of a ladies' college is in loco parentis, there is all the more reason she should object to a practice which may be harmless, but which also may not be, and which is certainly indiscreet. The Aberystwyth "Romeo" has been rusticated, and quite right, too. He will probably recognize the justice of it, for young men who go whistling outside girls' schools must expect consequences, and put up with them.

It was reserved for a lady to do the smartest thing during Lord Kitchen-er's visit to Cardiff. Being an autograph-hunter, her chief interest in Lord Kitchen-er's visit lay in getting his signature. Accordingly she planted herself in the station, having first got on the blind side of the officials, and when the Sirdar stepped on to the platform almost the first words he heard were "Please, Lord Kitchen-er, will you sign my autograph-book?" "With pleasure," said the gallant soldier, and in a trice the thing was done, much to the delight of the lady and the mortification of a city magnate who a few minutes before had refused with a "Certainly not," to introduce the determined lady to the Sirdar.

Stray facts of Welsh history may be found in obscure places. A proposal issued in 1714 for re-printing the Welsh Bible contains three interesting statements. It is signed by six bishops—"Jo. Bangor, Jo. Llandaff, W. Asaph, Ph. Hereford, Adam Meneven, W. Worcester." Thus, as late as 1714 the bishop of St. David's wrote "Menevensis." The bishops of Hereford and Worces-

ter had evidently some parishes under their care in need of Welsh Bibles. It is stated, also, that there were "upwards of 500 parishes in which the generality of the people understood no other language;" and, again, "there are also above 6,000 Welsh in Pennsylvania and other parts of her Majesty's Dominions in America."

In the Red Book of Hergest the Rhondda is written "Glyn Rodne;" in a statute of Henry XIII., "Glyn-erotherney." Rice Merrick (1578) spells it "Glinronthey," "Glynrothney," "Glumertheney," and speaks of "Est Radevodwge." Leland spells the name "Glin Rodeney," "Glin Rotheney," "Rodeney Vaur," and "Rodeney Vehan." Let the learned leave *Caer Moesau* for a while, and solve this "rodne-y" problem. Leland's description of the Rhondda is comically out-of-date—"The Vale of Glin Rodeney by South, is meatly good for Barle and Otes, but little Whete. There is plenty of Wood."

The libretto for which the Cardiff committee of the National Eisteddfod offered a prize has now been published, the English words being by Mr. W. J. T. Collins, and the Welsh by Mr. R. L. Davies. The title is a very happy one—"For King and Cause; or, The Siege of Cardiff Castle." In plan it is very simple, and is founded on an episode in the history of Cardiff—in fact, the siege and taking of the castle. The characters are Oliver Cromwell, Sir Richard Basset, commandant of the castle for the King; Lady Gwyneth, his wife; Talbot, a Royalist soldier; Royalist and Puritan troops, women and others.

Madame Patti's forthcoming marriage reminds a London contemporary of an interesting experience. It happened when Nicolini was alive. He and Patti were trout fishing at Brynmen-

yn. They heard that the old woman who kept the ale house by the riverside was lying at death's door, and Madame, with true womanly sympathy, went in to cheer her. To please the poor dame the great singer sang to her, using her glorious voice quite simply and unaffectedly in the poor little inn. The place now has a reputation amongst the music-loving *Cymru*. "The last time I drove past," said the writer, "my driver pointed with his whip to the house in the hollow, and said, 'That's where Madame Patti herself, man, did sing, look you. There's a singer for you! They did hear her singing at Jones's farm up yonder.'"

"Ach" is an old Celtic word for water, still used in Irish. It is cognate with the Latin "Aqua." Welsh "Ogwy," the name of a river in Glamorgan; "Gwy," English "Wye;" "Dwy," English "Dee," is probably another form of "Gwy," and hence "Dwyf," "Dwfr," "Dover," "Douro," "Tiber;" "Hudor" in Greek, which is in Gen. "Hudatos," showing that "r" is no part of the stem "Hudor," as it is not of the Celtic "Dwyf," "Dwy," "Gwy," or "Ach." "Ach" forms part of the names of waters in Wales, as "Achddu," "Pwll-agddu," in Caermarthenshire; "Clydach," "Calach," "Llanhamlach," "Camach," not "Camarch,"—the "r" being an interloper; "Llechach," in Garthbrenni; "Cwmachau"—dingle of streams; "Amlach," corrupted into "Amlwch." "Honddu" is the same as the Latin "Unda;" "Hondda," in Glamorgan written generally "Rhondda," the "r" being the definite article *Yr* shortened and glued prefixedly to it. "Honddu" is variously written as a stream-name, thus "Hodni," "Thony," "Neath," "Nedd," "Nith," "Nethy," "Eden," "Ton," "Don," "Danais," "Danube," "Rhodanus," "Dwina," are well known continental stream-names.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

LEWIS ANTHONY.

In every word, O, for a tear
A sorrowing sigh in every rhyme
To speak the loss of one so dear—
Among the meekest of his time.

December 2 he was found dead in his bed.

He was born in Cwmaman, Carmarthenshire, September 25, 1832, and from his youth was connected with the Welsh Congregational Church, both in



Lewis Anthony

Yes, nature's home-made nobleman,
So manifest in mien and mind;
Beloved and honored by his kind
From crib to grave his race he ran.

His friend was Truth, his foe was wrong,
By Hope celestial led was he;
On pleasant paths or troubled sea,
His life was one continued song!

Not since the death of the late Gwilym Gwent has there been such genuine sorrow in Welsh church and musical circles as was manifested when the news of the death of Lewis Anthony of Edwardsville, Pa., became known.

his native town and at the large Ebenezer Welsh Congregational Church at Swansea, where he was choirmaster for a long term of years, and when there the world-renowned tenor, Ben Davies, was a boy in his choir. He came to the United States in 1867, and settled in Hubbard, O., and was there only a short time until he was introduced in church and musical circles.

In 1870 Mr. Anthony came to Wilkesbarre and opened a tailoring business, and his wife engaged at the same time in the millinery business at 52 South Main Street. When a resident of that city he was deacon and Sunday School

teacher in the Welsh Congregational Church, Hillside Street, at the time Rev. Dr. T. C. Edwards was pastor. At the same time he led the choir and under his baton it became one of the best church choirs in Wyoming Valley. In 1884, when the Puritan Church was established, Mr. Anthony and his wife transferred their membership to that church, and he was also active in this place. A few years ago Mr. Anthony made one of the mistakes of his life, when he purchased a tract of farming land in New Jersey. This he kept going for several years, when it was found to be anything but a prosperous investment, and in his old days he was once more compelled to return to Wyoming Valley. He, however, had good business qualifications, and started in the tea business in Edwardsville. A few months ago, on account of his advanced years, he resigned his position as musical director, and only a few days before his death was presented with a public benefit testimonial at Edwardsville, which he greatly appreciated.

The Queen has presented Mr. Ben Davies with a set of diamond and enamel sleeve-links as a souvenir of his appearance at Balmoral on October 29th.

Dr. Goodall, who became a Welsh-speaking Britisher within twelve months of his appointment as superintendent of Carmarthen Asylum, is going the entire length. He has named his house "Uwchlaw-y-Niwl" ("Above the Mist").

Dr. Joseph Parry will make another tour of America next year, delivering lectures. The same authorities also say the doctor will be accompanied by a full company, and will give a complete production of his opera, "King

Arthur," or by a quartette of famous vocalists and two instrumentalists, who will give selections from the opera.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, the writer of children's verse, in his recent book, "All the World Over," libels the Welsh as follows:—

The gallant Welsh of all degrees
Have one delightful habit,
They cover toast with melted cheese,
And call the thing a rabbit.

The largest receipt on record was given by a Welshman. The Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, Treasurer of the United States, gave a receipt for £99,231,360 to his predecessor on assuming that office.

The Rev. Dr. T. Charles Edwards, Principal of Bala Theological College, has been appointed by the Forward Movement Committee of the Calvinistic Methodists to write the address to the churches on behalf of the movement.

The Erard Scholarship in the Royal Academy of Music, of the annual value of £120 for three years, has been won by a Welsh pupil, Miss Gwennie Mason Parry (Telynores Cymru).

"Crych Elen," the author of many pretty Welsh ballads, including the popular "Bwthyn Bach To Gwellt," is now on a visit to his native place, Dolwyddelen, after an exile of 16 years in the United States.

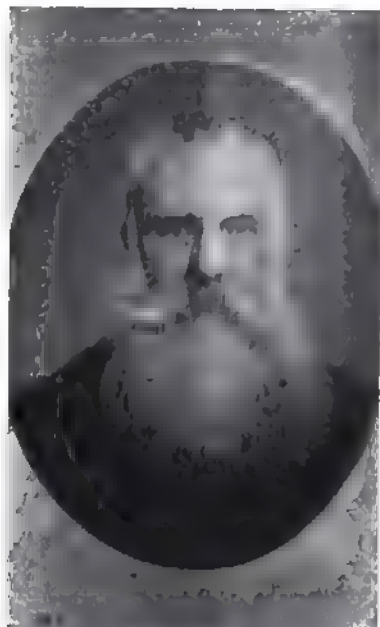
Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright, who is of Welsh descent, and proud of his Celtic blood, will probably be induced to deliver a lecture during this winter on "The Possibilities of the Drama in Wales."

MICHAEL D. JONES.

Few names were better known in Wales and wherever Welshmen tarry, and none more respected, than that of the Rev. Michael D. Jones, late Principal of the Independent Theological College at Bala, and his countrymen generally will learn with the sincerest

in and without; his diet was always "national" in character, and his dress generally, if not always, was made of homespun cloth.

Principal Jones received an excellent education, and succeeded his father as head of the "School of the Prophets at Bala," which in course of time came to be recognized as one of the colleges



Michael D. Jones.

sorrow of his death, an event which occurred December 2. In the prime of life he was one of the finest-looking men one could see in a day's march—tall, athletic, with a head and face and flowing beard which a Greek sculptor would have considered an ideal model. He was a Welshman to his finger-tips, probably the most typical Welshman, holding a prominent public position, that the Principality has produced in the present century. He loved everything Welsh—the language and the old customs and practices and institutions of the country. His hor
Iwan, & 'sh air al

whereat candidates for the Welsh Congregational pulpits were prepared. Mr. Jones's name will be handed down to posterity as one of the staunchest Welsh Nationalists of his time. In fact, he was one of the first to entertain the idea of the formation of a Welsh colony abroad, and may fairly be called the father of the movement which culminated in the Welsh settlement on the Chubut in the Argentine Republic.

Much might be said on this grand old Welshman as a religious and political leader and also as one who from the first favored the temperance move-

ment in Wales. In some respects he resembled the late Kilsby Jones, but, unlike Kilsby, he was intensely nationalistic and uncompromising in his attitude towards everything Welsh. He was an author of several works of minor importance. There was no more idiomatic writer in Wales. He employed an orthography of his own invention, which, however, was never adopted to any considerable extent. His influence for many years was both wide and deep in the Congregational denomination, and he did more than any man of the century to preserve its ideals and hold out before its view the standard of a past age.

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Mr. T. E. Ellis is off for a trip to Jerusalem, and Mr. Lloyd George starts with a party of friends for Algiers. Mr. Ellis will be accompanied by Mrs. Ellis, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lewis.

Should even a barrister comment on a case which is sub judice? Mr. Brynmor Jones, M. P., contributed an article in a recent "Councillor and Guardian" on the "The Welsh Coal Strike and Local Authorities," in which he pleads that outdoor relief should not disqualify its recipients to exercise the franchise.

Mr. Baring-Gould's new novel dealing with Norman times in Wales, and which is about to appear in the "Illustrated London News," is entitled "Pabo, the Priest," and Mr. J. Byrnach Davies, of Llanfyrnach, Pembrokeshire, has undertaken its translation into Welsh for publication in the columns of the "Pembroke County Guardian."

Nanny Frew: Music by J. W. Parson Price, and the words by Mr. Ingersoll Lockwood. The subject of this is truly

a beautiful and charming girl, and her lover's passion is put forth in strong words of praise and admiration, O, Nanny Frew—Oh, Nanny Frew! There never was a girl like you!

The words are pretty, and the music is suitable, simple, natural, fluid and sweet, and possessed of the qualities to picture forth the beautiful charms of such a girl as Nanny. Words and music ought to make Nanny popular. W. A. Pond & Co., 124 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Welshmen are holding their heads high in Cape Town. They had a little eisteddfod recently, and Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor of the Colony, presided, while the Archbishop of the Cape was the musical adjudicator. Several Welsh solos and glees, including "Gwyr Philistia," were rendered, but, remarkably enough, the prize for the chief solo was snapped by a Dutchman.

Wales has given London its tallest policeman. His name is Auger, his present height 6ft. 10in., and he is still growing. He stands at the top end of the departure platform at Paddington, where his head may be frequently seen overlooking some 6 feet fencing. He is unmarried, takes no liquor, doesn't smoke, has just turned 22, and was born at Cardiff.

Mr. Pritchard Morgan is gradually acquiring the earth. Some time ago he leased a portion of Australia as large as Glamorganshire and a bit of Monmouthshire, and now he seems to have got a grip on an entire province in China. Moreover, Li Hung Chang has congratulated him in a letter, which will look well on the front page of a prospectus.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

A jesting stonecutter, living in a Breconshire village, gave no peace to a deacon, who was also a local bard, until the latter supplied him with a suitable epitaph to be carved on his own tombstone:—

"Yma gorwedd adyn 'sgeler,
Naddodd geryg beddau lawer;
Yntau 'nawr dan hon sy'n huno,
Diawl a'i caiff e pan y codo."

There is a story of an old Scotch woman who listened to her minister quoting Solomon, where he says: "One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among those have I not found." "Noo, Sister McCleish, hoo do ye understand that?" asked the parson. "I'm sure its simple enough," was the quick answer; "na respectable woman would ha' been seen speaking wi' Solomon."

At Stoke Newington, England, the local vestrymen recently rearranged part of the drainage system, and constructed a ventilator in one of the streets. They failed to connect the ventilator with the sewer, and quietly awaited developments. To their great delight the result was entirely satisfactory. Letters of complaint regarding offensive odors were numerous, and when public resentment reached a climax, the local authorities complimented the writers on the strength of their imaginations.

One of the most potent of forces is the force of habit. Many a man goes

for a drink on leaving his work; but something better was seen in England recently. A window-cleaner who fell a distance of 20 feet to the ground was picked up, and an ambulance car was speedily brought to take him to the infirmary. Just as the willing helpers were about to lift him comfortably on the car he exclaimed, "Wait a bit," and, much to their discomfiture, he walked to the nearest public house, and, having had a drop of something "short," went up the ladder and resumed his work.

SASSAFRAS CHRISTIANS IN KENTUCKY.

We do not say it in a way of fault-finding, neither as a slur upon any Church or on Christianity, but there is no doubt that we have in the world too many Sassafras Christians. It may be that there are those who do not know what kind of a Christian a Sassafras Christian is. We will explain: Every farmer who uses wood well knows that when a lot of sassafras pieces of wood are put together and fire set to them, that the wood will blaze, pop and make such a noise that it would seem that the world was on fire. But separate the pieces, and in less than five minutes the fire has gone out, the crackling has ceased, and the whole thing is as cool as if no blaze had ever existed. Many professed Christians are the same way. When they are together in a protracted effort they are warm, they get hot, they make

a noise, and to the looker-on one would suppose that there was enough religion on hand to fire the world; but as soon as the members separate, like the sassafras chunk, they cease to burn or blaze. Such people are Sassafras Christians.

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CANNIBALISM IN RUSSIA.

About two months ago we reproduced remarkable extracts from the letter of a Russian friend charging a Russian community with cannibalism. The extracts were extensively copied by some of your contemporaries, and were stated in one instance to be untrue. The congress of the Russian church at Kiev, however, has had this very matter under consideration during the last few days. The Bishop of Kazan admitted that cannibalism was rife in his diocese, and that no means had been found of eradicating it. The cannibals of Kazan kill and eat people who have been pursued by worldly misfortune, under the impression that their action will propitiate the gods. The confession of the bishop is a significant commentary upon the usefulness of the Russian church as an evangelistic organization.—Sussex News.

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DID SHAKESPEARE RIDE A WHEEL?

Now they are trying to prove by his own writings that Shakespeare rode a wheel. Did not Hamlet's father's ghost recall a painful experience in the flesh, when he said: "What a falling off was there!" and was it not to his bicycle that Achilles was referring when he said to his followers: "Attend me when I wheel?" and what but a scorcher had Lear's fool in mind in the words, "Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it?" Of course Cleopatra

rode a wheel when she tired of her galley, and we know the very brand she patronized, for Anthony counsels her: "Seek your honor with your safety." So among his other claims to immortality, Shakespeare may urge, with Launce, in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," that it was he who "set the world on wheels."

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HE STOPPED AT HOME.

Old inhabitants of Dowlais, where a second generation of Irishmen now live in a tranquil industry, remember the time when, during the temporary stoppage of the works at the ending of the old lease and the beginning of the new, somewhere in the fifties, one notable Irishman disappeared. He was a man of great stature and strength, and well known by the gaffers as equal to three good men in the work he did. Hence his loss was felt; but one day he turned up again, wanting his old berth; and, being asked where he had been, exclaimed, "To Ould Oireland, of course." And what had he been doing? "Faith, thin," he added, "the ould man was bad, and I shtopped at home to mind the pig."

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IMPARTIAL.

An English clergyman, recently settled in a small town in Perthshire, met a farmer's boy while visiting the members of his congregation. In the course of conversation the boy said his parents had an aunt staying with them. The parson, not having much acquaintance with the Scottish language, and not quite comprehending what the boy said asked:

"Then do I understand that your aunt is on your father's side or on your mother's?"

To which the young agriculturist replied:

"Weel, whiles the ane an whiles the itner, excep' when feyther leathers them baith."

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WE ARE PROTESTANTS.

We are Protestants, and the name is connected with noble associations in the past. It is associated with the reform of doctrine, with the reform of ritual, with the reform of morals. The work done under its banners has done, I think, immeasurable service for intellectual enlightenment and for civil freedom. Let us see to it that in our efforts to maintain Protestant doctrine in which we believe, we are misled by no panic fear, no narrow pedantry, and that we approach the consideration of topics so vital to the unity of our Church with the charity which ought to exist between its members, with the spirit of enlightenment and comprehension which has always been a characteristic of the English Church, and which, please God, will be its characteristic forever.—Mr. Balfour.

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PET MICE A NEW FAD.

According to high London authority, it is now strictly correct for society women to lavish their affection on the little animal which is generally supposed to be the terror of the female sex. The society mouse has many pleasing shades, from pure white as snow to glossy black, gleaming like coal. At the meeting of the Medway Fanciers' Association, held in the ancient city of Rochester recently, this new pet reached his highest popularity, and met with universal admiration. There were 117 of the pretty little creatures on exhibition, and the favorite and chief prize winner, pure white

all over, except his eyes, which were two little beads of brilliant black, was the property of Mrs. George Atlee, of Royston, Herts. Exhibitors came from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and all parts of England.

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DIVORCE IN BURMAH.

The courts in Burmah are not troubled with the hearing of divorce cases. When a Burmese husband and wife decide to separate the woman goes out and buys two little candles of equal length, which are made especially for this use. She brings them home. She and her husband sit down on the floor, and placing the candles between them, light them simultaneously. One candle stands for her, the other for him. The one whose candle goes out first rises and goes out of the house forever, with nothing but what he or she may have on. The one whose candle has survived the longer time, even by a second, takes everything. So the divorce and division of the property, if one can call that a division, are settled.

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HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

The profession of entertainer is one that may be enlarged upon in many directions, says "Good Housekeeping." It has been made to include not alone the conduct of private parties, or the arranging a program for them, but the management of public representations. A number of years ago some one traveled about the country giving tableaux of Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women." Local talent was proud to be selected for the beauties displayed as an accompaniment to the recited text. People will usually crowd to see their neighbors in an unfamiliar light, and thus these "shows" that call upon home actors are among the most taking. An-

other woman has made hay in the sunshine of this knowledge by a "Singin' Skewl" which she gives, in one place after another, with the aid of a Sunday school for recitations and songs. Parents go to see how their children appear in their quaint costumes, and the house is packed.

In no respect will the domination, or even the influence, of the United States in the Philippines work for good more than the social life of the people. An American minister who has recently returned from the islands is the authority for the statement that the priests have for many years charged the natives no less than \$30 for performing the marriage service. As the average native under Spanish rule was able to earn about \$5 a month "when times were good," and he had regular employment, it is easy to see why common law marriages have always been the rule rather than the exception. It is safe to say that among the first reforms introduced in the islands is one that will have direct bearing upon the sanctity of the marriage relation.

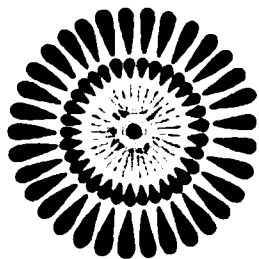
ENCOURAGING PATERNITY.

In this ultra fashionable age it is considered vulgar to have too many children in the family. The genteel number is three in Boston, two in New York, four in Philadelphia, five in Baltimore, and none in Chicago. In high society the old fashioned mother is

played out. Few women regard it as a la mode or *comme il faut* to be on terms of intimacy and endearment with their offspring. We seldom hear of a conventional society woman washing and dressing her babies, brushing their soft hair, tickling their footsy tootsies, and addressing the little darlings in that language which only a baby can understand. I know mothers in this city who see their children once a day, and never think of kissing them good night. And in the face of all this I hear that there is a movement afoot to organize a society for the encouragement of paternity.—Exchange.

BULLETS POINT TO POINT.

A correspondent relates the following remarkable personal reminiscence of an incident which occurred during the Franco-German war: "A perfect stranger (an Englishman)," said he, "called upon me and handed to me a chassepot rifle, which he related he had picked up on the field of battle after Gravelotte, which had a bullet or two stuck in about the middle of the barrel, and which he requested me to get removed. This was done, and upon examination two bullets were found to have met point to point. A German bullet must have entered the muzzle of the French rifle barrel just as the French rifle had been fired, and the two bullets had met together without bursting the barrel. I inclose my card."



❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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SECTARIANISM IN WALES.

Rev. H. O. Rowlands, D. D., Lincoln, Neb.

From all we can learn in Welsh newspapers and other publications from the Principality, also from reports of sojourners in Wales, the spirit of sectarianism is strong and aggressive; it enters, or forces itself into politics, educational enterprises and literature. It is not so coarse, boisterous, and brutish as in the days of Evans, Aubrey and Brutus, when Calvinism, Baptism and ecclesiasticism filled every pulpit, and converted it into a mud, or vitriol battery. But while it is less coarse, it seems to be as persistent, pervasive and vindictive as ever. We believe that conditions are impending which will curb this malicious energy which curses the churches of our beloved Wales. It was much so in our own country 80 or 100 years ago; but new forces appeared in society which struck at the vitals of sectarianism.

In Wales for 150 years "orthodox" (rather than evangelical) religion has held an undisputed sway. A bad creed was infinitely worse than a bad character or conduct. Drunk-

enness, impurity, and kindred immoralities, did not make an ecclesiastical outcast, while a wrong view respecting baptism, or special grace, or like credal point, was uncondonable. Nothing else claimed the interest of the people but doctrinal religion, religion as different from vital piety. A great change is fast invading the thoughts of the Welsh people; the playhouse and theatre are being popularised; the newspaper is taking its place as a teacher as well as newsgossiper; the magazine and essay are becoming popular. All these are the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil," and the people are eating with fearful relish the forbidden fruit. Skepticism and intellectual unbelief are subtly pressing their way among the people; at first these appear in the guise of indifference to church worship and life; but ere long they will be positive and aggressive forces in social and intellectual life; and religion will be the focus of their oppositions.

When the Christian leaders dis-

cover these giant forces, the selfishness, sensuality and materialism of the theater, the paralyzing opposition of unfaith, united with the present enormous drinking vice of the Principality, to oppose religious life, they will drop the shibboleths of sects; the unseemly jealousies, wranglings, rivalships and competitions of denominations will give way to a burning conviction that a united, harmonious, and co-operating church membership alone can save the churches of Wales from destruction. In the past the pulpit has been the social, moral intellectual, as well as religious force in Wales; in the future it must content itself in being one of the forces; for

those other powerful rivals have risen, some with, and some against it. It is said that in time of peace the soldier is least peaceable; for he is in ceaseless quarrels with his fellows in camp; it is the aggressive presence of the enemy in front that harmonizes and solidifies the army.

So there are signs of Philistine enemies that will invade the religion and churches in Wales and in the presence of powerful foes to Christian thought, life and worship the denominations will drop their unholy rivalships and wrangling, and concentrate all opposition, all controversy, and "fightings" against the "Prince of the powers of the air" and his agencies.



FAME.

By John D. Morgan.

While walking on the ocean strand
I wrote my name upon the sand;
A wave came rolling on the shore,
And I beheld my name no more:
'Tis thus with him who thirsts for fame,
He may perhaps behold his name
In shining letters for a day,
Then sadly see it fade away.

REVIVAL OF THE CELT.

There has been growing during the last few years a remarkable revival in the cultivation of Irish language and literature, and the rapidity with which it is at present spreading gives hopeful proofs of the firm hold which the ancient language and the ancient customs still exercise over the Celtic people. Nor is this renaissance confined to Ireland alone; it is manifest wherever are found, in any numbers, "the sea-divided Gael." It is also becoming the object of critical and enthusiastic study by philologists in most lands. In England, France and Germany there are societies for the study of Gaelic and its long-forgotten literary treasures, and in the last country alone all of its great universities have professors of the old tongue. There is also published there a periodical devoted to the Gaelic language and literature, and France has its *Revue Celtique*. In this country there are in all the chief cities one or more Gaelic clubs or classes, one of the largest and most enthusiastic being in the city of Chicago, which holds its meetings for instruction and elucidation every Sunday.

Early the coming year there is to be held in the City of Dublin a Pan-Celtic congress, Lord Castletown being at the head of the committee to make arrangements for the gathering. Its purpose is announced to be co-operation for the preservation

and development of all the treasures of Celtic tradition, whether in language, literature, music, or the fine arts, which were the common inheritance of the Celtic people. This congress will be an inspiring manifestation of Celtic vitality and Celtic reverence for a past, of which every Irishman may well feel proud, and in which those not Celts can take a keen and sympathetic interest.

At a recent meeting of the committee some notable responses were received from abroad. The Highland association telegraphed: "The Celts of Albyn rejoice to send a most hearty greeting to those of Erin, and hope that the hinges of kinship may never rust." The Isle of Man society wished "all success to the Pan-Celtic congress," and the President of the Breton union wrote: "I salute with all my soul the nation of Erin—exquisite flower of our race. I greet her in my name and in the name of all Bretons. Let her know that we, like her, remain faithful to the dream of our common ancestors." The Archdruid of the Bardic Gorsedd sent a message from Wales expressing his satisfaction at the growth of Celtic feeling, and Dr. Heinrich Zimmer, Griefswald, wrote: "I am interested to learn that the Pan-Celtic congress begins to assume tangible shape."

The prime inspiration in this new Gaelic language and literature move-

ment may be attributed to the "Irish Literary Society," an organization formed a few years ago, and composed not only of enthusiasts for the past, but of many of the brightest thinkers, scholars and writers of Great Britain. By voice and pen the society has labored, and by many publications has directed the attention of the thoughtful and the scholarly everywhere, to the rich treasures of Gaelic literature stored away, and long unnoticed, in the great libraries of the continent, as well as of those in London and Dublin. But the Gaelic league, of which the Chicago society is a branch, has been doing even more practical, if less noticeable work; for its inspiration is the belief that it can still secure for the native language and literature of Ireland an influential and splendid future. It advocates a national system of bilingual instruction in the national schools and other institutions of learning, and by the organization of Gaelic study clubs in every parish in the old land, it hopes to make the Gaelic as universally spoken among the people as it was a century ago. In their patriotic aspirations they believe with Trelawny, the friend of Shelley and of Byron, when he witnessed the resurgence of Greece, that "no people, if they retain their name and language, need despair," and they hold to the opinion of archæological researches in the history of the country that the courage of their ancestors, their dash and daring in

battle, and their prominence in literature were connected with their music, and poetry, and olden tongue.

The growing sentiment and unobtrusive forces that had been so patiently but earnestly working found their full and flowering expression two years or more ago in the notable gatherings in Dublin known as the "Feis Coail," or musical festival, and the "Oireachtas," or Irish Literary Assembly. These organizations held similar gatherings in Belfast the early part of this year, and their third meeting will come off a few months from now. These have been the first musical and literary assemblies—somewhat after the ancient pattern—held in Ireland for four centuries or more for encouraging the study of the language and the music of the nation. They have had a wonderful effect, and brought to light many gems of thought and melody for the enrichment of music, literature, and art.

Last month there was another remarkable gathering held in Letterkenny, County Donegal, called the "Aenach Tirconail," or Fair of Tirconnell, and, like the Oireachtas, it was one of the most representative assemblies held in modern times of the speakers, students, and lovers of the native language and music of Ireland. The well-known London periodical, the *Speaker*, in referring to what it calls "the renaissance of the Celt," writes that "the vitality of the Celtic temperament as shown by

the new movement in Ireland is a phenomenon of far more than passing import."

The many continental scholars who have studied the Irish language and who are giving it increasing attention now, all speak of it in terms of the highest praises for its beauty, resource and flexibility. Old Irish, they say, ranks next to Sanscrit for the philologist, and like that ancient tongue and the Greek and Latin. "It is a pure Aryan language, and a

highly inflected and beautiful one." In speaking of it, Dr. Douglas Hyde, in his book on early Gaelic literature, says: "The tones of that beautiful, unmixed Aryan language which, with the exception of that glorious Greek, which has now renewed its youth like the eagle, has left the longest, most luminous, and most consecutive literary track behind it, of any of the vernacular tongues of Europe."



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

By Americus.

Ever since that beautiful Sunday morning when Commodore Dewey entered Manila Bay, and sunk the Spanish fleet, the Philippine Islands are in the public mind, and all are anxious to know something of them—their history, their form of government, their location and physical characteristics; their resources; the people, their nature, habits and customs; their state of civilization, their experiences under the Spanish rule; their progress and their future. The policy of the United States government and the opposition to it, inaugurated by what is termed the anti-expansion party also increase our curiosity to know more of the Islands, so as to be able to decide rationally as to the merits of the case.

Many of our readers, probably, had never heard of the Islands previous to the great naval victory won by the American squadron under Dewey; and may even now have but a crude and obscure notion of their past history and present condition. In some sense, as far as interest in them goes, Dewey created the Philippines, and we are disposed instinctively to believe that the United States is the rightful owner as being the product of their naval hero. However, there is a party of opposition which entertains the notion that the Islands should be independent under a native form of government. This party also believes that all men by nature are free and, therefore, "capable" to govern themselves.

The Philippines have a history

ter, largely in the hands of Chinese. The European shops are mostly in the Escolta. In the Binondo district there are churches, the new military barracks, the palace of Captain-

where also a military band discourses popular music.

The island group or archipelago is situated to the south east of Asia, and north of Borneo; the extreme



River Pasig from the Citadel.

General and the Admiral; and further up the river is the fashionable quarter of San Miguel. Beyond the city limits are the suburbs and outlying villages. The population is estimated to be from 200,000 to 300,000. Of the inhabitants, 67 per cent are native Malays, the poorer classes; the Chinese and other half breeds are 30 per cent.; and the Spanish and Spanish half breeds make up about 3 per cent. Several bridges cross the Passig, of which the Puente de Espana is the finest. Along the river Passig is also the famous promenade called the Luneta, where the population take its outing and enjoy itself in the evenings, and

length of the cluster being near a thousand miles, and the extreme breadth six or seven hundred, and the number, probably, nearing two thousand. Outside Manila, Iloilo, and other points along the shores, very little is known—the number, area, form and internal character of the islands being largely a matter of conjecture. The surrounding geography is a kind of sunk Switzerland, Scotland and Wales, with the hills, peaks and cones sticking out through the water; the Sulu sea being a wide valley or plain between the Island of Mindanao and the Islas Adjacentes. The Islas Adjacentes and the Sulu Archipelago

are the unsubmerged ridges of ranges of hills stretching towards Borneo. The area of the whole group is estimated as between 50,000 and 160,000 square miles, the islands of Luzon, Mindanao, Samar, Leyte, Cebu, Negros and Panay being the largest, forming about three-fourths of the whole area. Luzon is estimated about the size of Ohio; Mindanao as greater than Maine; and the other islands named above as each being the size of Connecticut; Bohol being considerably larger than Rhode Island. There is a great number of them of which

11,000 feet. In Luzon there are two ranges, and the island is generally hilly. In the north and the Babuyanans there are some inactive volcanoes. The greatest river of the whole group is the Cagayan, which flows north, where is also situated a lake called Cagayan. The largest river on the island of Mindanao is Agusan, about 200 miles long. About fifteen miles to the east of Manila is a large lake, called Laguna de Bayo, connected with Manila Bay by the river Pasig, which divides the Old and the New Manila Town. There are also numerous



Principal Street in Manila.

little or nothing is known. The mountain chains run north and south, with none higher than 9,000 feet, except in the island of Mindanao, where Apo reaches 10,000 or

lakes in Mindanao, which during the rainy seasons swell into inland seas. To the south of Manila in a lake called Bombon is a volcano called Taal, which in years past had a ter-

rible record. It is now a small hill not over a thousand feet high; but it used to be great and very violent, and during a fit of rage, collapsed and sunk into the lake. Maquiling and Majaijai are other volcanoes which are now extinct. Situated in the extreme south east end of Luzon is one of the most interesting of the Philippine volcanoes, viz., Mt. Mayon, which although harmless to-day, has indulged in some startling fits of bad humor in the past, especially in 1814, when it overflowed the whole surrounding country, burying all up to the tree tops, and destroying the lives of over 2000 people. The many lakes in Mindanao are mere craters filled up with water, and lagoons made by earthquakes.

The superficial formation of the islands has been greatly affected by volcanoes and their attendants, the earthquakes, and with the extinction of the former, the latter have become less frequent. Along with terrible earthquakes, violent hurricanes, storms of wind, thunder and lightning and heavy rains are experienced. The Philippines being so often rocked by earthquakes, tiles for roof, and plaster for ceiling are not used, for otherwise people would be compelled to wear armor plates outside, and umbrellas at home.

Immense forests cover the mountains to their summits, and, therefore, the supply of timber is rich, among which are ebony, iron-wood, cedar, gum-trees, &c. The variety of fruit trees also is great, including

orange, citron, bread-fruit, mango, cocoa-nut, tamarind, rose-apple, &c., and other products of the vegetable kind are the banana, pineapples, sugar-cane, cotton, tobacco, indigo, coffee, cinnamon, vanilla, cassia, ginger, pepper, etc., with rice, wheat, maize, and other cereals!

There is much variation of climate by reason of the surrounding seas, change of temperature, periodical winds, storms, rains, and other causes. The rainy season lasts from May till December, and the land is flooded from June to November. The dry season, and the most delightful part of the year, lasts from November to March, the temperature varying between 67 degrees and 74 degrees. The warm weather immediately sets in, reaching the greatest heat in May, the highest temperature hardly more than 98 degrees, followed by the wet season, which commences in June, the amount of rain being irregular, sometimes moderate, at other times flooding everything. A feature of the summer season is the violence of the typhoon, which starting in the broad ocean gathers enough water to drench along the line of its career, tumbling everything insecure on its way. The soil on the plains and in the valleys is rich and spontaneous, requiring very little cultivation, nature being in a humor almost to do the work itself without inducement from man. Very little cultivation is seen anywhere, the people depending almost entirely on natural crops. With systematic and intelligent

cultivation, production would be enormous, and on this line alone the possibilities of the Islands are very promising. The Spaniards have done very little to develop the soil, and nothing to reveal the hidden sources of wealth which their mountains possess. There is coal in Cebu and in the province of Albay; iron ore has been discovered in several parts; there is also evidence of silver and gold, quicksilver, saltpetre, vermilion, limestone, marble and sulphur in unlimited quantities. In these parts as in her other colonies, Spain has shown her lack of enterprise, her conservatism, her stupidity, and her opposition to progress and civilization; and the church has co-operated with her in a policy of stagnation and superstition.

Two of the objections raised by the anti-expansionists to the government's policy are the mixed pagan character of the inhabitants, and the principles of the Republic that government is based on the consent of the governed; so to discuss these objections, we should know something of them. A feature of this question is the mixed character of the people of the Islands. Within the Philippines are all grades of civilization, from the savage aborigines to Englishmen and the Americans.

About the lowest in the scale of human beings are the Negritos, a remnant of the aboriginal natives, but little removed from their Darwinian ancestors, and living in a wild state. So primitive are these

in their mode of life, and so devoid of the progressive instinct, that all attempts to Christianize them have proved futile. These inhabit the mountain districts, and in feature and mode of life resemble the Papuans. These are probably the original race driven back by the incoming Malays. A superior race is the Indoesian Malays, who show the characteristics of the inhabitants of Borneo, Sumatra, and the mainland of Asia; a much finer race than the Negritos. These are also in a state of savagery, and proof against all efforts hitherto to civilize them. They are divided into several tribes. They are barbarous, warlike, and live in a primitive way. They vary in intelligence and mode of living in different parts; some being more tractable, and to some degree subject to the Spanish authority. The most civilized are those inhabitants known as Malays, and which the Spanish call "Indios," the Tagals and Visayos, who are the most numerous native races. They are the inhabitants of the cities and the lowlands, and Roman Catholic Christians; a number of them, however, and especially the Visayos being Mahomedan. The most influential element of this population is the *Mestizoes*, who are mostly half-breed Chinese and Spanish, and form the business class, although the leading mercantile houses are in the hands of the English and Americans. This better element of the Philippine population could be easily governed, and would be greatly benefited by

a humane and enterprising government like that of the United States; but the interior and more savage races would certainly present a difficulty far more serious. The presence of a stronger policy, a more elevating and enlightening Christianity, and a more beneficent activity would extend their civilizing influences in a manner that would change every feature in less than half a century. The American civilization would grow and gradually extend over every foot of available land; and industry would accomplish what has proved insurmountable to Spanish laziness and shiftlessness. The history of American

progress during the last fifty years proves that the Philippine territory would be subdued and utilized with more ease than the Wild West. American activity and industry are all-subduing; and the people that has inhabited a continent has experience and energy enough to rule and develop this group of islands. The policy of suppression which has characterized the reign of Spain will be followed by one of stimulation and enlightenment, and the difficulties which proved insurmountable to a dead nation like the Spanish, will be mere play to a live people like the Americans.



LAND OF WALES.

By H. W. Jones, Topeka, Kas.

Land of Wales, dear land of song,
Verdant vales and mountains strong,
'Tis of thee, dear land, I sing—
To thy feet my tribute bring;
Famed thou art in song and story;
Bardic worth and conflict gory;
Though thy peace was bought through sighing.
Bitter tears and cruel dying;
Even in sorrow thou art grand,
Lovely Wales, my father-land.

Land of Wales, I love thee so,
And while sea and rivers flow,
Ever true my heart shall be,
Ever true dear land to thee.
And when death shall end my singing—
End for thee my tribute bringing—
When I reach that land of gladness,
Realm unmarred by wrong and sadness,
Still in memory thou'lt be near,
Cymru Lan, thou land so dear.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

By Theologus.

VI.

With the advent of Christianity, as we said before, science died out of the mind of all under its sway; everybody became absorbed in the study and contemplation of heaven and hell, and this tendency increased until in the Middle Ages theology became all engrossing, everything else vanishing from view. Becoming night, the heavens alone were visible and noticeable, while the earth and nature around was almost ignored, and even despised. Ignorance of nature and knowledge (or rather supposed knowledge) of heavenly affairs increased until theological philosophy professed cognizance of everything in heaven, purgatory and hell. People were interested in nothing except spiritual matters. Great councils were held to discuss theological questions of no utility; and colleges and schools were crowded with students studying quids and quods which to us to-day seem the acme of folly. In fact, Europe became so ignorant of natural science, and so impractical in its philosophy that reason seems to have almost forsaken the doctors of the schools and the church, the great majority of them being utterly unable to appreciate the value of useful knowledge. Their thoughts were mere dreams—the creations of a philoso-

phical nightmare. The beauty and simplicity of the religion of Christ had been almost utterly destroyed, and the truth was treasured up in the hearts of few individuals, who occasionally surprised the church with their strange lights.

One of the causes of the darkness of the Middle Ages was the abandonment of the study of nature. By adhering to the light of nature we keep closer to the path of truth, than by getting astray and lost in the intricacies of a disordered philosophy. Deserting the path of observation and experiment, we cannot but wander into unknown and unknowable space. We cannot gain practical knowledge by mere contemplation apart from facts. The path of investigation is safe; but anticipation and conjecture may land us on to strange lands, uninhabited by human thought or philosophies beneficial to man and conducive to progress.

There was one fundamental difference between the Greek and the Jewish minds, viz., the Greek had a scientific curiosity, a love of prying into nature for an explanation of the origin and existence of things. While the Jew trusted his intuition and searched his books for knowledge, the Greek studied nature. He

looked in the face of facts; he followed teachings of nature, not the traditions of man. While the Jew relied on intuitions and inspirations, the Greek trusted in observation and its testimony. This scientific curiosity of the Greek is the same intellectual activity to which we are indebted for the great discoveries of modern science. Knowledge comes through observation and experiment, not through mere dreaming. Now that the fact of one idea being at the foundation of God's work is becoming more and more evident, multiplicity of laws and principles being a misapprehension through ignorance, the rationality of scientific inquiry and the utility of its achievements become more and more appreciable. We become more and more cognizant of spiritual things by becoming more thoroughly and intimately acquainted with the facts of nature. Increased knowledge of nature must needs augment our stock of spiritual learning. Natural facts and experience are the letters through which we may hope to become acquainted with the spiritual. The more we learn of nature the more we will know of God. Nature is God's book, while our notions and opinions are often false translations or imperfect quotations. To understand the way things were created, we must observe how they are formed now, and were in the past. It is not a matter of guessing but of watching and observing; a matter of following letter after letter, sen-

tence after sentence, page after page, slowly and conscientiously, until the thought of the whole book of creation has been mastered.

Let us use an illustration to make this thought more intelligible. Nature is a book; its contents cannot be understood from its title page; we cannot grasp its particulars merely by reading a passage here and there; "God created the heavens and the earth in the beginning" cannot give us a complete idea of the way and the space of time in which the work was completed. Dates cannot be gotten out of commentaries written by theologians ignorant of the volume of nature, but from the perusal of the rocks themselves. We are not to suppose that the heavens and the earth were created with the ease we read the first chapters of Genesis. Although Archbishop Usher gives 4004 B. C. as the date of the whole creation, we are not to suppose that that estimate settles the question. The Book of Creation itself furnishes another chronology which proves the work to have extended over the space of millions of years. This testimony of the rocks cannot be gainsaid; every other testimony must be interpreted to harmonize with theirs; the Genetic days must be understood as geologic eras; and all reports of the creation must be compared with the original, corrected and revised. The Six Day Creation seems to have been the popular notion among Christian and some pagan nations until of late. Our celebrated au-

thor of "The Light of Wales" teaches that God began the work Monday morning, and completed all by Saturday early; early enough to have leisure to overlook and bless it:

And Sunday morn he turned his thought
To rest from all that he had wrought;
Commanded all the seventh day
To go to church to rest and pray.

The old source of knowledge was part observation and much speculation, ancient systems of philosophy being the result largely of intuitions; the scientific method is quite different, depending on observation and examination. "The scientific method starts with the assumption that truth is to be discovered, not made, that we are to discover it at the end not at the beginning of our examination." Although the teachings of intuition, imagination or speculation may occasionally come near the truth, that method of knowing is not reliable; and as the history of human thought proves clearly, it may lead astray in a deplorable degree. We cannot know geology, astronomy, anatomy, biology, &c., by pure speculation; facts must be observed, examined and arranged in systems. Ancient philosophy is full of false speculations based on conjectures and suppositions which, probably, seemed self-evident to minds of the times. Things which seem rational to childish minds are nonsensical to intellects more highly developed; and this change is not the result of increased knowledge as much as of increased power of perception. This

accounts for the fact that ancient cosmogonies are largely speculative—the result of imaginings based on very limited acquaintance with nature. As has been truly said, "What we call progress implies that first thoughts are either wholly out of harmony with things, or in very incomplete harmony with them." All nations have certain theories of creation which they all profess to have obtained through supernatural means or by inspiration; and although more or less mythological and metaphorical they all have some touches of truth. The more they generalize, the better chance they have of approaching the truth; and the more they specialize the more evident becomes their ignorance. Man in the olden times would instinctively believe the world was made, as all things around him were made, and the world and everything connected with it would naturally seem to be a piece of mechanism manufactured and put together by a worker or an architect; and since the Maker was omnipotent and infinitely abler than man, probably, he had made all with ease and within a short space of time. Ergo, the notion of special and instantaneous creation would prevail among people with a belief that God was omnipotent. This seems to have been the primitive belief among men. The gradual creation by natural processes is the outcome of a careful examination of the structure of things. This conclusion could not have been arrived at by people ig-

norant of geology, astronomy, anatomy, embryology, &c., &c.

When we follow the development of the human mind, we observe that its most primitive thoughts are the results of imagination, and age after age corrects and modifies them, more or less. They are almost unconsciously revised and re-revised in order to have them correspond with realities. Things that were ascribed to supernatural agencies became more and more natural in their operation, and this inevitably in order to harmonize with known facts. The most ignorant would cling the longest to primitive views, because primitive views would seem satisfactory to their limited and crude knowledge. Take for illustration the primitive notion that the earth was flat and that the sun after running its daily course, would hurry back in the night to be in readiness to rise next morning! This was perfectly rational to a primitive thinker. The idea that heaven and earth in a raw state jumped into existence in the space of a few hours was be-

lieved in by the generality of Christians until recently. Most intelligent and scholarly theologians believed that the sun, the stars and the heavenly hosts were made in the course of a day! The whole universe was finished in six days. It is true that Gregory of Nyassa and Augustine, and a few more Christians, believed in a gradual creation, and Augustine held that instantaneous creation was mere nonsense which caused Christians to be ridiculed by intelligent pagans; yet they inherited these advanced scientific thoughts from Greek sources; and it is worthy of notice that when Aristotelianism was discarded in the time of the reformation, the Christian Church and all classes of theologians "departed from the original philosophical and scientific standards of some of the fathers, and that Special Creation became the universal teaching from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of nineteenth centuries." Moses had conquered, and the light of Greek science was extinguished for a time.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By Proff. W. Apmadoc, Chicago.

In the "Musical Notes" written for the "Cambrian," we hope to reach a large number of our American-born, and American-educated Welsh young people. We shall also endeavor to keep up with the growing thought of our age. Welsh talent has been and is growing rapidly into public favor. It is our duty to chronicle facts upon this line, facts that may inspire and encourage others.

It is pleasant to note the oddities of some great musical composers. We are told that Handel "found the graveyard the best environment for inspiration." It would not be safe for others to try the experiment. Papa Haydn, composer of the "Creation," could not "successfully invoke his muse," without having "his hair and clothes carefully arranged." Many can try this plan with safety.

The Chicago "Musical Times" gives eloquent praise to Gwilym Miles, after listening to his splendid singing in the Mendelssohn Club's last concert. The editor writes: "Mr. Miles has a smooth, clean-cut baritone voice; an easy delivery, a style teeming with musical feeling and authority. Mr. Miles has, also, the double faculty of distinct enunciation, correct pronunciation, and a graceful, dignified stage presence."

In the December "Musician," in reply to a question, we have it that

"Ffrangcon Davies is a baritone, a most excellent singer, of English or Welsh extraction, &c." Again: "The celebrated tenor is Ben Davies. He, also, is an Englishman, but is not related to the baritone," &c. Lately, the writer received a letter inquiring if Ffrangcon Davies was a Frenchman, "because he wishes to have Ffrangcon pronounced Ffranson." It is high time that Welsh scholars and Welsh societies should enlighten the American public in this matter. Let us be thankful that Jimmy Michael is always a Welshman.

Old Dr. Crotch once wrote: "Without the aid of poetry, music can awaken the affections by her magic influence, producing at her will, and that instantly, serenity, complacency, pleasure, delight, ecstasy, melancholy, woe, pain, terror and distraction." But, the good old soul could not say as much without uttering a poem. Poesy is the sister-muse which is ever ready to interpret the true inwardness of music.

It was Schumann, the poet-musician, who wrote: "He is a good musician who understands the music without the score, and the score without the music." The Chicagoans, who listened to the two performances of the "Messiah," lately, under Harrison Wild, the new conductor of the Apollos, had a good illustration of the Schumann dictum

In attack, precision, and lights and shades, the orchestra and chorus felt the commanding swing and decision of his baton, though the tempos of three choruses did away with their Handelic splendor, in a degree.

Edward Elgar's new cantata, "Caractacus," and J. F. Bridge's "Boadicea," indicate that English composers have begun to use Welsh heroes and Welsh historic events as subjects for musical settings. They are serving our nation, and their labors are in line with the authors of the thrilling Welsh-English novels, "The Jewel of Ynys Galon" and "Mifanwy."

In the following kind manner we find Joseph Bennett, the eminent

critic, and editor of the London "Times," airing the folly of our Eisteddfodic "ffugenwau:" "It is to be supposed that the assumed names sent in by competitors at Eisteddfodau are, some of them at any rate, intended as complimentary to the rightful owners, and not as indicating self-measurement on the part of the contestants. In that case, honors were paid, in a bass competition, to Raphael, Handel, Gounod, Mozart, Santley, Foli, Cromwell and Punch. The selection is certainly comprehensive, though it betrays a peculiar lack of humor." This refers to the Blaenau Festiniog National Eisteddfod.



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

"Bah! the mask of generosity is too thin to hide the visage of fear," continued the king. "Could Harold but think that he is able to defeat us, dost thou imagine he would talk of peace? Thou mightest as well think that the waves of the sea would retreat at thy word. Fain would I welcome an opportunity to cope with him; but for thy sake I am glad that he desires peace, and I am in favor of the meeting which he proposed."

"So am I; yet I know Harold too well to hope for any flattering terms. Therefore I think it wise not to place our expectations too high, or go too far from the army."

"Thou knowest there can be no peace unless thou art restored, or if he insist that I submit to Edward. As for the army, it must await our pleasure at the nearest point on the border."

After a little farther consultation, the envoys were summoned before

the king, and instructed to tell Harold that Gryffydd and Algar would go forth on the morrow to meet him at the appointed place. Their mission being now fulfilled, they immediately left the camp; and being joined by their escort in a forest a few miles to the east, they hastened to return to Hereford, where Harold was anxiously waiting for them. Knowing the warlike nature of the Welsh king, and the resentful character of Algar, he was not without some doubt as to how they would receive his proposition. The envoys, however, set his mind at rest on that point, and he set out in the direction of Billingsly, accompanied by Bishop Leofgar, and several of the leading chiefs, with a strong escort.

"I hope, my son," said the bishop, addressing Harold, at whose side he rode, "that thou wilt not deal too leniently with the enemy. If thou must restore Algar, do not forget to remind him of his treachery, and to threaten him with a worse fate than exile should he again be found guilty of treason. To his father-in-law thou shouldst show no mercy. Compel the fierce bloodhound to give satisfaction for the mischief he has done, and to make submission to King Edward. If thou let him off too easy, he will not be slow in giving us further trouble."

"I fear, holy father, that we must let the past take care of itself," said Harold gravely. "We cannot whip either Gryffydd or Algar into submission by making stringent de-

mands upon them, for have they not an immense army at their command? I would gladly crush them to the earth were it in my power; but with my present force that cannot be done. Hence I shall content myself with wielding a sharp tongue"

This hardly pleased the bishop, who was as bitter as ever against the enemy; he knew, however, that Harold's plan of action was settled, and that any effort on his part to cause him to change it would be useless. Therefore he let the matter drop, and after a long pause introduced another subject, which they discussed until they came in sight of Billingsley, when they descried a cavalcade of equal size with their own, approaching the town from the west. This circumstance caused their thoughts to return to the meeting which was now close at hand, and each almost unconsciously spurred his horse into a livelier gait. Arriving in front of a low clumsy building of timber, which was the best in the town, Harold and his chief men, including Leofgar, dismounted and entered a large hall, while the escort proceeded a short distance further. The hall was evidently a part of a public building of some sort, and the floor was covered with rushes. Here and there close to the wall were crude benches, and in the center of the room stood a large, ill-made table, with its legs stuck into the mud floor. Just why this hall was chosen for the meeting is not known. Nor

does it matter, since the meeting itself was of greater importance than the place.

Harold had been in the hall but a short time when Gryffydd and Algar, with Trahaiarn, and a number of other chieftains entered, and after a rather formal exchange of civilities seated themselves on the opposite side of the room from the others, according to their rank. A pause followed during which furtive glances were shot across the hall from either side. To Harold's men the Welsh king was as much an object of curiosity as he was of hate; and to Gryffydd's men the English earl was as much an object of study as of dislike. All except Gryffydd and two or three others were in armor; yet the son of Llewelyn looked none the less a king on this account. Nor did he lose anything by the contrast between his stature and Harold's. Despite his small and slight form, his bold mien and fiery eye, together with the corselet of gold that covered the center of his breast, and the gold collar that encircled his throat pronounced him a chief among men. As he sat facing Edward's most powerful earl, who also had the appearance and manner of a man born to rule, there was an air of defiance in his kingly bearing, which he cared not to suppress. This did not escape Harold's vigilant eye more than the cold and unpacific demeanor of Algar, and it was with some degree of restraint that he presently arose and said,

"We are here not by accident, but for a purpose. The object of this meeting is not unknown. It is the desire of Gryffydd the king, and Algar the son of Leofric, to have peace established between themselves and the king of England?"

"Ay, if the terms offered be satisfactory," was the reply.

"What terms can ye who have forced yourselves by ravage and rapine, sacrilege and murder into England, expect to receive? Is not the majesty of England justified by the blood which ye have shed, and the homes ye have destroyed in offering only such terms as the case demands?"

"Wast thou justified in depriving me of my rightful possessions, and driving me into exile?" Algar indignantly demanded.

"What thou hast suffered is much less than thy desert, seeing that thou hast allied thyself to the destroyer of thy people," said Leofgar.

"Peace! peace!" cried Harold with some irritation. "We come not here to quarrel. Our good Algar remembers his punishment without remembering its cause. But it is for him to decide how long his punishment is to last. The majesty of England is ready to offer him free pardon, and to restore him to his former dignity and possessions, provided he takes the oath of allegiance."

"That, I doubt not, he is ready to do," said Gryffydd, glancing at Algar; "but what has the son of Godwin to say to Gryffydd the king?"

Harold hesitated a moment as if to collect his thoughts, then said,

"Thou knowest too well, O king, what mischief thou hast done to England. Know also that she can offer thee no terms which do not include some sort of satisfaction and a promise of submission to King Edward."

This answer threw the Welsh king into a terrible fit of passion, and for a moment it seemed as if bloodshed was inevitable. But Harold prevented a fight by withdrawing his demand both for satisfaction for the mischief done, and for submission to King Edward. After the removal of these objectionable features the two agreed upon some sort of treaty greatly to the disgust of Bishop Leofgar, who thought it far less honorable to England than favorable to Gryffydd. When the treaty was concluded, and Algar had taken the oath of allegiance, Harold returned to Hereford, and from thence to London, and Gryffydd and Algar retraced their steps to the Welsh border, where they separated, Algar taking the Irish allies to Caerleon to be paid, and Gryffydd going to Rhuddlan, where he dismissed his forces.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the River Clwyd.

Now that the hounds of war were once more at rest, the state of things in and around Rhuddlan Castle contained little to recall the warlike aspect which the presence of the allied forces had given to the place of late.

Gryffydd, when not busy with the affairs of state, found much pleasure in recounting recent events, and in listening to the poetical effusions of Idwal, the family bard. The younger members of the royal household, finding nature more charming than the castle, often yielded to her allurements. To Trahaiarn and Nest the Vale of Clwyd had never seemed so beautiful, and the river, as it meandered through the meadows and mirrored the various forms of mid-summer beauty along its banks, had unusual attractions for them. Finding these attractions no less irresistible than the promptings of their own hearts they found themselves one pleasant evening sitting together in a coracle on the placid waters of the Clwyd. Their small craft was rudely constructed, and contrary to the ordinary custom it had been made large enough for two persons instead of one. It was oval in shape, being seven feet long, and four feet wide. A small keel ran from the head to the stern, a few ribs were placed across the keel, and the whole was covered with the rough hide of an ox. Their seat was in the middle, and consisted of a rough board covered with goat skin.

"Shall we go up or down?" asked the prince when the two were seated in the boat.

"I care not which way," replied the princess, "provided you do not upset the coracle, for you must remember that I can neither swim nor fly."

"We shall go towards the sea

then, since drifting with the current is more agreeable to youth than rowing against the stream," said Trahaiarn, as he pushed the coracle from the shore with his paddle. Then he added, "if I upset the boat you may blame the romancers, for do they not consider it the height of virtue for the hero to rescue the heroine from death?"

"Then if you have any such intention," laughingly remarked the princess, dropping her paddle into the water, "I must beg you to let me out immediately."

"What, so soon? The water is not deep enough here, and we are too near the castle. Besides, it will be more romantic to upset the coracle when you are not expecting it."

"How provoking you are! you know what I mean. And unless you promise to banish all thoughts of the romancers from your mind, I shall make my royal father banish you from his court for harboring a murderous design!"

"That were a worse calamity than the upsetting of the boat, unless he banished you with me."

While they spoke in this jesting manner the coracle glided slowly down the river, and the birds poured their sweet evening songs into their ears from the trees which lined the river banks, and through which the rays of the setting sun struggled as if to catch a glimpse of the beautiful daughter of Gryffydd. The air was pervaded with the odor of clover blossoms, and the hum of myriads of insects floated on the soft summer

breeze. Everything conspired to make the evening most favorable to the growth of love. Never had the princess appeared so lovely to Trahaiarn. Her smiles bewitched him, and her voice thrilled him. There was no doubt in his mind that he loved her. He was even sure that he could love no woman but her. But how was he to make known his love without being too abrupt? Perhaps a story would serve as an introduction. He would try it. But before he had time to speak, the princess, wholly ignorant of his thoughts, said,

"Think you not the fairies love to dance on such an eve as this?"

"Ay, and perhaps a fairy tale will bring them into view," was the reply. "The story about the shepherd lad and the fairy maiden you doubtless have heard."

"I think not, unless it be the same as that about the young farmer and the lake maiden."

"It is not the same, but is similar to it."

"Please tell it then."

"A farmer in the Deheubarth had a son whose manly bearing and handsome face made him the envy of all the youths of his acquaintance. This son cared for his father's sheep, and loved the solitude of the fields better than the society of his companions. No maiden fair had touched his heart, though many sought to win him with their charms. Born not to wed one of the race of men, he one day beheld a most lovely fairy damsel behind some rising

ground as he was crossing a marshy meadow in quest of his father's sheep. Her hair was of the hue of gold, her eyes as blue as yonder sky, and her cheeks as red as the rose. To see her was to love her, and the youth following an irresistible impulse approached her, and meekly begged permission to converse. 'Idol of my hopes,' said she with a most winning smile, 'you have come at last.' "

"Ah! then she expected him!" exclaimed the princess breaking in upon the narrative. "Think you that men and women are foreordained for each other?"

Here was an opportunity for Trahaiarn to declare his love; but his courage failed him, and with some embarrassment he continued,

"I know not; but it seems that the shepherd and the fairy were ordained for one another, for they loved each other from that hour, and met each day and wandered happily together over the meadows amidst the smiles of the daisies and the singing of the lark. Sometimes the youth was absent for days together, and his friends knowing not where he was, whispered to each other that he was bewitched. He kept his secret from all but the lovely fairy. From her he could not hide his love; nor did she turn a deaf ear to his suit. One day while standing in a grove near the lake in which she dwelt, she promised to be his. He now lacked only the consent of her father to make his happiness complete, and this he received

in due time. It was on a moonlight night. Impelled by love he came to the grove long before the appointed time, and with only the pale moon for a companion he scanned the calm surface of the silvery lake and peered into its depths to see if he could catch a glimpse of his lady-love. But he looked in vain until the moon disappeared. Then he was rewarded by the appearance of the fairy maiden and her father. They greeted him kindly, and the father consented that the daughter should be his, provided he would never strike her with iron. The youth joyfully agreed to the condition, and soon there was the sound of marriage bells. The bride brought much money with her to her new home, and she and her husband were blessed with prosperity, happiness, and several handsome children."

"And so the story ends. In the fairy tale of which I spoke but a moment ago the farmer lost his wife by violating the conditions."

"So did the shepherd, and by a mere accident. He and his fairy spouse were one day out riding, when her horse sank deep in the mire, and as her husband helped her to dismount the stirrup struck her on the knee. It was no fault of his that she was struck, nor did the stirrup hurt her. But the fairies are a jealous and fastidious race. Scarcely had the accident occurred ere voices were heard singing on the summit of a hill near by, and the fairy wife immediately vanished

from the arms of her husband, leaving all her children behind. Henceforth she was not allowed to walk the earth with man; but her woman's wit aided by her mother love came to her aid. A large turf was floating on the lake, and from that hour till her death she frequently stood for hours upon the turf conversing with her dear ones. Thus ends my tale."

"And it ends well," said Nest. "Please tell another."

"It is your turn now, not mine," replied the prince, casting a side-glance at his lovely companion, and thinking that he was no nearer making a confession of his love than before.

"I know no tale but such as you are already familiar with," said the princess, meeting his glance with a look that thrilled his whole being.

"Old tales would be new from your lips," remarked Trahaiarn, scarcely knowing what he said. "But perchance, you prefer singing one of your favorite songs."

"Of what shall I sing? Of war?"

"No, it is now a time of peace."

"Of feasting and rejoicing?"

"Ay, if it be at a wedding."

"Of love?"

"Ay, of love without the sting of disappointment."

"Ah, then you have been disappointed in love!"

"Not I. Nor do I wish to be, for have I not seen some of the fairest flowers of knighthood blighted by that withering blast? The heart loves not to have its dreams dispelled on the eve of realization. But this is not listening to your song."

He was soon listening, however, for she immediately consented to sing in a most captivating voice the following song:

Love's Facination.

In days of yore,
His feasting o'er,
Love went forth from shore to shore
With charms the world to fill.
The earth in desolation lay;
Nor moon by night nor sun by day,
Saw beauteous flowers or plumage gay,
In forest, dale, or hill,
Love with wondrous grace,
While pure delight shone on his face,
The world completely changed apace,
And made all nature glad.
Sweet flowers came forth where'er he trod;
And birds where'er he swayed his rod,
With hearts so light, sang praise to God;
Nought in his train was sad.

In Paradise,
With wondering eyes,
Beings fair in childish guise
Each other viewed apart.
Naught knew they of the power of love,
'Till love itself came from above,
Their hearts with passion's fire to prove,
Then vowed they ne'er to part.
Ever since that time,
In human hearts a spark sublime,
Waits Fancy's breath in every clime
To fan into a flame.
Oh, happy he who wins a bride,
And she who doth not misconfide;
Theirs not a life in desert wide,
But comfort, joy, and fame.

The princess paused, and plied her paddle vigorously a few times, causing the coracle to head up rather than down the stream. This sudden action roused the prince as if from a dream. He had been so enwrapped in the song that for a moment he was oblivious to everything else. Realizing what Nest had done he said,

"Ay, you wish to return, but under the spell of your voice I could glide down the river forever. You have sung me into paradise; do not thrust me into a place of torment. Nest, I love you, there I have said it. I wanted to say it before, but I could not. We have been much together of late, and you have grown dearer to me every day. Without you I have no chance of happiness. Can you, will you be mine, O sweet daughter of Gryffydd?"

How he trembled! how eagerly he waited for her reply—a reply that did not come. Agitated like himself she hid her face in her hands to hide the tears that would not be kept back. She was so happy! He loved her, and he had told her so!

Uncertain as to the meaning of Nest's behavior he again broke forth in the vehemence of his passion.

"Will you not say that you love me? Will you not say that you are mine?"

The princess was again silent, but removing her hands from her face she smiled on him through her tears. This was enough. The next moment Trahaiarn folded her to his heart and kissed her. Each felt the other's love. Neither needed to be informed what the lover's paradise is. Oblivious to all sights and sounds they enjoyed the hush of blended hearts and of the happiness which no words can express or describe. Unheeded by them the coracle again swung around, and headed towards the sea, and in the gathering shadows they

drifted on the river of supreme delight, forgetful of the past, indifferent to the future.

They would have been glad to prolong love's Edenic spell indefinitely, but as the current bore the coracle under the willows overhanging the margin of the river, the slender branches that rudely slapped them in their faces soon brought them to a realization of the presence in the world of something besides themselves. Accordingly they headed their frail craft towards the castle, and as they applied their paddles they talked of love and earthly bliss.

CHAPTER XV.

Mischief Again Brewing.

We now turn our attention to Idrys once more to find him slowly recovering from the effects of his encounter with Trahaiarn. Disappointed at his inability to join Harold in his campaign against Gryffydd and Algar he was in no amiable mood when the news that the earl had made terms with the enemy reached him, and the news itself was not calculated to improve his temper.

"This is the work of Gwyn ap Nudd," said he, addressing his surgeon; "otherwise how can we account for Harold's cowardly behavior in making terms with that usurper without striking a single blow? Why, man, when I left Gloucester to spy out this region I had not a shadow of a doubt that the

allied forces would be annihilated. But here comes the news that my deadliest foe is not only unhurt, but actually victorious without making any concessions whatever. The dogs of annwn take me! if I shall not square accounts with him yet."

"If his satanic majesty is more partial to the son of Llewelyn than to you," was the reply, "it is not because he finds him a more willing tool than you? If you would be a greater favorite with him, I doubt not that you can have your desire by thinking less of yourself and more of the devil."

"Thy philosophy hits not the mark," said Idrys. "Did I not know that thy proficiency in the healing art is greater than thine acquaintance with Gwyn ap Nudd, or whoever it is that presides over the kingdom of evil, I would place but little confidence in thee. A too willing tool is not the one that is most thought of; but he who serves only at a high price, and of whose service thou art sure only when it is done. The devil aids the cruel murderer of my father, because he gives him no end of trouble, and because he is anxious to make him his slave. Once he has him completely in his power we shall hear of no victories and of plenty of failures."

Believing he had proven his claim to much wisdom by uttering these words, Idrys at length forgot even his deadliest foe in the oblivion of a long sleep.

Autumn found him fully recovered,

and though he greatly desired to find means to further molest Gryffydd, he was not given a favorable opportunity until the following summer. He knew from one or two consultations he had had with Leofgar that the bishop was as dissatisfied as he with the treaty Harold had made with the Welsh king. He knew also from a visit to the hermit's cave that Gryffydd anticipated no further trouble soon. But with his few followers he could not hope to spring a surprise upon him. The dissatisfaction which made him so restless, however, also made the bishop of Hereford secretly active. By means of a prolonged visit to London and the co-operation of his friends in his diocese and the surrounding country, he succeeded by the middle of summer in bringing together a large army. And a few days before he was to cross the border into Wales he sent word to Idrys to join him at Hereford with as many men as he could summon together. Here Idrys found his opportunity, and on the day appointed for the start Leofgar found him on hand with a force several hundred strong.

In due time the invading army was in motion, taking a course substantially the same as that pursued by Harold's army the preceding summer. The bishop having donned a suit of armor felt as much at home at the head of the forces as if he were conducting a band of pilgrims to Rome, and glancing with pride at

the marching columns, he remarked to Idrys, who happened just then to be riding beside him,

"Methinks the son of Llewelyn shall find Leofgar the bishop less lenient than Harold the earl. Nor am I without hope of victory. Did I not understand thee to say thou didst send a secret message to a Welsh chief, who is in sympathy with our cause, requesting him to intercept all who might in any way inform Gryffydd of our coming?"

"Ay, holy father, I sent word to Einion ap Hoel," was the reply; "and he will not fail us."

"Good! we shall therefore pounce upon him like an eagle upon its prey. And if he should in spite of Einion's vigilance learn of our approach he has neither Algar nor the Irish allies to assist him. The saints be praised I shall yet be able to reclaim my plate."

"I fear me that he is in league with the king of annwn, and that he needs not the assistance of other allies in order to conquer his foes."

"Annwn, methinks I never heard of that country. Is it a part of Wales? And is its king a mighty warrior?"

"Annwn is the name our fathers gave to hell, or the shadow land," said Idrys, putting his hand to his face to hide a smile; "and the king of that land, according to tradition, is Gwyn ap Nudd, who is also sovereign of the fairies."

"Ah, then thy meaning is that

Gryffydd is in league with the prince of the devils," said the bishop. "I will not gainsay thee, for he surely doeth the works of darkness. But he that allies himself with the adversary of our souls trusts in a broken reed, and shall be consumed by the fiery breath of his ally. Fret not thyself then, my son, because of the son of Llewelyn. He that is with us is stronger than he that is with him. We are going to fight the Lord's battle, and He who gave Israel success will give us the victory."

"I would that he had given us cooler weather as a token of his favor," ejaculated Idrys, not without a tinge of irreverence, at the same time pushing back his helmet, and wiping the sweat from his forehead. "Whew! if the heat abate not I fear me that we and not Gryffydd shall be consumed by the fiery breath of the adversary."

"Thou shouldst not speak so unadvisedly, my son," answered Leofgar, also wiping his brow. "The heat is but to try us. When we have crossed the border we shall not find it so hot."

In this, however, he was mistaken. The farther into Wales the army penetrated the more unbearable the heat became, and by the time the base of the Berwyn Hills was reached the soldiers, especially those in armor, were so completely overcome by it that Leofgar was obliged to bring his forces to a sudden halt.

(To be continued.)



FIELD OF LETTERS

The contents of the January number of the "Trysorfa y Plant" are as follows: The late Rev. William Pryse, Sylhet, India, Missionary (with portrait); The Sunday School; A Shepherd's Opinion of Coleridge; Children Called Home; A Mother's Prayer; The Gospel of Mark for the Young; Enid from Llandrindod's Song; Lord Kitchenner and Gordon's Grave; Using the Left Hand; New Books, &c., &c.

The Editor in his discourse on the opening page of "Cymru'r Plant" very beautifully wishes his young readers a Happy New Year, pure as the snow, and abounding as the summer. Then follow bright pages for Welsh children in beautiful Cymraeg; Those Two Boys; Bob's Prayer; The Homes of our Neighbors (serial); Far in the East (illustrated); School Characteristics; The Counties of Wales—Glamorgan (serial, with illustrations); The Order of the Harp (reports); Our Physicians—1, Robert Jones; Questions, Prizes, &c., &c.

The Liberal party is in a quandary how to get a leader, while "Cwrs y Byd" is puzzled as to where to get the party! Once we get the party, the leader will make his appearance, thinks C. B. We have no Liberal party at present; its members are Liberal in this, and Tory in that. We haven't had for some time, either in the House of Lords or the House of Commons anything like a Liberal party; we hardly remember the time it was united in support of a measure. Some of them are Liberal on Disestablishment, and Tory on the land

question; some Liberal on the question of education, and Tory on the liquor question. There are not a dozen in the House who are all round Liberals. They are unanimous on pensions for royalty, &c., &c.; but may God help the poor!

Years ago, the good qualities of the preacher were good sense, a good character, an ability to talk in public with a good fringe of musical talent, but, of late, a preacher is required to be a little of everything, a "Jack of all trade," according to "Cwrs y Byd." He is supposed to preach, baptize, bury, be personally acquainted with every member of his church, find work for them, loan money, help them all ways and all the time. He has so much to do that there is nought left for the members.

The "Cronicl" for January devotes almost its entire space to the memory of Michael Jones, his eventful life, and his lamented death. A splendid portrait of the heroic Kymro is also given in this number, which will not fail to impress the reader as a strong minded and a grand specimen of the human kind. Michael Jones was without doubt a great honor to our nation; for a finer man could not be pointed out among any other people. He was beautiful not only as an outward man, but also as a Christian and a patriot. Brave, honorable and incorruptible he was, and the superior of the best Greek or Roman, in as much as he had the best elements of the Hebrew prophet. As the "Cronicl" very truly states, he was the greatest of modern Welsh, and his proper burial place is the heart of the Welsh people.

ple. Mr. Gee and Michael Jones were two grand old men which the Welsh may well be especially proud of.

What discourages us is the limited number of our people that take interest in literature of any kind. They are always prepared to sing all you want; but what about the intellect? In fact, we do not know how anybody can perfect himself in musical science without study; and we would urge our young musicians to resolve, at the beginning of this new year, to cultivate their minds with the purpose to mastering the art of music, rather than remain satisfied with the mixture of knowledge and ignorance which characterize fakes and charlatans.—Cerddor.

Contents of the "Dysgedydd" for January: Dr. Parker and Mrs. Parker, of the City Temple; Professor Ramsay in Asia Minor; Reminiscences of the Great Revival of 1859; Why Should the Free Churches Unite? Events of the Month, Reviews, Reports, Poems, &c., &c.

In spite of oppositions and protestations, Lord Salisbury turned a deaf ear towards the clergy of the bishopric of Bangor. Since he appointed a bosom friend of the Bishop of St. Asaph to Bangor, we can easily guess what his policy will be. We are not so much surprised that one of Bishop Edwards' supporters has been appointed, as that the choice has been a man so little known. He may have some latent good qualities, and if he has, a good place will Bangor be to bring them into use. He, certainly, should give satisfaction to those who left Nonconformity to enjoy more ease and better society. His father was a baronet, and his mother a baronet's daughter. He is an all round thorough Churchman, unlike the Bishop of St. David's, with a smell of Nonconformity. And fair play to the nobility, the upper classes should be

represented on the Episcopal bench.—Dysgedydd.

The first number of the "Drysorfa" for 1899 appears in a new garb—a brighter cover than it used to wear. At the top is a cut of Trevecca College, and at the bottom that of Carnarvon. Along the left side or margin are Calvinistic celebrities—Howell Harris, Daniel Rowlands, and Thomas Charles. The frontispiece is a good portrait of the Rev. Evan Phillips, Castellnewydd Emlyn; The Divine in the Bible, by the Rev. John Roberts, follows; John Hughes, Pontrobert, and his wife, Ruth, by John Morgan, Mold; The Heroes of Faith, by the Rev. J. Young Evans, M. A., Trevecca; Diary and Letters of the Rev. Richard Jones, Llanfair Caereinion; Monthly Notes, Reviews, News, Poems, &c., &c.

In his Monthly Notes, the Editor of the "Drysorfa" severely belabors the "Haul," a Church organ, and as it seems, quite deservedly. After a period of eclipse, this luminary re-appeared before our Editor, and without delay, he perused it with much interest; but he soon discovered that its Welsh is everything but classic, and its literature, as he expresses it, "sinfully devoid of ability." Then he proceeds in this wise: "There is not a spark of genius in it from cover to cover; and everything is wrapped up in darkness and a thick mist. It is evident that the contents are translations, and imperfect at that, as if rendered into Welsh by a school boy with a dictionary at his elbow. There are not in all our literature expressions clothed in such ragged and untidy Welsh. We must confess that we have not the furthest conception of some of the expressions; and all these written by clergymen supposed to be educated! Is it a wonder that such a miserable publica-

FIELD

The contents of the January of the "Trysorfa y Plant" are: The late Rev. W. Sylhet, India. Missionary (tralt); The Sunday School; The Opinion of Coleridge; Called Home; A Mother's Gospel of Mark for the Year from Llandrindod's Song; Chener and Gordon's Grave; Left Hand. New Books, &

The Editor in his closing opening page of "Cymru" beautifully wishes his you Happy New Year, pure and abounding as the snow follow bright pages for Wales in beautiful Cymraeg. The Bob's Prayer; The Home-born (serial); Far in the (tralt); School Character; Counties of Wales Glam with Illustrations), The Harp (tralt); Our Robert Jones; Questions &c.

The Liberal party is how to get a leader, while is puzzled as to where to. Once we get the party to make his appearance, they have no Liberal party members are Liberal in that. We haven't had either in the House of House of Commons and Liberal party, we hardly time it was united in support. Some of them are Disestablishment, and the

Joseph on the Church Trouble; Our College and Agriculture, by John Owen, L. A. Thomas Gee, by Evan Jones. The Priests' Treason, by R. H. Morgan, L. A. The Sacraments by Eleazar Roberts. Notes, &c., &c.

He (Thomas Gee) died amidst his labours, and without an hour of sickness. He was buried like a prince, on a day fine and beautiful. His remains were brought to the Capel Mawr, where he used to attend religious service for an age, a great man enjoying the society of his brethren and sisters of low degree. The entire family was there—himself alone absent in spirit; beautiful Mother Gee was there dear to all. A great number of ministers of all denominations; a great gathering of friends and foes, all admirers, and amongst them seven Members of Parliament. Some spoke, others prayed, and during the service, the sun shone beautifully on the casket. Every one felt that a prince and a great man—a patriarch and a man of God—had passed away from amongst the people of Wales. The procession was remarkable; every class in society represented, and every member deeply conscious of having lost a friend. "Traethodydd."

Ritualism is practiced more or less in 36 churches in the bishopric of St. Asaph, and this is considerable in such a small section of the Church, although the Bishop is trying to ignore the fact it is there, and it is going to increase.

The growth of superstition in a nation is worse than that of infidelity. Of the two, superstition is the more dangerous. It is rather difficult to deal with people who are satisfied with nothing less than pure reason; but it is more difficult still to enlighten those who are

will never be able To worship the material water

is certainly pure and unmixed idolatry; and the belief that the body of Christ is eaten during communion is something still worse. The practice of ritualism is a positive adoption of Judaism and paganism.—“Traethodydd.”

Another defect in the Welsh character is lack of self-sacrifice, that is, there is not a realization of religious profession in practical life—it is a ritualism not a reality. We need not search deep, to discover the fact that the tendency in Wales to-day is to wear religion as a cloak rather than to have it a ruling principle in the heart—a desire to be dressed in religious garments before being washed. Stephan Grellet's words may be applied to thousands of Welsh to-day, “We are afraid that they have been starched before they were washed.” Many church members spend their Saturday evenings in saloons, their Sundays in church, and Mondays they are seen buying on credit what they never intend to pay for. A godly countenance Sunday, but quite another face all through the week. This form of Welsh hypocrisy has been the means of wrecking many an honest Welsh business man, by giving too much credit to mere profession; and perhaps, the Welsh pulpit is too silent regarding this evil.—“Cymru.”

Hard hits are being levelled from various directions in these days at the poetry which is the direct product of the National Eisteddfod. It was the subject of scathing criticism in a lecture delivered not more than a fortnight ago by the Rev. D. Adams, B. A. (Hawen), of Liverpool, and now comes a merciless article in the current number of “Young Wales” by Mr. W. Ellir Evans, which will doubtless create a flutter among the Gorsedd bards. The writer holds the Eisteddfod responsible for the inferior character of the bulk of to-day's poetry; in fact, he regards

the national institution in this respect as a curse, because “it sets up a false mark before the poet, and a false standard by which to judge his productions.” According to this writer the “new school” of poetry fares little better than the “old school” in the poisonous atmosphere of the Eisteddfod. The alliterative measures, which are so bitterly denounced by the “new school,” are defended here as part of a national heritage, as well as attractive embellishments when judiciously employed, but it is maintained that those who rule the Eisteddfodic roost at present attach too much importance to alliteration. The remedy suggested by the writer for this state of things is the restoration of the Eisteddfod to its former position as a training ground, the school or college of Welsh poetry. “Competition, as one knows it to-day, between poets of established rank is a modern innovation and an outrage on the Eisteddfod.” “The Gorsedd” pungently adds the writer, “with its meretricious honors, is a delusion and a snare, and if Hwfa Mon * * * and the rest are wise they will endeavor to bring the institution to the level of common sense and common decency * * * instead of being a ‘sacrifice of fools.’”

“When on the Welsh side of Offa's Dyke the other day,” writes the Rev. Eynon Davies in “Young Wales,” “I walked up from Talgarth to Trefecca College to see the place so famous in the religious history of the Principality. On our right stood the old College Farm, where I was informed the famous Countess of Huntingdon once resided. Attached to the house is the chapel in which the Countess' famous friends, the two Wesleys and George Whitfield, used to preach. It is used as a chapel no longer, but has been divided up for the usual rooms and lofts necessary to a large farmhouse.

SCIENTIFIC

Perzon, the great French lion tamer, owed his success to the use of electricity in taming his beasts. When a wild lion or tiger was to be tamed, live wires were first rigged up in the cage between the tamer and the animal. After a time Perzon would turn his back, and the wild creature would invariably make a leap at him, but, encountering the charged wires, would receive a paralyzing shock sufficient to terrorize it forever.

Christianity is the only religion that abounds in song. Atheism is songless; Agnosticism has nothing to sing about; the various forms of idolatry are not tuneful; but Judaism said, "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord;" and when Christ came the angels greeted His birth with a song, and since then Christian song has gained in fulness and strength of voice with each passing century.

CHINESE REMEDIES.

The genuine ginseng root and the edible nests of the swallow are considered veritable panaceas, and are specially prized by the Chinese as stimulants. In fact, ginseng, which used to be sold for eight times its weight in silver, stands at the head of all remedies. Tea in various modes of preparation is much valued as a medicine, and different parts of rare animals are included in the list with the reputation of properties as multifarious and inconsistent as the pills of a quack. Almost every animal supplies a distinct specific, particularly its blood and its liver. In debility the extract of tiger's blood is prescribed.

FUTURE BLACKSMITH SHOP.

A blacksmith's shop without a forge may really come to be a popular institution in the near future. The idea originated in Belgium. The metal to be heated is plunged into a metal tub of water, and, apparently with little reason, becomes instantly white hot. As a matter of fact, the metal tub is connected by wire to one pole of a dynamo. The water is acidulated, and when the metal is plunged into the water an arc seems to be established all around the submerged portion, which may then be removed and hammered on an anvil the same as any ordinary heated metal.

GERMS THE AGENTS.

The investigations which have been made justify the statement that each infectious disease is due to a specific—i. e., distinct—micro organism. There are, however, certain infectious diseases which physicians formerly supposed to be distinct, and to which specific names are given which are now known to be due to one and the same infectious agent or germ. Thus puerperal fever and erysipelas are now recognized as being caused by the same germ, the germ which is the usual cause of pneumonia is also the cause of a considerable proportion of the cases of cerebrospinal meningitis, etc.—Appletons' Science Monthly.

REST FOR TIRED BRAINS.

There is no organ in the human body which stands in greater need of rest than the brain, and this rest, the most efficacious of all, is afforded by sleep.

Another kind of rest is a variation of work or a change of subject, the best rest most frequently for the higher or intellectual centers. An enormous amount of mental work can be undertaken if only sufficient variety is secured. In the end, however, the brain demands sleep, and this is more particularly the case with children, and especially when they have been much engaged in play. In the case of adults hard mental work up to the hour of going to bed may cause the loss of a night's rest, and it is an excellent plan to indulge in some kind of relaxation before retiring to rest, such as the perusal of light and amusing literature, some game or some music.

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THE BURNING OF GREEN WOOD.

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Every one who enjoys sitting by a wood fire must have observed how the wood sputters and hisses, and frequently gives off little jets of flames, and again the pieces crackle and fly off at a considerable distance. This is caused by the water in the wood which, confined in the cells, becomes heated and generates steam. It is a curious fact that intense heat and intense cold produce fractures in various substances. In the most extreme cold weather it is not uncommon, especially if the cold has come on suddenly, to find trees that are split from the ground to the top by the action of frost. Freezing expands the water in the cells of the wood, and so suddenly is this done that the trees burst as would a pitcher or mug in which water was confined.—New York Ledger.

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NATIONS AND FOOD.

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There is scarcely a nation in Europe which produces enough food for its own consumption. They all know that the foundation of disease—starvation—will be their most terrible enemy in a

time of general warfare, and this consideration helps to bind them to an unwilling peace. Starvation or insufficient and improper supply of food brings about degeneration of tissue, inferiority of stature, and a general weakening of the body.

The peasants of Northern Italy present aspects of degeneration, due to their eating the maize (as they frequently do) when it is subject to a local blight. The Jews of Europe are two to three inches underneath the stature of the nations among whom they have lived since the middle ages, the cause being unquestionably the limited and inferior food supply which has been their lot. So with the Lapps of the North and the Bushmen of Australia.—Dr. Brinton.

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TURF AS FUEL.

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"Turf briquette fuel," according to a recent Consular report from Stettin, is being made with success at Langenburg, Pomerania. Consul Powell thinks that the moors of Scotland, Ireland and Wales might supply factories that could be run on similar lines with profit. Turf is cut from a moor near the town of Langenburg, and brought, undried, to the factory by water. On arrival the turves are cut up in a machine like a large turnip cutter, and are then passed through a mill, which converts them into fine powder. The powder is next dried by passing through a sloping cylinder kept hot by steam pipes arranged inside. The dried powder is then thrown into a hopper, which feeds a series of moulds, and a plunger compresses each charge into a solid briquette. About 12,775 tons are turned out in a year. The price of the briquettes is 6½d. for 130. They burn slowly, and give a good heat. One briquette will smoulder in a closed furnace for twenty-four hours.

A WASTE.

In the last few years great attention has been paid by scientists, biologists and social economists to the practical question of foods, which affects the happiness, healthfulness, longevity, and general welfare of the human family. The attentive study of these questions has brought to the notice of the general public a great variety of appetizing, nutritious Cereals, as well as a mass of most valuable information. It is a fact long known but too little recognized, in actual practice, that in the manufacture of Superfine White Flour, fully 18 per cent. of the muscle making, nerve sustaining nutriments are eliminated and excluded, thus reducing the normal value and strength giving powers of the products to 82 per cent., while were the flour made from the whole wheat, as seems intended by the Creator, the standard would be 100, the unit of perfection.

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 THE RELATIVE INSIGNIFICANCE
OF MAN.

In his lecture recently at the Royal Institution, Sir Robert Ball, lately Astronomer-Royal in Ireland, stated that we now know the existence of 30,000,000 of stars or suns, many of them much more magnificent than the one which gives light to our system. The majority of them are not visible to the eye or even recognizable by the telescope, but sensitized photographic plates have revealed their existence beyond all doubt or question, though most of them are almost inconceivably distant, thousands or tens of thousands of times as far off as our sun. A telegraphic message, for example, which would reach the sun in eight minutes, would not reach some of these stars in 1,800 years.

An average of only ten planets to each sun indicates the existence within the narrow range to which human observa-

tion is still confined of at least 300,000,000 of separate worlds, many of them doubtless of gigantic size, and it is nearly inconceivable that those worlds can be wholly devoid of living and sentient beings upon them, probably mortal in our sense, as all matters must decay, certainly finite; and then what is the relative position of mankind?

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 NATIONAL LIFE.

A nation is defined as being diseased "when, as a unit, it is chronically incapable of directing its activities toward self-preservation." National diseases are not necessarily of the majority of the nation. In the human system one organ may fail us and precipitate an untimely death; so in nations. A degenerate aristocracy, a dissolute priesthood, or a corrupt government has led to the undoing of a nation, the majority of whom have been free from national disease. The diseases that destroy nations are not so much of the individual, but of the national life.

National diseases may be classified under four heads: 1, imperfect nutrition; 2, poisons; 3, mental shock; and 4, sexual subversion. Some physicians trace all disease in the human body indirectly to insufficient or misdirected nutrition in one of the organs of the body. The historian Buckle said that "the history of every nation could be traced by the food it was accustomed to eat." The expression was too sweeping, yet it was based upon truth. "Every nation must have, throughout all the nation, enough to eat, of good quality, and properly prepared; or that nation will degenerate."—Dr. Brinton.

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 INCREASE OF CANCER IN ENGLAND.

In England four and a half times as many people die now from cancer as half a century ago, and no

other disease can show anything like such an immense increase, W. Roger Williams says in "The Lancet." "Probably no single factor is more potent in determining the outbreak of cancer in the predisposed than high feeding. There can be no doubt that the greed for food manifested by modern communities is altogether out of proportion to their present requirements. Many indications point to the gluttonous consumption of meat, which is such a characteristic feature of this age, as likely to be especially harmful in this respect. Statistics show that the consumption of meat has for many years been increasing by leaps and bounds, till it now has reached the amazing total of 131 pounds per head per year, which is more than double what it was half a century ago, when the conditions of life were more compatible with high feeding. When excessive quantities of such highly stimulating forms of nutriment are ingested by persons whose cellular metabolism is defective, it seems probable that there may thus be excited in those parts of the body where vital processes are still active such excessive and disorderly cellular proliferation as may eventuate in cancer. No doubt other factors co-operate, and among these I should be especially inclined to name deficient exercise, and probably also deficiency in fresh vegetable food.

—o:o—
A THEORY OF LIVING.

Dr. Ewart is very intent on teaching the duty of more frugal living. The frugal diet of the hard-working laborer stands in marked contrast to the "weight and superfluous richness" of the class he calls "the unemployed"—a new term for the wealthy folk who don't need to do anything, and who do nothing in the way of the world's work. Their life is shortened by the overwork of stomach, liver and kidneys. They

eat too much, and the food yields no adequate return for the outlay spent upon it. They could not undertake a tithe of the work of the plainly-fed laborer. They resemble a fire which is perpetually being banked up. The other is like a fire which is judiciously stoked, and consumes fuel just sufficient to maintain it at a fair level. Half the amount of food that "the unemployed" man consumes, Dr. Ewart says, would keep a man in strong working order; and even the idle strong give way under the excess represented in their diet. The stomach and liver get no rest, and the succession of meals is too quick and fast for the healthy conservation of the body. These are all home-truths we should be the better of considering deeply, and of acting upon. The average modern dinner simply represents an excessive waste, because it gives too much to begin with, and because it succeeds other meals which in themselves are more than sufficient to maintain the body in activity. There are worse things in the world than limitation of food, and one of these clearly is excess of diet.

—o:o—
A TRANSFORMATION.

The same care which transforms a red-mouthed wolf into a faithful dog can transform other undomesticated beasts into useful creatures. As soon as an animal learns that you are contributing to its comfort in place of tormenting it, you may notice it will greet you with a milder expression. As soon as you can make the wildest and fiercest beast understand that the use of jaws, claws, or sting are unnecessary, it will refrain from using them. It is not always possible to come to this understanding with the larger beast, but the lad who loves his pets will bestow upon the little creatures that affection which shows itself in a sympathy which can understand their wants and necessities.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

There are published in the Welsh language at present two quarterlies, two bi-monthlies, 28 monthlies, and 25 weeklies, making a total of 57 publications.

The smallest motor in existence does not cover a three penny piece, and its working parts are wonderfully made. It was made and is still possessed by Mr. Lee, a Carmarthen watchmaker.

The year 1898 has been exceptional in the history of Wales in that it witnessed the execution of two Welshmen for murder—Thomas Jones at Carnarvon, and Joseph Lewis, the perpetrator of the Margam tragedy at Swansea.

Many of the older farmers in Pembrokeshire and some of the older Welsh counties store away in their outbuildings sufficient carefully selected and seasoned oaken planks for their own coffins.

Five hundred and forty candidates applied for the post of clerk to the registrar of the Aberystwyth University College. The salary offered was £70 per annum. A local applicant was appointed to the post.

Flintshire takes the cake for lunatics in North Wales. It is the only county in North Wales which has an "over-quota" of pauper patients at Denbigh Asylum. Their total number is 142, as compared with 173 from Carnarvonshire, though the ordinary paupers in the latter are as three to one in the former.

Wales is exceptionally well off for biographies. Welshmen have always been hero or saint worshippers. In the mediaeval Church they worshipped them on Sundays and holidays. Nowadays they do not exactly worship or pray to their saints, but write their biographies and compose elegies in praise of their virtues, which is pretty much the same thing.

Wales does not take kindly to adverse criticism however well it may be deserved or however kindly it may be meant. Hence the stream of adulation that flows everywhere, and that vitiates and enervates Welsh national life.

"Thine Eyes, they bid me Stay" is a charming song by Parson Price. It is like a companion to "Nanny Frew." Its four cadences on the words "Thine eyes, thine eyes, they bid me stay" are varied and effective. As the American Art Journal says: "It is a song of deep and touching sentimental vein," and very suitable for Soprano and Tenor voices.

In the following descriptive lines, the celebrated Welsh wit, Trebor Mai, sizes up two pretenders to gentility:

Gwelais ddau o fechgyn titotal—a het-
A chotiau ddim crystal; {iau silc
Nid smart ond anghyfartal
Hetlau silc a chotiau sal.

Madame Patti's annual Christmas gifts of money, blankets, etc., have been distributed at Wern Chapel, Ystalyfera, to the poor of the town and district. Madame Patti and her future husband,

Baron Cederstrom, together with the party staying at Craig-y-Nos Castle, were met on entering the town by an appreciative crowd. A procession, headed by a band, was formed, and escorted Madame Patti and her friends to the chapel.

There was a warm discussion on "The Old and the New Woman—which is the Better?" at Glantaf, Glamorgan, S. W., and the giddy youth of the place plumped for the new. One of the young men couldn't contain himself in prose, so he burst into the following pieces:—

Un fain, knowing, yw'r Fenyw Newydd
Yn llawn ffledd beunydd; [un ffel
Ar ei bike yn gyru bydd,
Hyglodus drwy y gwledydd.

Now that Mabon's Day is dead, and because it is dead, it has become a proper subject for the antiquarian. A gentleman, in "Notes and Queries," asked what is the Mabon's Day he has heard so much about lately. The answer is recorded in proper form in that treasury of antiquarian lore, quoting the memorable saying:—"Mabon is a greater saint than David, for David has only one day a year, and Mabon has twelve." What will become of "Mabon," after losing his twelve days a year, is not stated.

A charitable Welsh custom has been long discontinued. Fifty years ago, and before that, the farmers in some parts of South Wales used to invite all their farm laborers and their families to breakfast on Dydd Calan Hen (13th of January), and give them a supply of bread and cheese to take home with them to commence the New Year. The day was then a general holiday.

Welshmen will have really to look to their laurels. At the Liverpool Christmas Eisteddfod the "chair" was withheld for lack of merit in either of the

three compositions received, and—unkindest cut of all—in the chief choral contest the Welsh singers were beaten by a choir of Lancastrians!

Foster, the genealogist, has made out that the late Mr. Gladstone was Welsh on his own account, as well as on account of his wife and long residence in the Principality. The Welsh line in his ancestry ran from Gladys, daughter of Llewelyn ab Iorwerth, through Joane, Queen of Scots.

Praise and flattery, and above all silence as to defects, is what Wales expects from her friends, and to be ranked as an enemy no surer way can be pursued than to speak plainly about national defects and deficiencies. Whoever does this is supposed to be utterly blind and oblivious to every admirable Welsh quality. We have never been able to see what Wales gains in the long run by pretending to virtues and excellencies and merits which do not exist.—Cambrian News.

Musicians have brought more discord into the world than religion itself. It is now suggested that there is a doubt whether the bagpipes are really Scotch. Sir Alexander Mackenzie mentioned them. Sir Hubert Parry thought they were an East Anglian invention which was afterwards appropriated by the Scotch, but Sir F. Lacy Robinson, as an East Anglian, absolutely declined to admit the responsibility of that region. He left it to the other two to decide between themselves as to whether the instrument was Scotch or Welsh. This will help to complicate the crwth controversy; and, in order to make things worse, we suggest that the tin whistle was an ancient Welsh invention, and that the Welsh tin-plate trade was started to meet the demand for tin whistles.

There was some hard sub-editorial struggling in the London newspapers offices a while ago. It was over the name of the new Bishop of Bangor's first vicarage—Bodelwyddan. As usual, the battle was for the strong, and the sub-editors were beaten. The "Daily News" made it "Bodlewyyddau," and the "Standard," remembering something it had been told about the "d" in Welsh, boldly wrote it "Boddlewyyddau." Aching with pain of it, the "Morning Leader" remarks:—"For two years he was curate of Rhosllanerchrugog. That alone entitles him to preferment."

Colonel Henry Platt, C.B., Gorddinog, who for his services to agriculture was presented with a silver bowl lately in Anglesey, in acknowledging the gift, made an interesting statement on the subject of poultry farming. A younger brother of his, he said, started a poultry farm at Cheadle twelve months ago, with the result that he had sent 1,200 chickens to the London market, and realised a profit of £200. Colonel Platt, convinced that what is wanted in agriculture, as in everything else, is more education, has established a scholarship at Bangor College of the value of £30 for two years, open to farmers' sons.

A Welsh writer in the "Tablet" calls attention to a curious fact in connection with the ruins of a fine early 12th century church at Llanidan, Anglesey. On the right of the south door he found a small holy water stoup, which is always full of water. The singular thing about the stoup is that, though always full, it never overflows; that when emptied and dried it immediately begins to fill again; and that, when full to the brim, the water, like the oil in the widow's cruse, stays and never flows to the ground. He states that the matter has been critically inquired into by experts, but that no solution of the mystery has yet been found.

The centenary of Welsh Wesleyan Methodism takes place next year, and arrangements on an extensive scale are being already made by the Wesleyan Methodists of the Principality to celebrate the event. Welsh Wesleyan Methodism had its origin in Wales by the appointment by the London Conference in 1800 of two Welsh ministers, who had hitherto been engaged in the English work, as Welsh missionaries. It was in this manner that Welsh Wesleyan Methodism was brought into existence. It is proposed to celebrate the centenary by raising a fund of £10,000, and local secretaries and treasurers of the movement have already been appointed.

In Wales there is a tendency to silence adverse criticism and so to hinder progress and to retard improvements. Of course, there is a difference between the universal grumbler and the adverse critic. The adverse critic may be anything but a universal grumbler. To silence criticism is to prevent reform. This is seen in education, in sanitary reform, in the administration of the poor laws, in political organizations, in municipal life.

The act of the Baptist delegates who, in a body, withdrew from a meeting of the Council of the "Free Churches" at Cefnmawr, near Wrexham, was an unmistakeable sign of their stern attachment to their own convictions, and was intended to be recognized as such. The act is applauded by their own organ, "Seren Cymru," which, in its issue of the 23rd, illustrates the position of its own body to others by stating that "one of the chief causes of Israel's degeneracy was its intercourse with idolatrous nations round about." This, then, we are to believe, was the inspiring motive which led to the dramatic exit of the Baptists from the above Council.

The literary activity of which so much evidence has lately been seen in Wales appears to be spreading in Ireland, where the Celtic revival is taking a literary form. It is proposed to found an Irish Texts Society, with objects in the main similar to those of the Cymrodorion Society, for the purpose of publishing texts in the Irish language, accompanied by introduction, English translations, brief notes, and where possible comparisons with the Welsh and Gaelic forms. The sympathy of a strong band of Irish scholars has been enlisted, and the movement is being well taken up.

It is a large part of the work of a modern historian to correct historic mistakes. Welsh history, especially as written by English historians, needs such a corrective. A story reflecting very badly on the people of ancient Llandaff has gone the round of some centuries, stating that an attempt to install an English bishop at Llandaff in 1106 proved unfortunate, as the man sent, Waldric the Chancellor, who took Duke Robert prisoner at Tinchinbrai, was massacred by the Welsh, with seven of his canons, on Good Friday the following year. Now, it has been fully shown that the Chancellor became Bishop of Laon, not Llandaff, where he was massacred in 1112, not 1107.

One of the best jokes relating to the Sirdar's visit to Cardiff is told by a well-known Welsh musician residing in Canton. His servant maid, Eliza, a buxom girl from Cardigan, who knows not a word of English, saw the procession, and saw also in the carriage with Lord Kitchener the bewigged clean-shaven face of Cardiff's Recorder, and

beside him another bewigged gentleman with a beard, to wit, Cardiff's town clerk. Eliza, who had never seen wigs, naturally mistook them for grey hairs. "Well, Eliza," asked her mistress, when the girl returned home, "and did you see the Sirdar?" "Yes, yes, mistress bach," cried Eliza, "and I saw his father and mother, too, for they were in the carriage with him!"

A poor wandering family in olden days would pitch their tent on a common, and by building a hearth and boiling a kettle or pot thereon in the course of a single summer's night, claimed from ancient usage their right to that spot. Thus but a hut so built was gradually improved by the industry of the occupant to a good-sized cottage, the surrounding ground, from a mere bailli or a little court, in front of the cottage grew into a yard, buarth, and then a garden was fenced in, and in the course of time this would grow into a small farm, in the middle or on the edge of a large common. This practice was winked at by the people of the neighborhood in favor of a poor but industrious laborer with a large family; and if this intrusion could be carried on unnoticed by the lord of the manor or his agents for sixty years, the hafod became a freehold.

In the new Welsh catalogue of the Cardiff Library the Joneses, great and small, occupy 58 columns. Altogether they number 383 authors, 24 of whom bear the simple name of John. It cost the collaborators whole days sometimes to find out who and what a certain "John Jones" was, but they manage somehow to trace him to earth.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

Prof. T. J. Davies was born in Ystalyfera, in the Swansea valley, South Wales, and hails from a sturdy stock. His parents, Daniel and Tydfil Davies, came to this country when he was but five years of age, locating at Bellevue, near Scranton. In June, 1860, they moved to Olyphant, where they lived until 1875, when the family moved to Kingston, and thence to Taylor, near Scranton, where the parents still reside. We find him working in the mines at the age of seven years, devoting his leisure hours to the study of music, and soon becoming an adept at reading music at sight. When but a mere child in Wales, Mr. Davies was quite a reciter as well as a sweet singer, as the members of the old Pant Teg church at Ystalyfera still remember. At 17 years of age he won prizes for sight-reading, solo and choral work, and in connection with these contests, it is said he never lost a prize. Later he devoted his time and talent to composition. Venturing into the piano and organ business at Scranton, he concluded to retire from active competition, and devote his energies to his enterprise. Later, however, he sold his business, and decided to devote his life to music.

He departed from Scranton in 1885, bent on entering the Leipsic University, but on arriving in London, changed his plans and concluded to enter the Musical College of Wales, to study under the tuition of Dr. Parry, where he graduated with the highest honors, being awarded the college medal for composition. He was appointed assistant teacher of the classes of sight-reading, harmony and counterpoint. He

left Dr. Parry in 1887, and studied with Dr. Fred T. Karn in London for two years. Upon leaving London Dr. Karn paid him the following glowing tribute: "His part songs for men's voices are some of the best specimens of this kind of compositions that I have ever heard." In 1890 he passed the degree of Bachelor of Music at Toronto University. He has had a successful career as an instructor in voice culture and the art of singing, and has prepared more candidates for musical degrees than any other man in America. Two of his pupils, Wm. Rhys Herbert of St. Paul, Minn., and B. Percy James of Exeter, N. H., winning silver and gold medals for the excellence of their work in the final examinations for the Mus. Bac. degree.

Prof. Davies left Scranton last year, and located in Pittsburg, Pa., where he is devoting his time to voice culture, harmony and theory.

About seven weeks preceding the holidays he was persuaded by his friends and admirers to take the conductorship of the Cambro-American Choral Society, and prepare it for the contest at the Cleveland Eisteddfod. Against many adverse circumstances and with but a limited time to prepare for the event, he entered the field against excellently trained organizations with a vim that characterizes all his undertakings. The result of the contest is known to all interested in Eisteddfodic affairs. Mr. Davies was awarded the gold medal, and his choir was proclaimed victor over eight opposing choirs. This contest is conceded to have been one of the most important held since the World's Fair National Eisteddfod, and certainly re-

flects great credit upon Mr. Davies' ability as choral conductor. Apropos of this victory, it may not be amiss to state that this chorus in the first Mr. Davies has drilled for Eisteddfodic contests since attaining manhood, but we trust it will not be his last appearance in this capacity upon the Eisteddfodic platform.

Mr. Davies is an ardent Eisteddfodist, and has participated in some of the most successful festivals held in this country. He has filled the position of

dom" by the Penrhyn Male Chorus. There is a fund of fine melody in all his clever efforts. Prof. Davies is also the editor of the "Songs of Praises," a new gospel song book to be published soon by Mr. John B. Lodwick of Youngstown, Ohio, in the Welsh language, which will be before the public in a short time. Many of his new songs, which will appear in the above book, are destined to become popular, and the hymn "Jesus is His Name" in particular, promises to become a favorite among the Welsh



Prof T. J. DAVIES, Mus. Bac

musical adjudicator on numerous occasions, and his adjudications are always commendable for their characteristic candor and conciseness.

Probably as a composer of part songs there is no better known musician than Mr. Davies, and this assertion was attested by the selection of one of his part songs at the World's Fair Eisteddfod, and time will never eliminate from the memory of those present at that memorable gathering, the sublime rendition of "The Cambrian Song of Free-

people both in this country and in the Fatherland. Mr. Davies has been selected choir master of the First Welsh Congregational Church at Pittsburg, and is rendering universal satisfaction.

R. H. D.

The Bishop-elect of Bangor has shown that he has abundant common sense by selecting for his chaplain such a sturdy Welshman as the Rev. William Williams, of Mostyn.

The late Dean of Bangor (Edwards) was a great admirer of Principal Michael D. Jones and referred to him as a patriot of the first rank. It is the Rev. Eynon Davies that chronicles the fact in the December number of "Young Wales."

That bloodless warrior, Dr. Pan Jones, one of the late Principal Michael D. Jones's chief lieutenants, has been indisposed for several weeks, but his friends will learn with pleasure that his strength is slowly returning, and that he hopes soon to make things hum, and shadows move throughout Wales with his cinematograph.

General Sir J. Luther Vaughan, K.C.B., who has been seriously ill for some time past, served with distinction throughout the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, besides taking part in the North-West Frontier campaign. He is a younger brother of the late Dean Vaughan, an old Rugbeian, and the author of a Grammar and Vocabulary of the Pushtoo (Afghan) language.

A Welshman who has recently been on a visit to Gibraltar says he copied the following epitaph which he found in the British Cemetery on the Rock:—"Sacred to the Memory of Abraham Evans, Sarnau, Cardiganshire, late master of the ship St. Vincent, of Bristol, who died on the 18th of December, 1882, aged 30 years."

The Rev. John Mills, the Welsh missionary among the Jews, was the first preacher who appeared in a Corph pulpit with a full beard. Dr. Owen Thomas told him at the time that he hoped he would not preach before shaving, but he did, and, following his courageous example, there grew speedily a crop of bearded preachers in the Corph. By this time a clean-shaven preacher smacks of Popery.

It is very few writers in Wales that are able to illustrate their own articles or books. Conspicuously among the number stands Mrs. Haig Thomas, authoress of "Spiderland." Her book is profusely and charmingly illustrated, and every illustration came from her own pencil, and are done in colors to actually represent the actual insect depicted.

It is reported that "Carmen Sylva" (the Queen of Roumania) has completed a poetic romance, the central figure of which is Owen Glendower, and its scenes are laid entirely in the Principality. The story is said to have a graceful touch of local color, and to reveal in a most interesting manner how closely "Carmen Sylva" has studied Welsh characteristics. It is to be dedicated to certain of her friends in the Principality.

One of the most wonderful things the "Pall Mall Gazette" knows about the Bishop-elect of Bangor is that "he can speak and write the language of w's and ll's as easily as the less ornamented one that does for us." It adds, however, that "of late years Welsh bishops of this kind have been the rule rather than the exception. They are worthy of the growing strength of the Church there, and the surest bulwark against Disestablishment."

Among the examiners at Oxford next year are Owen M. Edwards, Fellow of Lincoln College (the editor of "Cymru" and "Cymru'r Plant"), who is one of the five examiners in the Honor School of Modern History; A. E. Jolliffe, M. A., Fellow of Corpus (formerly lecturer at St. David's College, Lampeter), who is one of the three examiners for Mathematical Moderations; and Principal Bebb, of Lampeter, who examines in the Final Pass Schools.

It is worth noting that the appointment of Dean Williams to the see of Bangor raises the number of Bishop Williamses in the Anglican Communion to five, viz., Dr. John Williams, presiding Bishop of the American Church; Dr. W. S. Williams, Bishop of Waiapu, N. Z.; Dr. G. M. Williams, Bishop of Marquette, U. S.; Dr. H. M. Williams, late Bishop of Yeddo, Japan; and now the very Rev. W. H. Williams, Bishop-elect of Bangor.

Mr. Stephen Williams, of Rhayader, a well-known authority on Welsh antiquities, states in the "Montgomeryshire Collections," that until recently it was common at funerals in that district for the attendants to carry a small stone or pebble in the hand, and on the arrival of the bier at the turn of the road leading to the church they threw the stone on a large heap that had accumulated there by similar means, saying as they threw it, "Carn ar dy ben."

Dr. Charles Edwards has completed the biography of his father, Dr. Lewis Edwards, and its publication is awaited with much interest. It is stated that the work will contain a great number of letters from well-known public men bearing upon various aspects of Welsh movements during the last fifty years. Among the most interesting of these letters will be those connected with the starting of the "Traethodydu" in 1845, and the subsequent removal of its publishing office from Denbigh to Holywell.

Mr. Owen R. Jones, Barrett, Kas., is a native of Llangadwaladr, Anglesea, N. W. He immigrated into the States in 1855. He lived in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Mississippi, and Illinois, where he worked for Mr. H. L. Sage, his father-in-law who still survives and lives at Barrett, in his 89th year. On the 9th of August, 1861, Mr. Jones enlisted in the 42nd Ill., Company C. He took part

in all the following battles: Farmington, Island No. 10, New Madrid, Corinth, Stone River, Tallahoma Campaign, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Rock Pass Ridge, Buzzard's Roost, Rasaca, New Hope Church, before Atlanta, Jonesboro, Spring Hill, Franklin and Nashville. He was honorably discharged after five years of heroic service, and was soon married to Miss Annie Sage, his employer's daughter. He finally settled at Barrett, Kas., where he now owns a farm of 800 acres well stocked. To crown his brave career, he has raised a good family of four sons and five daughters, who are an honor to society. During his career as a soldier, he was hurt only once when a ball passed under the sole of his foot slightly wounding him. Mr. Jones has spent a very eventful life, and we wish him many returns of the day.

The death of the great Welsh pianist, Sebastian Bach Mills, occurred in Germany December 21, 1898. Mr. Mills was born at the very small village of Coity, Glamorganshire, S. W., in March, 1838. His father was an organist, and a great admirer of Bach's Preludes and Fuges, and although he saddled his son with that name, the boy survived it, and became a noted pianist of the nineteenth century. S. B. was educated in London and Germany. His memory was great, and his repertoire unusually large. Although he lived most of his time among foreigners, he was extremely proud of his nationality. He possessed a fine tenor voice, was quite a humorist, and a charming companion.—J. P. P.

The Rev. John Lloyd, the new chairman of the South Australia Congregational Union was born and educated at Bangor, North Wales. After his marriage he removed to Carnarvon, and in 1868 arrived in Wallaroo. He joined the Welsh Church, and soon became an active worker in the Sunday School. He

early identified himself with the temperance cause. His success was recognized, and he was invited to occupy the pulpit of the Welsh Church, and eventually undertook the pastorate. For his labors in the temperance movement he was presented with an address beautifully engraved on parchment, a purse of sovereigns, and a handsome medal. Mr. Lloyd is well known as a preacher, and has occupied the same pulpit for nearly 30 years. Mr. Lloyd, who was a widower for many years, married in 1887 the widow of the late Rev. M. Hodge of Port Adelaide. The Welsh people, anticipating that event, bought a residence for their pastor, and on his return from his marriage tour the Church members presented him with a handsome silver tea and coffee service.

It is stated that an attempt is to be made to bring out some unpublished works by the Welsh bard Mynyddog. The MSS. of these works are said to be at present in the possession of D. Emlyn Evans, who married Mynyddog's widow. They are believed to represent some of the very best work that Mynyddog ever turned out, and it is singular that they have been allowed to remain in MS. for so long.

"Allgemeine Musik Zeitung" on January 15 said: "At the Musical Academy Mr. D. Ffrangcon Davies introduced himself among us with marked effect. He is, indeed, an artist richly endowed with qualities calculated to win an audience. With the soft, carefully balanced cadence (klang) of his baritone voice

the singer caresses the ear, whilst he awes it with the power and the magnificent compass of an organ. And his delivery is equally enchanting. Freshness and resolution are its principal elements.

The head of the great firm of sugar refiners, Sir Henry Tate, whose daughter is married to a son of the late Mr. Thomas Gee, of Denbigh, is one of the most generous donors towards educational movements in Wales. He has given large sums towards the development of technical education in Wales, and has always encouraged scientific instruction of all kinds in the Principality. It is not long since he contributed £500 towards equipping the recently-acquired Bangor University College farm in Anglesey, and has offered to double that amount provided the remainder of the total sum required (about £700) is raised.

Madame Mary Owen, who before her marriage with Mr. E. J. Griffith, M. P., was well known on the concert platform, is now in Paris undergoing a short course of training under Madame Marchesi, whose method is accounted to be the very best. After leaving Paris Mdme. Owen proposes to go to Berlin to hear the best operas, and profit by hints and instructions from some of the leading artistes. All this is preparatory to her resumption of her profession in England.

Principal Bebb, of Lampeter College, is busily learning the Welsh language.



Admire a baby and the mother always looks pleased. Admire her dog and she glares at you. Maybe the reason for this is that she is quite sure you do not wish to steal the baby, but isn't altogether certain regarding your attentions where the dog is concerned.—Exchange.

—o:—
The Greeks were perhaps the most temperate of the ancient nations. True, they had their wine, but it was of a mild character, containing but little alcohol, yet they never drank it without the addition of water, and to drink it otherwise they deemed would be the act of a barbarian. In short, the Greek drank for exhilaration, and never allowed his cups to carry him beyond it.

—o:—
The story of the Welsh editor who told a contributor to stop sending in astronomical notes because they were not local enough has been beaten in Scotland. During the great gale lately, the bellman of a village in Perthshire went through the village proclaiming for the information of all those interested in the eclipse of the moon which was expected to occur that evening, that "owing to the inclemency of the weather, the total eclipse of the moon will not take place to-night. It has been postponed till further notice."

—o:—
TO ABOLISH SNORING.

Ed. Jack of Wyandotte, Kan., has applied for a patent for a contrivance to prevent snoring. It is based on the theory that no one can snore with his

mouth shut. Mr. Jack has arranged a bridle of rubber webbing to accomplish this purpose. A band is passed over the forehead and around the back of the neck above the ears, while another goes under the chin with a cross band over the jaw to keep it in place. There are buckles to adjust the bridle to all sizes of heads. Mr. Jack also claims that his invention can be utilized to keep babies from crying, and women from talking.

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WANTED SOMETHING REAL.

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We are afraid this story has more merit than truth. In connection with a Welsh country church there was an old parish clerk who never missed attending in the morning and afternoon, but always went to a Dissenting chapel in the evening, as there was no service at night in the church. At last the clerk found himself driven into a corner by the advent of a new rector, who determined to add another service. When he told the clerk that thenceforth they must have a service in the evening the old man exclaimed, "O, don't do that, sir, or I shan't be able to go to a place of worship at all."

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THROUGH FRENCH EYES

—o:—
We have already told how the American Admiral Dewey, the victor of Manila, was writing review articles at fifty francs a line, and that his rival, Gen. Wheeler, the conqueror of Porto Rico, had received 6,000 francs for his story of his campaign. Meanwhile Lieut. Hobson, the hero of Santiago, is deriv-

ing profit from his popularity in a much less prosaic way; he organizes kissing tours throughout the cities of the Union.

Every evening he hires a parlor in a great hotel, and gives out notice that he will receive all the married ladies and young women of the city. He gives each one his autograph in exchange for a kiss. The transatlantic newspapers announce that he has just beaten the record in this form of sport by embracing at Kansas City 220 blonds and 107 brunettes within the space of two hours.

—o:o—
SCIENTIFIC.

Prior to the decline of pugilism, the doings of the prize ring were duly chronicled by sporting papers. The following specimens of the slang will afford a sufficient idea of the character of this kind of literature. The mouth was called the potato-trap, the kisser, the whistler, the grubber, and the oration-trap; the nose variously described as the claret-jug, the smeller, the sneezer, the snorer, the sniffer, the proboscis, the nozzle, the snout, the scent box and the snuff-box; the ear as the conk; and the eyes as the daylights, the peepers, the squinters, the goggles, &c.

—o:o—
AN ANCIENT SPORT.

A custom that died last century was characteristic of the age when the first gentleman of the land considered a main of cocks a necessary adjunct to a banquet from which even Epicurus would have risen and cried: "Quantum sufficit." The custom referred to was observed every Christmas Eve, when a fox was let loose in the great hall, and then "hunted" by nine or ten couple of hounds. After Reynard had been torn limb from limb, to the intense delight of our be-wigged and be-powdered ancestors, a harmless domestic cat was "turned down," and the cruel farce was repeated.

NEW SCIENCE.

It is a good story that has gone the rounds that a Christian Science lady, who was zealous in the new light, asked her Irish chambermaid: "Biddy, how is your grandfather now?" Biddy answered: "He is very poorly, ondade, mum; he has the rheumatism so badly." "Why, Biddy," said she, "there is no such thing as rheumatism; he thinks so." "Yes, mum." A few days later the lady asked again: "Biddy, does your grandfather still think he has the rheumatism?" "Oh, no, mum; poor mon, he thinks he's dead now; we buried him yesterday."

—o:o—
PRIMA FACIE.

Old things often take on new impressions under a new definition.

A certain learned judge, famous for his brogue and his wit, was asked by a juryman what was prima facie evidence. The judge replied in his broadest Hibernian:

"Supposin', me good man, you were goin' along a road an' you saw a man comin' 'out of a public house—an' supposin' you saw him dhrawing' the shleeve of his coat across his mouth, that's prima facie evidins that he was after havin' a dhrink."—Youth's Companion.

—o:o—
SEND BOTH.

A speculator who had made a large fortune out of a medicine for a disease common amongst sheep, thought that a fine market for his patent would be found in Australia. He knew there were enormous number of sheep in that country, so he sent out his son to open up this most promising connection. The young man wrote to his father:—"This is a splendid place. The sheep are as plentiful as was reported, and I have no doubt we could do a glorious busi-

ness if we had the chance. But before sending me out here you should have sent the sheep disease. They haven't got it, and unless you can let me have a box of microbes, I had better come home."

—o:o—

BETROTHALS IN SPAIN.

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A curious custom obtains in some portions of Spain in regard to betrothals. A young man who looks with favor upon a handsome senorita and wishes to gain her hand calls on the parents for three successive days at the same hour of the day. At the last call he leaves his walking stick, and if he is to win the desired bride the cane is handed to him when he calls again. But if he is not regarded with favor the cane is thrown into the street, and in this way the young man is made to understand that further calls will be useless.

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RUSKIN AND THE BEGGAR.

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When Ruskin was at Rome there was a beggar on the steps of the Pincio who begged of him every day as he passed, and who always received something. On one occasion the grateful beggar suddenly caught the out-stretched hand and kissed it. Mr. Ruskin stopped short, drew his hand hastily away, and then, with a sudden impulse, bending forward, kissed the beggar's cheek. The next day the man came to Mr. Ruskin's lodging to find him, bring a gift, which he offered with tears in his eyes. It was a relic, he said; a shred of brown cloth which had once formed part of the robe of St. Francis.

—o:o—

SANTA CLAUS.

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"Ouida," ever enthusiastic where children are concerned, thus discourses about Santa Claus: "Christmas is essentially the children's holiday. Of all festivals in the year none other appeals

so powerfully to the juvenile imagination. The happy Christmas Days of childhood are never forgotten. The keen, genuine delight they bring, both of anticipation and realisation, leave a lasting impression upon the memory. The wish of all loving friends is to make Christmas a special time of rejoicing for the children, and essential to this end are the outward and visible signs of the approaching day. A certain air of mystery should prevail, and the little ones kept on the *qui vive* as to what will actually take place. Decorations of a suitable kind give a holiday aspect to the home, and greatly enhance other festive contributions to Christmas routine. There are many ways of bestowing Christmas presents, every family being a law unto itself in this matter."

—o:o—

LUCKY FOR THE LAST "NEXT."

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There were five of us hunting and fishing in the Queensland bush, when one rainy day a stranger appeared. He said he was a tramp barber, and as none of us had been shaved for a fortnight we gave him half a day's work.

About four hours after he had left us a band of six men rode up and the leader inquired if we had seen a tall, roughly dressed man pass that way. We told him of the barber, and he looked from man to man and exclaimed:

"Good gracious, but you are all freshly shaved!"

"Yes, we gave the barber a job."

"And he shaved every one of you?"

"He did, and did it well."

"Boys, do you hear that?" shouted the man as he turned to his companions.

"What of it?" asked one of our party.

"Why, he went insane yesterday and cut a man's throat in his barber chair over at Unadilla, and we're after him to put him in an asylum."

They rode away at a gallop, and next

morning returned to our camp with the man, who had been captured after a hard fight, and was tied on his horse. He seemed to remember us when he was given a drink of water, and as he handed the cup back he quietly observed:

"I say, gentlemen, please excuse me. I meant to finish off the last man who got shaved, but I got thinking of something else, and it slipped my mind!"—
Sydney Herald.

—o:o—

THE WAY HE DOES IT.

Writing of the eccentricities of Herr Strauss, the dance music composer, a Vienna writer says he is as nervous as a composer as he is a director. Clad in a velvet costume, with patent leather boots reaching to his knees, his eyes aflame and in a fit of inspiration, he goes striding through the house like a maniac. If inspiration does not come to him in the salon, he clutches his papers and goes to his bedroom or to his wife's boudoir. Sometimes the waltz begun in the parlor is finished in the kitchen. Mme. Strauss, who appreciates and understands her husband's habits, has half a dozen pianos scattered through the house, and in each room a table with writing materials, so that in whatever nook her husband finds himself he is quite at home. Mme. Strauss was once a favorite actress on the Vienna stage.

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FIFE AND DRUM.

At Rouse's Point, N. Y., recently, a marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Deband, the contracting parties being a printer from near

Buffalo, named James Fife, and Lizzie Drum, of Montreal. After the ceremony the groom, on leaving, placed an envelope in Elder Deband's hand, and the good parson looked as if he had made a sccop. Soon after the new marriage couple had departed, the parson opened the envelope, and only found therein a note, which read:

Oh, my, it's grand—

Married to beat Deband;

Yum, yum, yum,

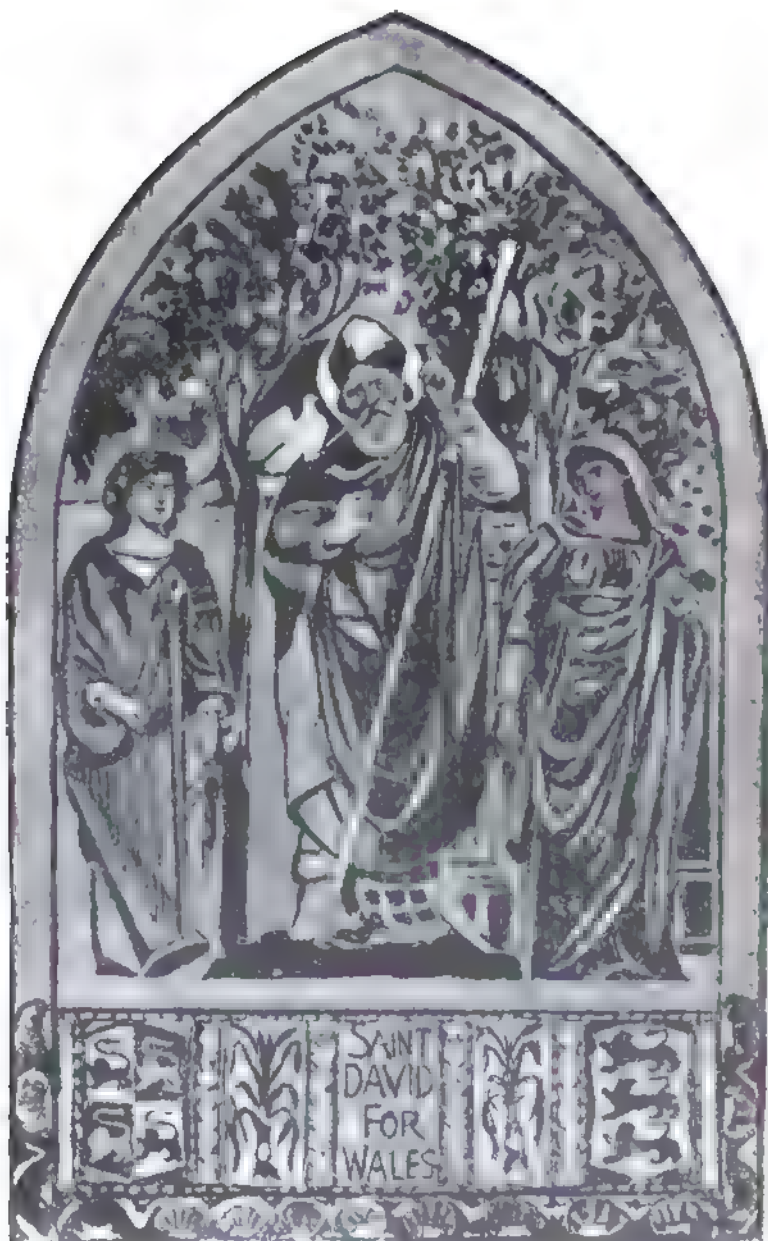
Respectfully, Fife and Drum.

The minister, in telling the story, said: "After this I'll take no part in a marriage ceremony if there is a printer in it." And he solemnly shook his head and went to a prayer-meeting.—Silas W. Read.

—o:o—

AN EDITORIAL APOLOGY.

Two leading teetotal lights of the "lang toun" of Kirkcaldy, Scotland, were returning home one night after attending a highly successful temperance meeting, when they managed to get spilled out of their trap, receiving some damage. A local editor, after giving full details of the accident, added with grim humor, "Fortunately both gentlemen were sober at that time." The veiled suggestion that they were not customarily sober greatly irritated the temperate couple, and a strong letter was written to the editor demanding an apology. The apology duly appeared. It ran: "Messrs. ——— and ——— demand an apology for our having stated that at the time of their accident they were both sober. We have pleasure in withdrawing our observation."



Sir Edward Poynter's Mosaic of St. David.
In the Central Hall of Parliament.

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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THE TRUE BASIS OF THE WORLD'S UPLIFTMENT.

By Rev. W. R. Evans, Peniel O.

Every school boy has heard of Archimedes, who fondly dreamt that if he had a lever long enough and a platform solid enough to place his lever he could lift up this terrestrial globe of ours and literally turn the world upside down. But the philosopher did not accomplish his project on account of insurmountable ifs. Now our aim in this article is to present the true platform upon which the world is to be lifted, not literally, but mentally, socially, politically and morally.

Many and conflicting are the theories proposed by philosophers of various schools. The fulcrum upon which naturalists would have us adjust our lever for the uplifting of the race is Evolution. The theory in substance is this: Man is an organized force of nature impelled by primitive instincts and under the action of climate, soil and other "cosmic influences," necessarily developing in the line of his actual his-

tory. The race is improved by propagating in accordance with the law of natural selection. In the struggle for existence, the strong crowd out the weak, and transmit their own superiority to their offspring. Exercising his ingenuity to supply his wants man discovers and invents; his intellect is sharpened and becomes a factor in his progress. To sum the matter, it is simply this: The progress of man is by the development of vital force within, under the action of the external forces of nature. By these forces working together they account for all progress in art, science, civilization, government social and domestic life, religion and morality, and for all rational ideas and systems. We concede that the theory contains much that is true. Man is endowed with intellectual, voluntary and physical powers, by the exercise of which advancement in knowledge mastery over nature is acquired. But knowledge is only an increase of

power, and as Bacon says, power may be a bad as well as a good thing.

The theory, presented on paper, is plausible and enticing, especially to those who have spent their lives in the study of physical science. But the history of the world and the experience of mankind clearly demonstrate its fallacy. Dr. Harris, president of Bowdoin College says: "History presents no instance of a barbarous tribe rising into civilization by its native energies, and without being quickened by influences from without itself. If the naturalistic theory is true, it is pertinent to ask why in all human history, no instance was ever found of the spontaneous growth of a barbarous tribe into civilization. Any theory reflected by historical facts must be false. Superior, muscular power, mechanical skill, and mastery over nature may be acquired by the law of "struggle for existence," but to ascribe the progress of man, from the low place of barbarism to the high place of enlightened civilization to the operation of the law of the "survival of the fittest," and "natural selection," is absurd to the extreme. Enlightened civilization is not effected by tribe force nor mental superiority, but by the realization of moral and spiritual ideas; viz., liberty of conscience, the rights of man; universal reign of justice and love; "government of the people, by the people, and for the people;" the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

These ideas must enter into the very life of man, as a dominating and constructive force, before a high state of civilization can be attained. I can not find language strong enough to express my utter contempt of the naturalist theory of securing the brotherhood of man, and the universal reign of justice and love. Its practical tendency is precisely the opposite. The fundamental principle of the law of the survival of the fittest, is selfishness. The stronger conquers the weaker, and compels him to serve. Authority rests on force; might makes right. Survival of the fittest means subjugation or extermination of the weakest. All naturalistic theories must inevitably fail for the very reason that they build from below up instead of from the top down.

The positive philosophy of Comte is a good illustration. It is a well known mechanical principle, that in order to gain leverage the fulcrum must be placed on a higher elevation than the object to be lifted; also fulcrum must have basis other than the object itself; otherwise it would be like a man trying to lift himself up by pulling on his boots. Action and re-action would be equal. There is also inertia, that must be overcome by forces from without. The same principle prevails in the spiritual realm. Humanity is lifted up by a power from without and from above. The power of God must come down upon humanity. God is love. Jesus Christ is love incarnate. God is purity, and his

purity and love revealed in the cross of Christ quickens the conscience and touches the heart of humanity. "I, if I be lifted up will draw all men to myself. "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to a star;" but his advice would have comprehended all wisdom had he but said not a star, but the Star of Bethlehem.

Jean Paul Richter speaks of Christ as the holiest among the holy, and the mightiest among the mighty, who lifted with his pierced hands empires out of their hinges; turned the stream of centuries out of their channel and still governs the age. Says Peabody, "Demonstrably here, Christ was not a life spontaneously developed out of humanity but a life coming down upon humanity from above, an energy of God's redeeming grace entering a new and renovating power into the history of man." History everywhere confirms the above statement. His teachings underlie all our modern civilization, all progress and all philanthropy. His gospel gave the world the Magna Charta, and the Declaration of Independence. The first influence of Christianity in starting humanity in its upward career was to create the idea of the worth and sacredness of man as man; the idea of the individual as having "inalienable" rights involved in his own personality.

The heathen sages did not possess this idea. Max Muller says the word "mankind" never passed the

lips of Socrates, Plato or Aristotle. Where the Greek saw barbarians we see brethren. There is now neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all. God hath made of one blood all the nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth. These words have broken the shackles of slavery wherever proclaimed. Altruism and philanthropy are empty words unless vitalized by the spirit of Christ. Wherever you will find almshouse, hospital for the epileptic, deaf, dumb and blind, you may be assured that Jesus of Nazareth has passed that way. The naturalism or the positivism of Comte or even the humanitarianism of J. Stewart Mill has never erected an asylum. All the teachings of Pagan philosophers were unable to quicken and guide human progress to the realization of moral and spiritual ideas and ends.

Now in conclusion we would emphatically assert that the only basis upon which we may adjust our lever to effect the upliftment of a fallen and benighted race, is the Rock of Ages. Let us in conducting our operation for the renovation of the race build on this solid foundation. Enlightened civilization is Christocentric. Hence Christian nations are the most progressive. In the march of civilization England and America are foremost. This is due not to superiority of blood, culture and knowledge, but to the influence that have emanated from the Gospel of the Crucified. The eloquence and sagacity of Plato and Socrates

failed to save the Grecian states. They went down into the night upon which the sun never shone. So did Rome, Egypt and Babylon sink into the tomb of dead nations, because their civilization was not built on solid foundation. There is

an evolution, a progress upward in history, but it proceeds not from below but from Him "who is the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature" (Col. i. 15-18.) First the spiritual, then, the material.



THE CITY'S LIGHTS.

By Llinos Taf.

My cottage stands on the brow of a hill,
And watches the pranks of a rippling rill,
Which vies in its play with the children
 dear,
Who cross it daily to the schoolhouse near.

My neighbors' dwellings on every hand
Encircle my premises like a band;
Except one patch, whence the balmy
 breeze
Visit me, dancing through the apple trees.
Thus I'm encompassed through the busy
 day,
All fair surroundings are cut away;
But from a nook of my nest at nights
I catch a glimpse of the city's lights.

How clear, how brilliant, how passing fair
They look as they glimmer and dance out
 there;
From the stately river up to the heights,
How peaceful all seems 'neath the city's
 lights.

As I stand there gazing my thoughts take
 wing,
And swift as an arrow from an archer's
 string
They skim the distance like airy sprites,
And wander under the city's lights.

Unseen and silent on alley and street,
They scan the faces of people they meet;
And there read stories of weakness and
 might,
That dwell side by side 'neath the city's
 lights.

The splendid mansions with turret and
 hall,
And the humble cabins so mean and small,
Some with their blessings and others their
 blights,
There they are mingled with the city's
 lights.

The church and the gilded saloon are there,
The Christian's refuge and the devil's
 snare;
The stronghold of wrong and the fortress
 of right
Both claim their places 'neath the city's
 light.

My weary thoughts in disgust away turn,
For some purer scenes they sincerely
 yearn;
And they get them plentiful there, in spite
Of Satan's men-traps 'neath the city's light.

They find the hard-handed laborer there,
And his busy wife with their load of care;
But the love of Christ makes their burden
 light,
And they sleep in peace 'neath the city's
 light.

May God have mercy on the vice-bound
 throng,
Lead them to duty from the paths of
 wrong;
And bless his children from his mansion
 bright,
In their love-lit homes 'neath the city's
 light.

A WELSH RIP VAN WINKLE.

 By J. Garnon.

This is a kind of traditionary story which I received of my father, who in turn heard it from the lips of his father who died and was buried in the year 1800; therefore the incidents of this mysterious tale happened in the last century. It is a story of love, suspicion and mystery; and, however much we may desire to have its secrets revealed, the fact is that Doomsday alone will scatter the impenetrable mist that enwraps them.

Hazleglen is one of the most beautiful spots in South Wales, where my grandfather and father spent their days in peace. On the side of a little ascent between the two tributaries which make up what I used to consider a great river, lies the little graveyard, where generations of the peasant population await in peace the sound of the angel's trumpet. The last time I visited the burial ground was when my mother's remains were laid to rest there; and that afternoon happening to be exceptionally fine I never remember the sacred spot but it smiles under a beautiful sunshine. On the other side of the valley is the Middle Wood Farm, which my grandfather rented when a young man and which my father held until his death, when the family moved to town, my elder brother having

engaged in the hardware business. Further up the valley was the Upper Wood Farm, and adjoining to the south the Lower Wood Farm, our hero's home, whose name was Ap Shon Shenkyn.

Ap Shon Shenkyn was the only child of his parents who had lost a family of small children prior to his birth. Death seemed to have been extremely cruel in her operations towards the good man and his wife, and when little Ap appeared on the family stage, the neighbors anticipated the same fate to him; but happily through the intervention of Providence, or the increased compassionateness on the part of death, excited by the unusual beauty of the child, Ap survived, and thrived and grew to be one of the finest and handsomest of men. It seemed as if the storm of death had blown over before Ap came, for plagues and epidemics act as if subject to the same natural law as fitful gusts of wind or unaccountable rains..

As soon as Ap was born the clouds dispersed, the sky became brilliant, the meadows and the hills of life became dressed in new light and colors, and the sorrowing and almost broken-hearted parents were healed of their sore bereavements by the sweet society of the smiling little Ap. Aunt Shoned used to

remark that the good qualities of the departed little ones had been all treasured in Ap's heart, which seemed to be quite rational, because he was exceptionally handsome and unusually good, industrious and considerate of his parent. When hardly of age, Ap took charge of the farm management, and the parents experienced satisfactory relief in anticipating their closing days being watched over by their dutiful son, their graves adorned by the flowers of his love and the tears of his sorrow. But the future is an unexplored and inexorable country.

Love breeds rivalry and hate, and so our tale develops into considerable unpleasantness. Across the valley from Lower Wood Farm was the home of our hero's ladylove, whose beautiful name was Gwenllian, which signifies the "White Nun." Gwenllian, or abbreviated, Gwen, was a "joy forever" to Ap; and often it might be noticed how they signaled to each other across the valley when they desired each other's society, and as a result of this private signaling, they were oft seen walking along the river bank whispering words of love in each other's ears. The only time their youthful love sorrowed and fretted was during a season of heavy rain when the flooded stream would prevent their meeting. Love breeds rivalry, aye, and plots and schemes of wicked intents which wet the eyes of love and create glee in the heart of envy. The plotter and

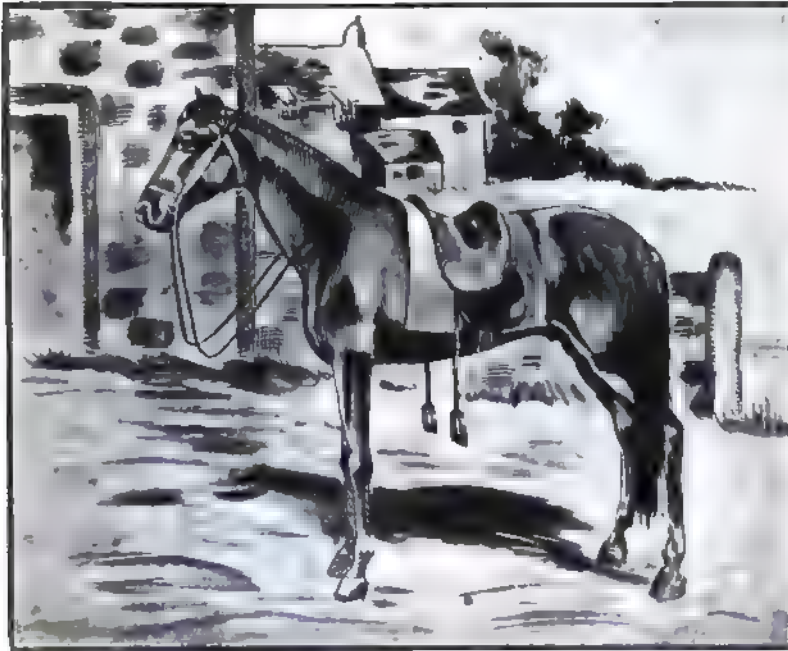
schemer in this case was the owner of the Upper Wood Farm, a young man of 30 winters, who had cast a sinister eye for some time on their wooing. He had made brilliant offers to Gwen; he had bowed low before her; had laid his wealth at her feet; had spread before her eyes all manner of fairy promises and made the most fascinating protestations of love; but to no purpose. Ap's love outweighed everything; his word was stronger than anything the serpentine rival could devise. Every failure embittered him; every victory of Ap over his persistent plotting enraged him until a spirit of recklessness possessed him and he began to feel his hatred uncontrollable. Her parents, dazzled by the schemer's prospects, favored his constant wooing, also used every moral means, and even threats to bring about her surrender. The schemer covered all his malice with courtesy and smiles. Ap's success only served to intensify her parents' opposition, which ended very soon in Gwenny's utter bondage. She was finally confined to the house and Ap was warned not to come nigh. His life became clouded and his future gloomy.

II

At this juncture an old friend of his father, who had returned from America, visited the Lower Wood Farm on his way to Swansea, where he intended to embark for his voyage westward. He rode a horse which he would sell as soon as he

would have reached port. He spent Sunday at the farm, all day entertaining the family with incredible tales of the wonderland across the ocean, which in the last century was little known, and whose history was but fairy tales to the com-

would check and break the spell of imagination which the story-teller had cast over him. Monday morning the visitor prepared to depart, and Ap could not think of leaving him go alone: so he resolved to accompany him awhile over the



The next morning the colt stood at the door, mute and riderless !

mon people. He talked of untrammelled freedom, of interminable forests, of wide rivers and magnificent inland seas! He related stories of adventures among Indians, and hair-breadth escapes from the wily savages. Ap listened to all these with absorbing interest, and it appeared as if the stranger had converted him to lead the life of a Western freeman. It was the thought of his parents alone that

mountain path. He reined and saddled the colt, and was away with the strange American. The morning, afternoon and evening passed, with no sign of Ap's return. The solemn old time-piece tick-tocked in the parlor hour after hour, until twelve o'clock when his father and mother became uncontrollable. The old man aroused up the neighbors to see what could be done. Some went miles over the heath to a vil-

lage in search of the lost youth; several had seen the twain together going westward, but no one had seen their parting or Ap on the return path. Next morning the colt stood at the door, mute and riderless! Day after day, week after week, month after month, passed; and sighs and tears at the old home testified to the prolonged absence of the young man!

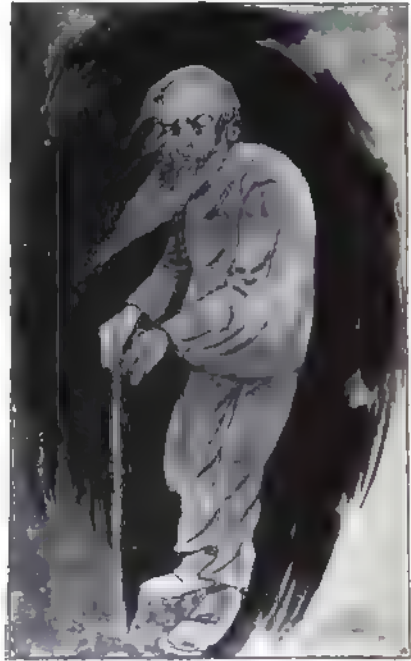
III.

Many sensitive hearts have observed the indifference of nature to the sufferings and sorrows of humanity. Even the morrow of direful catastrophes or a heart-breaking bereavement shines as bright as ever; and the stars of the following night may twinkle as innocently as ever! Days come and go, and events happen as if no joy had disappeared or no heart had been crushed.

Spring, summer, fall and winter came in their natural order; sowing and harvesting; children born and baptized, young people married, and the dead buried. Events followed each other with the usual regularity. Gwenny after a year of tearful opposition to her parents' oppressive measures was married to the man she hated, who within two years died a violent death leaving her widowed with a girl-child. She lived to see her father and mother pass away and to help comfort Ap's parents during their gradual descent down the valley of the shadow of death. She lived to place

flowers and shed tears on their silent graves; and grew gray with sorrowing thought of a lost love and an impenetrable mystery. Every morning dawned and every night darkened like a heart-rending query. The breeze seemed to say "where?" and the river murmured "mystery." Her heart was always asking and everything about her was mockingly silent.

Every one had discussed Ap's mysterious disappearance without



Old Ap.

avail. Many arguments were plied pro and con: all plausible, and yet unsatisfactory. There were difficulties in the way of believing that he had accompanied the stranger, and there were suspicions that he might have been violently removed. There had been far-fetched conjec-

tures and most suspicious whisperings. There was talk of certain burdened hearts and death-bed revelations; but silence reigned and the mystery remained. It seemed to be a case for Doomsday. Although some had prayed for light, no light came. Guilty hearts, if there were any, went silent down to the grave.

The shades of the evening of life were fast falling around the heart of our heroine; her daughter had happily married years ago, and had a joyous and prosperous family which cast a mellowing influence around the end of the martyred grandmother; her life-sun had sunk beyond the hills of old age; resignation had already seen the twinkling of early stars in the darkening heaven; and the joys of life, like little song birds, had long gone to rest. Love of life had faded gradually, until death like an angel had seated herself near her armchair ready to do her bidding. A few moments before she breathed her last, she was heard to whisper, "The waters are subsiding fast, I shall see him soon;" even in her dying moment her heart being occupied with the thoughts of girlhood. Among tears and sighings, an old man of very angelic mien, with long white hair, mysteriously entered the room, and spoke to the sorrowing family: "I had crossed the waters to meet her, but I see she is gone to the other side. I leave you peace, I leave you peace" he repeated as he disappeared. The

same uninvited apparition was seen by members of the family close to them during the burial service, and also during the lowering of the remains in the graveyard; and the following Sunday evening was seen



The Sexton

by the sexton among the graves, after which he went as unaccountably as he came.

This apparition led to considerable argument as to who the old stranger was; for very few were living who knew anything of the disappearance of our hero fifty years since. The sexton was about the only one old enough to recollect the strange departure of Ap and the exciting times that followed. Some argued that he was Ap Shon Shenkyn himself returned home after a prolonged sojournment in America, supporting this view with his own saying that he had "crossed the waters;" while the sexton from his great experience and fa-

miliarity with ghosts and other grave matters, explained that the "waters" referred to the river of death, quoting the old Welsh hymns "Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonau" and

"Ar lan Iorddonen ddofn, &c.," and finishing his plea with the striking remark that his whole demeanor showed him to have spent much time in yonderland.



A RELIC FROM WALES.

(Delivered at Columbus, O., March 1st, '99.)

Rev. J. Vinson Stephens, Radnor, O.

While casting about for a suitable object to discuss on St. David's day Ruth rushed into the study with a curious matchbox which I brought from the old country, crying, as she held it in her hand, "What is this, papa?" "It is a relic from Wales," said I. But it occurred to me that since a matchbox is a reservoir of light and heat, I might use it to light our Patron Saint's shrine, and to kindle a fire upon his altar. What is peculiar about this box is that its contents will not strike save on it. One may rub them gently or roughly on any other kind of material but they will not light, yet they will ignite most readily on their own box. When they were first introduced I saw a person in a railroad car attempting to light them, but after repeated fruitless efforts to do so, one by one the matches were discarded. "Dogone these danged confounded matches; every one of the blamed things are damp, never saw the like of it before," disgustedly muttered

the disappointed man. "No, sir," said a fellow-passenger, "those matches are neither damp, damned, nor confounded; they are of the best kind of matches; they simply refuse to burn because they are charged not to do so on any consideration except when used on their own box." We cannot fail thinking as we look upon this little box' limited capacity of service that there is an element of selfishness about it, and of all mean men there is not a more detestable character than the one who prays morning, noon, and night:

"O, Lord! bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife.
We four and no more. Amen."

One good feature about these matches is that they reserve their usefulness for home service. And would it not be an estimable blessing to many of us if we would, instead of frittering our light and heat in places of public amusements, reserve it for the enhancement of our joy and happiness at our own homes.

The neglect of home is the saddest feature of life. A husband and a father has no right to squander his money nor to waste his time in clubs and opera houses at the expense of the comforts of his neglected family. There is something radically wrong when a man seeks his pleasures and joys outside his home circle, and yet there are many—far too many—who as soon as the evening meal is over hasten to the club room to play billiards or to the bar room to indulge in their social glass, or if not mean enough to do either of those crimes, go to the Y. M. C. A. Building to play checkers and crockle. It is not to be wondered that the breakfast of these men often consists of hot tongue and cold shoulder. We have a very large proportion of these undesirable individuals also in the country. Men who loaf all the year round in the postoffice or the blacksmith shop. They are the wiseacres of our great Republic. Congress and Senate are governed by them. Even General Eagan the other day had to borrow not a few of his vituperatives and invectives from their choice adjectives, and who, by the way, like them, will be for the next six years without a job. But one of them had a very remarkable experience lately. On a very hot day in August he went to the thick of the woods in search of a soothing shade; while enjoying it a severe storm suddenly broke upon him, and to avoid its torrents he forced himself through a crevice into the trunk of a hollow

tree. The happy thought of turning the old tree's hollowness into such manifest convenience gave even unto his sour disposition such a fleeting pleasure that he became oblivious of the fierceness of the raging elements. It was now dark and the storm still reigned with unabated strength. He was obliged to stay all night in his primeval house. By morning the storm was over and the sky again as calm as a June morning. He thought he would go home to report himself to his family, but, principally to get his breakfast. But, alas! the rain had so swollen the tree that the opening, through which he had, on the previous night, forced himself with considerable difficulty, had become too small to afford an exit. However hard he would try, and whatever tactics he would adopt, there was no possible way to get out. Fear seized and shook him until he quaked like an aspen leaf in his horrible oaken casket, nevertheless he couldn't get out. Then the appalling fact that he would be starved to death turned his thoughts to religious matters, but he couldn't get out. He prayed earnestly and more fervently still but he couldn't get out. Then he began to think of his neglected home, how he had spent his days and long evenings loafing in stores and shops until a deep sense of his meanness towards his injured family made him feel so small that he came out with plenty of elbow room. Like these matches let us reserve our useful-

ness for home service, let no place of amusement be illuminated by the light that should shine in our own shrines.

These matches have framed a ring to the intent never to act in any pilfering hand, and that is a perfectly square ring. They emphatically decline to be used by everybody under all circumstances; they have an iron-clad law from which they never swerve neither to light nor to heat the world except through the central source. And if there is any guiding principle which our people need adopt in order to enhance our usefulness it is that of concentration of power. Too long have we tolerated our influence to be frittered away purposelessly. Too long have we allowed ourselves to be used by other nationalities to drag their burdens in pain and sweat. Bosses of every shade of politics have taken advantage of our good nature and of our inborn belief that we were good for nothing but to interpret the choruses of the great masters and to write poetry. But, lately, we have awakened to the fact that very few things in this world of stern realities can be

bought for a song. If we would advance as a people, we must be united, and concentrate our national power. In this age of machinery nothing can be accomplished without an organization, and we must be organized as a nation, and if we cannot play the part of the fly-wheel in the great machinery, let us content ourselves to be a burr on it, which though small is an indispensable part of the great whole. Let us help each other to get over the hill to the Hall. Be it the first article in the Celtic creed "I believe that any good Celt occupying a high position cannot fail to elevate his clan," and vote accordingly. There are many little niches in our governmental buildings, ranging from penitentiary chaplaincy to mayoralty which our countrymen would fill with grace and dignity, and the way to reach them is for every one to push the man in front of him. Persistent pushing will prevail. Fellow countrymen, let us on our Patron Saint's day resolve to preserve our Celtic personality by the concentration of our individual forces on the altar of Cambro-American patriotism.



Hail to thee, my Land beloved!
 Hail again, my bonnie Wales!
 Hail thy bryniau and thy mountains,
 Hail thy daisy covered dales!
 Though the billows swell between us
 Yet my love continues strong,
 In my heart thy name is treasured
 Like an everlasting song!

OUR PATRON SAINT.

By David Davis.

From among the popular traditions and the sacred myths which almost cover the real lives of Patron Saints, we may discover some facts which seem to reveal the ruling instincts of the peoples who have chosen them as their national representatives. However numerous and fabulous these stories of the saints may be, each sumtotal points out one or two facts which show unmistakably the prevailing or the ruling national tendency. If the nation be military, the saint will be a soldier, more or less; if the nation be intensely religious, the saint will be purely a pious, peaceful character. It is not to be expected that a people of expansive instincts, a belligerent nation would choose for a patron, a quiet, pious, peaceful teacher using moral suasion only. This is especially the case with England, and with Scotland to a less degree; but as regards Ireland and Wales, we find it otherwise. An expansive people like the English and the controlling element in the British Empire, must need possess the soldier quality which opposition to its career must call for. This represents the governing and the executive power which the pure Celt seem not to have. The patron saints of Ireland and Wales are both

without the least sign of violence or military ardor in their nature. They are purely spiritual with moral aims and using moral means only.

St. George the English patron saint, is the most military of the four. The Scotch St. Andrew comes next; while St. Patrick and St. David are both very much alike in temper and disposition. The Welsh have never thought of claiming St. George and St. Andrew as having Welsh blood, but they seem to have been drawn toward the Irish saint instinctively by reason of his striking resemblance to their own ideal saint; and, therefore, love to think and believe him to have been born, bred and educated in Wales. They both had the same principles and methods. They both lack the military instinct. The English and Scotch saints are soldiers and both have taken part in the military achievements of the people they represent.

During the time of the Crusaders, enthusiasm for the soldier-saint George, was excited to a high degree, and his popularity became general among the Christian nations of Europe. England, Portugal Aragon and others assumed him as their patron. Frederick of Austria instituted an order of knighthood

on St. George's day, and other nations also honored him. But very soon St. George became pre-eminently English and has remained English. At the siege of Calais, Edward III drew his sword, with the exclamation: "Ha, St. Edward! Ha! St. George!" and inspired with the example and words of their King, the English fell on the French and routed them sorely. Later, St. George's day was observed the same as Christmas; and the saint was received as the spiritual patron of the English soldiery. It is interesting to observe how the pious Edward was ignored to make room for this militant St. George, because he more fully satisfies the religio-military character of the English people.

St. Andrew, the patron saint of the Scotch, is also possessed of the military element. Tradition informs us that at a critical juncture he rendered valuable military assistance to a Scotch army under King Achaius. Although the story is legendary it serves to show that the Scotch instinct is largely English. St. Andrew being more military than religious, and the soldier-saint was adopted on account of his supposed fighting qualities. The thistle also became the national emblem by reason of its relation to an episode of war. According to a common tradition, the Danes, or some northern invaders, came upon the Scotch, rather unexpectedly in the night, and one of the enemy's spies, while approaching the Scot-

tish camp accidentally trod on a thistle and uttered a loud imprecation which aroused the Scots who at once attacked the enemy and gained a victory. Others, disposed to provoke our hyperborean neighbors, have discovered another element in St. Andrew's character which is eminently Scottish, viz, his eye to business; because, as is said in John 6:8, it was Andrew that found the boy with the loaves and fishes. The Scotchman resembles the pious man which Sir Walter Scot likens to a duck which never turns an eye to heaven but it turns the other towards earth.

Now in Sts. Patrick and David we behold the pure Christian elements without the slightest admixture of the worldly-military. They are creations of the pure Celtic heart. Even in their genealogy we find this. Patrick was the son of Calpurnius, a deacon, who was the son of Politus, a priest; and his mother was a sister of St. Martin. David is still better off. He was the son of a nun and descended from a sister of Mary, the mother of Jesus. These stories show how fondly the Celtic mind loves the spiritual and ideal in life. Patrick and David utterly lack the soldier characteristics we find so prominent in the patron saints of England and Scotland. While we see St. George and St. Andrew adopted expressly on account of their fighting qualities, we find the patron saints of Ireland and Wales beloved by reason of their Christianizing acts.

These did not fight in coats-of-mail, with sword and battle axe, but simply and confidently with the word of God. The sum of Patrick's labors is 365 churches built and 12,000 converts baptized; and Wales also honors a saint who traveled about building churches and schools, his entire life given to benevolence and charity. He begged of the well-to-do to give to the poor. They both took up arms against the kingdoms and principalities of evil. Patrick adopted the shamrock because it represents the mystery of the Trinity and the Welsh saint the leek because it symbolizes life perennial.

There are two legends in the life of St. David which are peculiarly Welsh and which never fail to touch and interest the Kymric heart—the story of the golden-beaked dove teaching the young student, David, hymns, and the story of his preaching so successfully and so gloriously at the great Cymanfa at Llanddewi Brevi. He shows his beautiful modesty, which our modern preachers may emulate, by his diffidence in such an august presence, at first declining to preach but finally acquiescing and performing his task with such triumphant eloquence that the ground whereon he was pulpit rose under him into a good-sized hill! He preached of the Gospel of Christ, which is the only kind of preaching that interests the Welsh. It is the strangest thing in the world that St. David's text on that memorable occasion

has not been preserved; because it is hard among the Welsh to hear talk of a wonderful sermon without having the text recited. The only part of a sermon which is reported verbatim by members of a Welsh audience is the "text." There is nothing a typical Welshman enjoys more heartily than a good hymn and an inspiring sermon.

How characteristic of St. David was his journey to Jerusalem, "i lygad of ffynon," as we may say, for his authority and ordination as Archbishop of Wales; and, also, how simple and suggestive the four gifts he brought with him, all symbolic of his piety—an altar, a bell, a staff and a mantle; emblems of God's sacrifice, the call of the Gospel and the missionary outfit. The Welsh of to-day do not get either their religion or their politics from Rome and Lambeth but pass by and go straight to the Old Book. David's religion was patriotic. His motto was, "Wales for Christ," (Cymru fo am byth!).

We are loth to close these remarks without dwelling more widely on the Welsh national emblem, the leek. Could we think of a less pretentious herb or vegetable than a leek? Its only characteristic, as far as external appearance goes, is its greenness—it never seems to fade. Who has ever seen a withered leek? Midwinter it is green; exposed for sale or boiled in a crochan, it keeps its never-fading green. It is the emblem of invariableness like the true Welshman's

love of country and language. The English rose is wearable for show; the Scotch thistle is tetchy and untouchable with impunity (*nemo me impune lacessit*); but the leek is wearable, eatable and irascible and dangerous when cornered. "I don't want to fight, but by Jingo if I do!" expresses the temperament of the Welsh leek to perfection. The Welshman eats his leek boiled, but he who insults the national emblem has to chew it raw, for as *Fluellen* says in the play, "If a man can mock a leek he can eat a leek, and that out of doubt questions too and ambiguities." To eat one's words is a mild dose compared with eating a mocked leek. There is nothing also so sensitive as a Welshman's leek, unless it be the Irishman's coat-tail.

Some out of pure envy and mischief have endeavored to deprive the Welsh leek of the honor of its great antiquity, advancing the unsupported conjectures that it was

within recent ages imported from France and Switzerland. There is a beardless tradition that the Welsh under Edward the Black Prince, routed the French in a field of leeks, and that they thenceforth adopted it as their national emblem; but there is evidence ample that the leek is as old as Egypt, and it is historical that the Romans used it. If they had brought it with them into Britain, it is probable that the Welsh would have adopted its Latin name as well. The Welsh "*ceninen*" is prehistoric, and it is truly original and Celtic. Among the Romans it was supposed to have excellent qualities to improve the voice; and Nero the Emperor, who aspired to fame as a vocalist, made much of the leek and was nicknamed "*porrophagus*" (leek-eater). Can it be that we are, as a nation, indebted to the leek for our vocal excellencies; and are our Ben Davises and our *L'fangcons* blooms on the national leek?



IDEALS.

By T. Chalmers Davis, Idlewood, Pa.

Events, so far only as men are related to them, are the exponents of their thoughts and desires—ideals determine men's lives and shape the history of nations. As the universe expresses the thought of the Creator, so the history of a people expresses their thoughts, so far as human purpose and effort determine history.

History is full of illustrations; so is the commonest everyday life of men that never gets itself written. Business, art, poetry, science, literature, religion—most of all illustrate the thought and enforce the principle that lies at the heart of the doctrine of ideals.

No man ever rises above his ideal to stay, nay, no best man ever reaches his ideal. In the nature of things he cannot; for there is no ideal that is not beyond the possibility of present achievement, unless it be a very low one, always tending downward. What is achieved is ideal no more. If the ideal does not outrun achievement there is nothing to live for. If anything worthy is attempted and accomplished, if there be true life, and therefore healthful growth, the ideal will be forever reforming itself; it will grow larger, truer, diviner, and the mount of vision to-day only reveals a greater height, nearer the stars for to-morrow's ascent.

This much is not in the least speculative; this much is clear beyond the need of argument. A man's real ideal determines the lines of his activities. Many fancies and vague dreams there may be that do not enter volition, endeavor or achievement; but what a man really makes his ideal, that which he truly and persistently wishes to be, that above all things he tries to be, to that he bends all else. He may, indeed, dream and talk sentimentally of other things, but if we would certainly know what is uppermost in a man's thought of life; if we would be sure of his ruling love; if we would know beyond doubt what he wishes to be and it is of uppermost thoughts, ruling loves, and fixed longings that the imagination creates its ideal, there is an easy way to find out what we wish to know. When you wish to know what a man's ideal of life is, do not ask, "What does the man say?"

His words may mislead you as his posings deceive him. Inquire only, "What does this man really try to do?" When we find out what a man, who can choose his own lines of life, steadily tries to do, we have found out what he really wishes to be; we know what his ideal is.

If he is striving with all his might to win what men call fame, then

fame is his ideal and praise success. If he bends all his energies and consecrates all his powers to the accumulation of money, then no matter how fine are his words in mere talk about the true end of life we know what selfish worship he bestows upon the shrine of mammon.

Everywhere the statement holds good; a man strives hardest for what he most desires and his ideal is involved in its realization. This is true whether the ideal be noble or

ignoble, divine or devilish. It would be a great mistake to suppose that all ideals lift up; they as certainly drag down. The false ideal pursued not only degrades, it also destroys. Then

“Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll !

Leave thy low-vaulted past !

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

‘Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by Life’s
unresting sea.”



MUSICAL NOTES.

By W. Apmadoc, Chicago.

If the editor of the “Cambrian” insists upon “prefixing” the above name with the universally abused and much mocked “Prof.” or “Professor,” I shall speedily secure an awful injunction against the very existence of the magazine. Seriously, it has become a meaningless title, and one that seems to jeopardize life and usefulness. I have yet to meet with a single conscientious musician who is willing to have such a handle (crank) to his name. In most cases, it is believed that “our friends” are those who do the mischief. Let us repeat in such a case a philosopher’s prayer—“Good Lord, deliver us from our friends.”

For the first time in the history

of the world, a chief of police—Joseph Kipley, of Chicago—put a ban on music lately. He has threatened to revoke the license of any place wherein melody and liquor are dispensed. It is reported that in the Harrison district, this mandate is strictly obeyed. Chief Kipley recognizes the fact that these saloonists are “wise in their generations,” and that they are using music, vocal and orchestral to lure the passers by in to hear “the latest popular airs of the day.” Many were at a loss to account for the “suddenly assumed puritanical attitude” of Chief Kipley.

Richard Wagner said more than once that music critics ought to be abolished because they do more

harm than good to the cause of art. There is much truth in the remark of the great music-dramatist, but it is not "all truth." It would be well for the cause of art, if many, who write up concerts and oratorios, could confine themselves to mere reports, and not attempt any criticisms.

Professor H. W. Parker, of Yale's chair of music ("Professor" comes in very properly here), lately condemned the Episcopal Hymnal in severe terms before an audience of clergymen and laymen in Boston, though he had a hand in compiling the same. He ridiculed it in epigram, and "peppered even the tunes he himself had written." He said in part: "Our hymnal to-day is a painful exhibition of vulgarity, tempered by incompetency. One of the tunes I just played is by a doctor of music. I hope his practice is small." We would like to have Professor Parker's criticism upon many "chorali" in our many Welsh hymnals.

We condemn drunkenness root and branch, but we cannot but laugh at the pranks of a drunkard, sometimes. One of them made a

vocal exhibition of himself in this city lately, when he heard of our fighting boys at Manila. In trying to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," he got "mixed" thus:

O, the bar tangled spanner,,
O, the spar bangled tanner,
O, the tar strangled barber,
Long may it wave.

Dr. Doyle, of Santa Cruz, Cal., in his exquisite sonnet to Beethoven peeps rightly into the poet-heart of the "mighty singer," when he apostrophizes music thus:

O, mighty singer! Giant voice of God,
Tuned to the thunder and the rushing
wind!

Thou'st heard the smit hills chide; thy
Titian mind

Compelled the secrets of the ocean broad;
Thou'st felt the earthquake when Jehovah
trod.

And told all this in music. Naught
could bind

Thy wondrous powers—not deafness
even—nor bind

Thy spiritual insight. Mountains nod
When thou commandest, and we seem to
hear

The trump of doom and Abdiel's warning
voice,

The clash of legions and the deep'ning
roar

Of falling avalanche and storm-lashed
mere,

The shout of wind-swept glens when they
rejoice,

And thunder of the surf upon the shore!



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

 By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

This vexed the bishop not a little, as he was anxious to push forward if possible as far as Rhuddlan before meeting any opposition. To make matters worse it was also reported by one of the scouts the night after the halt was made that several beacons had been lighted on the hills to the north, which proved beyond a doubt that the presence of the invading army would soon be if it was not already known to Gryffydd. Even the wily Idrys had failed to think of this mode of communication. And now that the plan of surprising the Welsh king had to be abandoned, he as well as Leofgar, realized that preparations must be made for a vigorous fight. Knowing that sudden as the summons was the Welsh forces would soon rally to the defense of their king. Accordingly the march was continued the next day under many difficulties to a slope a few miles farther north, where Leofgar decided to wait for the enemy. The bishop had already lost much of the enthusiasm and hopefulness with which he had started from Hereford. Being rather corpulent the excessive heat made him extremely uncomfortable, and seeing the ex-

hausted state of even his best forces, he was in anything but an amiable mood. Nor was the news brought him by courier sent by Einion ap Howel calculated to improve his temper.

"Einion ap Howel sends greeting to the bishop of Hereford," said the courier, addressing Leofgar, "and regrets to inform him that the advance of the English army is known at Rhuddlan castle yet by no lack of vigilance on his part. The beacons on the hill-tops betrayed the secret which tongues would fain have told. That which bespoke the presence of danger also summoned together the king's defenders. Gryffydd already counts his men by thousands, and will soon come against you from the north, while Trahaiarn who has hastened to the south will lead the men of Powys and of Deheubarth against you from that direction, and if possible cut off your retreat."

"Sancta Maria! hearest thou that, man?" ejaculated the bishop, casting a hasty glance in the direction of Idrys. "Insufferable heat, the army exhausted, the enemy coming against us from the north, and seeking to cut off our retreat in the

south! Surely we are in a great strait, and I know not what to do."

"Hear what the courier might have further to say, holy father, and prepare for battle," said Idrys.

"My message to the bishop of Hereford is ended; for Einion ap Howel presumes not to add advice to the information which may quicken the invention of superior wisdom" said the courier with more meaning to his words than at first appeared. Then he immediately left Leofgar's presence followed a short distance by Idrys.

"Hast thou a word from thy master to me?" asked the latter.

"He thinks the lion unwise to ally himself with the hound," was the significant reply.

"May not the hound help the lion to his prey?"

"More likely to his death! A suit of armor cannot change even a bishop into a tried warrior. If Gryffydd found Harold unwilling to meet him in battle need fear Leofgar? Einion would not advise the bishop; but his friend Idrys he counsels to seek revenge in some other way."

"Tell Einion that Leofgar's defeat shall be my triumph and Gryffydd's fall; and that I may need his help in the heat of battle. Farewell."

On his return to the bishop's tent Idrys found Leofgar in consultation with the southern division of Hereford, and a number of other chiefs. They all greatly disliked to give up the campaign; yet under the

circumstances it was decided, contrary to Idrys' wishes, to retreat at once to avoid the trap that Gryffydd had set for them. The bishop was still perspiring quite freely, and while issuing orders for the march he frequently passed his forefinger over his forehead to prevent the perspiration from streaming into his eyes. He soon managed, however, to set the army in motion once more, this time in the direction of Shrewsbury to avoid coming in contact with the southern division of Gryffydd's army. Though by no means in a fighting condition, the men had derived some benefit from the halt, and owing either to a desire to increase the distance between them and the Welsh forces, or to the abatement of the heat consequent upon the setting of the sun they made good progress at first. When night came on, however, they proceeded with greater difficulty, and the number of laggards increased so fast that Leofgar was forced to make another halt about midnight. But it was of short duration, for the bishop in spite of the demoralized condition of his forces was induced to resume the march shortly before daylight the next morning by a report that the Welsh king was following close on his track at the head of an army of strong men who were so lightly clad that rapid marching seemed to effect them but little. However Leofgar might have felt under more favorable circumstances he certainly now regretted his military under-

taking. And well he might, for his prospects were anything but flattering. A more experienced general would have seen that an army in the condition his was in could not out-march men who not only felt but little fatigue, but who were inspired with the hope of victory, and that his action in forcing his men forward was suicidal, as it left them no strength to cope with the enemy.

Meanwhile Gryffydd hastened on from the west and Trahaiarn from the southwest, each eager to overtake the retreating army. As yet the prince had found no trace of the enemy, but pressed forward with the hope of intercepting them. The king, however, knew from the constantly increasing number of stragglers that fell into his hands that he was on the right track. Not far from Shrewsbury the head of the Welsh column encountered Elnoth the sheriff with a force of a thousand men, evidently left with the view of harassing the king's progress. In the brief engagement that ensued, however, the majority of the men including the sheriff and other officers of note, were mercilessly cut down, and the rest made prisoners, while Gryffydd suffered scarcely any loss. Advancing a few miles farther the king espied the English army on the western slope of the Wrekin. Leofgar had hastily massed his troops, the archers occupying the front, the men-at-arms on foot in the rear, and bowmen intermingled with men-at-arms on the

wings. As the Welsh forces came in sight each of the English archers fixed a stake, sharpened at both ends, in the ground in front of him, with the point inclined toward the enemy, thus forming a movable palisade.

How the bishop wished at that moment that his men were in as good fighting condition as the enemy! How anxiously he watched Gryffydd disposing his troops for the attack. In the midst of chanting ecclesiastics he thought more of earth than of heaven. With thousands at his command he expected nothing but defeat unless God should confound the enemy, for half his men were so fagged and weak that they could with difficulty stand in their places. Idrys, who stood not far from him, also watched the various divisions forming into separate lines of battle, and had he not been absorbed in thoughts of revenge he might have noticed clouds of dust rising some distance to the left. Others saw them, and rightly inferred that Trahaiarn was approaching, greatly to their dismay. Then shortly after the terrible Welsh yell announced to the king that the prince was at hand and the king's troops greatly delighted immediately responded though the newcomers were as yet unseen by them, being hidden by a strip of wood that lay between them.

Although by this time ready for the attack Gryffydd thought best to wait till Trahaiarn was ready for battle before giving the order to

charge. Standing in front of his men, with the red lion of north Wales on the left, and the traditional red dragon on the right of him, he watched the men of Deheubarth and Powys pouring to the front, each chieftain arraying his command according to his own notion, but the prince, as the king's lieutenant, having oversight of the whole. As the Welsh forces were as yet beyond arrowshot from the English the latter could do nothing but bide their time to act. Nor did they have to wait long, for no sooner were the prince's men in battle array than the whole Welsh army rushed forward like a mighty torrent, at the king's command, rending the air with a shout that struck terror to the hearts of the English, who, sending a flight of arrows among their assailants, responded with fainter shouts of "Out! Out! Holy Cross!" As the enemy came nearer the bishop's men hurled their javelins at them, but in vain. Up the hill the fierce Welshmen charged, spearmen in front and archers and others bringing up the rear. Before this terrible rush the right wing of the English army broke and fled, and the left wing after a brief and ineffectual resistance fell into the greatest confusion. The center, which was composed of Leofgar's best troops and Idrys' followers, held out heroically, until the Welsh, following up their advantage, made a determined assault on the weakened flanks as well as the front. The English then gave way, finding it

impossible to maintain their ground, and a terrible slaughter ensued.

In the midst of the fray Gryffydd, clad in his scant attire, did terrible execution with his sword. Charmed as it were against arrow and spear, he made a path for himself and followers through walls of steel, and with flaming eye and distended nostrils he presently found himself face to face with Leofgar and a number of his priests.

"Base priest!" said he, "thine hour has come. Thou hast prayed enough for others; now pray for thyself."

"It is thou murderous caitiff, that needs prayers," was the angry reply "for I have consigned thy soul to unquenchable fire and thy body to the ravens."

"Amen," cried the priests making a rush upon the king, some with swords and others with spears. But the king's courage and skill, aided by his guard, were equal to the occasion. Striking down the foremost ecclesiastics he left the others to the fury of his followers while he confined his attention to the bishop. The latter aimed several ineffectual blows at him with a huge Danish axe, while he with the agility of a cat made several attempts to pierce through Leofgar's armor. But he succeeded in doing so only after his antagonist's axe had grazed his left shoulder. Then glancing deprecatingly at his blood-stained shoulder he leaped over the expiring bishop to the aid of Trahaiarn, who with a body of veterans was opposing Idrys and his mailed Knights.

At sight of the king Idrys redoubled his strokes, and in forcing his way toward the chief object of hatred he wounded Trahaiarn severely under the arm. Then as the prince fell he ground his teeth with rage and opposed himself to the king, who finding a long-looked-for opportunity to avenge the attempts made upon his life fell upon his malignant foe with all the fury of undying hate. For a moment all in the vicinity of the two leading combatants left off fighting and became interested spectators of a most fierce duel. But Idrys' followers realizing that their leader's strength was fast giving out put an end to the truce by attempting to come to his aid. The king's guard, however, gave them enough to do to defend themselves, while the king himself after receiving one or two slight wounds thrust his sword into Idrys' side causing him to reel and fall like a drunken man. Then amidst the shouts of his men Gryffydd with a triumphant laugh tramped on his fallen foe.

The battle was now soon brought to an end, and the victors applied themselves to the care of the wounded. Among others Einion ap Howel slowly traversed the battle field, more from a desire to find out what had become of Idrys than anything else. One of Idrys' men who had been taken prisoner had told him that he had fallen, and he wished to satisfy himself whether he was slain or not. After considerable searching he found him still breathing, though very faintly, and gave him some wine from a small flask

which he carried. This had the desired effect, and Idrys presently revived to find that his wound was less serious than had been suspected, the king's sword having touched no vital spot.

"I shall yet live to encompass the usurper's death," said he faintly. "I thank God that my faithful sword has put an end to that base upstart, Trahaiarn. Now that he is out of the way one great obstacle to the accomplishment of my purpose is gone."

"I fear that your sword did but poor work," said Einion, "for the prince was alive but a moment ago, and the royal surgeon regards not his wound as fatal."

While speaking Einion was too busy at dressing Idrys' wound to notice a small band of soldiers returning from pursuing the enemy and descending the hill in his direction, and before he could hardly realize what had taken place he found himself and Idrys completely surrounded. To make matters worse also he discovered to his dismay that the leader of the band was Cadivor ap Collwyn, the chieftain with whom he had quarreled not long before.

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CHAPTER XVI.

Baffled.

King Gryffydd, beaming with the smiles of triumph, sat in his tent in the midst of a number of his chiefs, while the royal drinks went round. His left hand rested on his knee, and his right hand held his bejeweled drinking horn, which he

raised to his lips only after replying to a facetious remark made by one of the chiefs.

"Methinks it was an Irish lord," said he, "who when dying, was pressed by a priest to forgive his

a loyal friend, though not so helpful," the king laughingly replied.

"I doubt not that Trahaiarn, did his wound permit him to be here, would express the same opinion. It is no little satisfaction to know that the



Prince Trahaiarn and his men

enemies that he might receive absolution, replied, 'Holy father, I have none to forgive; they are all dead.' "

"My royal father evidently purposes to emulate the Irish lord," said Prince Meredith, amid an outburst of laughter.

"A dead enemy is as harmless as

base hound that has thirsted for my blood, will dog my steps no more. Heaven and earth what have we here?"

All eyes were now fixed on the entrance, where Cadivor ap Collwyn had just arrived with his prisoners well guarded. Conscious of the importance of his capture, and half

amused at the king's bewildered look, the chief hastened to say:

"The royal Gryffydd has not forgotten the quarrel I had with Einion ap Howel or its cause. My lord king will pardon me if I say that I was somewhat put out by his refusal to believe in the guilt of a man, of whose complicity in the crime of that treacherous knight who tried to force his way into the king's presence over the dead bodies of his guards I had not the least doubt. To-day, aye, within half an hour, I have had a renewed proof of his guilt. As I was returning with these my brave men, from pursuing the enemy, I suddenly came upon this caitiff nursing back to life the traitor who has more than once sought to rid Wales of her best defender and friend. And now I have brought both traitors before the king to await his pleasure."

Not a trace of the triumph that had so recently marked the king's manner and look was now to be seen. The thunder clouds of wrath rested on his face instead, and the lightning of revenge flashed in his glowering eyes. For a moment there was an ominous silence, during which Einion with his look bent on the ground, while the wounded Idrys lay on a stretcher with his tigerlike eyes fixed on Gryffydd's face.

"Heaven forgive me for not doing surer work on that prowling villain, and for refusing so long to believe in thy guilt, thou base dissembler," at last cried the irate

king. "The curses of the bleeding Cambria be on you both, and may the hounds of hell give your treacherous souls no rest. I will be guilty of no more bungling. The sun that now sinks in the west your eyes shall see no more, for before it appears again in the east I will make an example of you both to the terror of all traitors."

"Does the generous Gryffydd condemn a man to death without giving him an opportunity to vindicate himself?" said Einion, now looking the king full in the face.

"And dost thou, vile hypocrite, dare to insinuate that thou hast aught to vindicate?" was the cutting reply. "Do we need any proof but darkness to show that it is night? Vindication indeed! Let the devil prove that he is a saint!"

"I can prove that I am guilty of no treachery in this matter," persisted Einion. "If this wounded man be Idrys I swear that I knew it not until this preying buzzard pounced upon us. Methought I was befriending one of Prince Trahaiarn's men since their armor is so much alike. And here I am condemned to die a traitor's death as though I were guilty of high treason. The royal Gryffydd were more like himself were he more mindful of my loyalty in the past, and less prone to jump at evil conclusions."

"Thou surely didst look like a guiltless person when we came upon thee," sneeringly remarked Cadivor.

Up to this time Idrys' face had

been hidden from the view of those around the king by the obtruding presence of some of Cadivor's men. But now they were allowed a full view of him, and several of them exclaimed

"By my faith, there lies Caradoc ap Gryffydd, lord of Portascyth!"

"He the son of Gryffydd ap Rhydderch?" inquired the king, pointing to Idrys.

"Ay," said that individual, glowering at the king, "I am Caradoc, the son of that noble father whose rivalry to the throne of Deheubarth thy craven heart could not brook, and whose blood was shed by thy murderous hand. If I have failed to avenge his death and am myself to fall a prey to thy inordinate thirst for blood it is that heaven's sword may fall upon thy head with double force. I crave of thee no boon; to invoke the curses of ten thousand generations is more fitting. What thou art bent upon doing do quickly, for death is to be preferred to thy hateful and unholy presence."

"Thou shalt have thy desert soon enough, by heaven," cried the king, "far too soon for thy good. Nor shall I be more guilty of thy blood than of thy father's. I met thy father fairly on the field of battle, and his fate was only what he wished mine to be. Thou, base craven that thou art, durst not meet me like thy father in open combat, but hast for these two years played

the traitor. Therefore thou and thy chief accomplice shall have a traitor's death. Where is the captain of my guard? Caswallon, remove these pests from hence, and as thou valuest thine own life see that they be not missing at early dawn, for then they must pay the penalty for their crimes."

The command was no sooner given than Einion ap Howel and Caradoc ap Gryffydd, or Idrys, as he has hitherto been known, were hastened away from the king's presence and placed under strict surveillance in separate tents. Before the two were separated, however, Einion snatched an opportunity to suggest to Caradoc in a whisper that it might be conducive to his interest to feign a degree of weakness that threatened to cheat the gallows.

The two culprits were not without the secret sympathy of several of the chiefs now in the royal tent, and while the king duly acknowledged his debt of gratitude to Cadivor for his valuable services, these chiefs secretly resolved that neither Einion nor Caradoc should be put to death if their escape could be insured by any assistance in their power. Yet they said nothing to each other indicative of their feelings or intentions. Nor did they show undue haste in leaving the king's presence, as it was near midnight when they sought their own quarters.

(To be continued.)



FIELD OF LETTERS

These are some of the contents of the "Trysorfa y Plant" for February: Miss Williams, the Missionary; Power of an Old Hymn; William II, German Emperor (with portrait); Peter and Paul; The Year of 1899; A Salvation That is Nigh; A History of Jesus Christ for the Young; New Books, Poems, Questions, Puzzles, &c. &c.

All the periodicals in Wales at present devote more or less space to the question of Ritualism. The following is the "Trysorfa's" lesson to children on the question of confession: Priest: Will you not come and confess your sins? Boy: Who to? Priest: To the priest. Boy: To whom does he confess? Priest: O, to the Bishop. Boy: And to whom does the Bishop confess his sins? Priest: To the Archbishop. Boy: To whom does the Archbishop confess? Priest: To God. Boy: Well, I spare myself all that trouble, I go right to God.

"Cymru'r Plant" has some interesting literature and some good pictures for the young ones in the February number. Among other pieces are "Life on Sea;" "Those Two Boys;" "The Children of Penuwch;" "The Bridge of Cenarth;" "The Battle of Marathon;" "The Happy Land, (music);" "The Dwarfs of Loc Gwel-tas," with several illustrations of places, ruins, localities, &c., in Wales. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Dr. Emrys Jones.

There are many churches in Wales, formerly strong, which are now in a

dying condition. We could point out some in Cardiganshire which have withered under the crushing hands of oppression. I received a communication recently from that country stating that 16 farms, which were cultivated 30 years ago, by Congregationalists, and 9 held by Methodists, are now in the possession of members of the Church of England, which shows that the Congregationalists and the Methodists are being gradually weeded out.—
"Cwrs y Byd."

The "Dysgedydd" among other interesting subjects, dwells on the question of "Ritualism and Popery;" "The welfare and the progress of a people depend on its right views of religion. Morality is the outgrowth of its conception of the practical reality of religion. A nation that lacks practical religion lacks morality. Ritualism replaces true godliness, and the increase of externalism in religion destroys its spirituality. The divine is shut out by the material mediation and obtrusion of human inventions. The tendency of Ritualism and Popery is constantly toward paganism, makes God inaccessible, men mediators and ecclesiastical millinery and rituals means of grace. It is a system that considers human reason a superfluity and paralyzes every faculty."

The "Ceninen" for February contains a number of excellent articles on subjects of great interest to Welsh readers. Among others Social Life in Welsh Towns and Cities in the light of Greek Thought; The Vale of Teivi; Wes-

leyan Methodism; The Bard in Welsh Pulpits; Britain according to Greek and Latin Writers; Calvinistic Methodism and the Church; Samuel Roberts by the Rev. Evan Jones; Slate Quarries and Quarrymen; The Late Rev. D. S. Davies by the Rev. Dr. Pan Jones; Reminiscences of the Celebrated John Elias by Daniel Davies, &c.

In his paper "Britain according to Greek and Roman Writers," Prof. E. Anwyl, M. A., gives an interesting and instructive sketch of the general characteristics of the Britons and Gauls in ancient times. The Gauls were divided into three classes: the Druids, the Knights, and the Common People, who were in a state of slavery or serfdom. These Knights were similar to the nobility in other countries, viz the ruling class, followed by a class of dependents called ambacti. Very little is known of these classes, the nobility and the serfs; but the religious party—the Druids—which seemed to be the controlling element in Britain and Gaul get considerable attention and is particularly described. The Druids were the priests who had charge of religion and its rites, but they also were the educators and the judges of the people. Their decision was final; and excommunication followed disobedience and insubordination, which was equivalent to outlawry. This religious order also had a chief elected from among themselves, who was followed after death by the next one to him in position and honor; and in case of rivalry, a vote settled the difficulty. The office was of such weight that very often the parties would war over it.

In the second installment of "The Spanish-American War," in Harper's Magazine for March, Senator Lodge discusses the coming of war, the destruction of the Maine, the signing of the Ultimatum, and the battle of Manila.

This is the first account of the war by a man who has already a national reputation as an historian, and it presents a calm, dispassionate and truly historical account of the exciting events of 1898. Among other special features of the March magazine is the opening installment of "The Princess Xenia," a new serial by H. B. Marriott Watson, author of "The Adventurers." Of special interest is an article entitled "The Massacre of Fort Dearborn, at Chicago," by Simon Pokagon, a full-blooded Indian, whose father was present at the massacre.

"Cymru" for January is a double number and is replete with entertaining literature with many illustrations. "Cymru" is the only periodical of its kind among the Welsh; and it certainly desires every possible patronage. The January number contains the following illustrations: Betws y Coed, Hugh Jones, Pant y Ehedydd, Mary William's Tepot, Aberddawen and a part of the lowland of Glamorgan. Ffon Mon Farmhouse, Bethesda 'r Fro Chapel, the Ruins of Tal-y-Llychau Abererch, y Gymwynas. Pont Abcr-glaslyn, Llain y Goetra and several portraits. Among the excellent papers are the following: Hither and Thither in Glamorgan; What Are We? by Iolo Caernarfon; Sunday School Prospects by Ellen Hughes; D. Huw's Great Sermon; Will the Servant, by Winnie Parry; The Progress of Sixty Years, by the Rev. T. Jones; Llanrwst, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, by the Rev. H. Hughes; The Cardiff Public Library, &c.

Winnie Parry's description of Bill writing home to his mother in Sir Ffon is really humorous and laughable, and true to nature. "He would stop at a word to inquire how to spell it, and he would wear an aspect of doubt when

asking if really that was the right way to spell a word. Another time he would drop some ink on the paper, and he would say 'Go dang it,' and he would take his thumb to erase it! And sometimes, when in a quandary what next to put down he would sit in a reverie raking his hair up with the penholder until it would stick out like a brush, and he would finish with a streak of ink across his nose. And you ought to see him daub the stamp on, driving it home with his fist—"Cymru."

In his article "What Are We?" the writer sums up the Welsh character in the following manner: "The Welshman's nature has more heat than light, more feeling than judgment, more ability than perseverance, more imagination than wisdom, more sensitiveness than strength of will, more power to dream than to analyze, to foresee and to provide; more instinct than reason, more affection than determination, more faith than righteousness. Some of the results of this is that we have much more poetry than philosophy, more music than science, and that our great preachers are much more numerous than our statesmen."

"Young Wales" in its remarks on Eisteddfodic Poetry, says: "The very idea of competition is antagonistic to the cultivation of true poetry—genuine, spontaneous as all poetry to be true must be. It is as impossible to write poetry at the beck and call of others, or with a view to obtaining a prize, and quite as absurd, as it would be to compose hymns, or prayers, or elegies simply as mental exercises or for the sake of filthy lucre. It may be admitted that a set subject may sometimes touch and inspire a competitor. No doubt "Myfanwy Fechan" appealed to Ceirlog as forcibly as if it were a self-suggested theme. But such instances are rare,

and scarcely justify the continuance of a system which is mainly responsible for the barrenness and stuntedness of Eisteddfodic Poetry.

A spirit of superficiality reigns and this seems to be the only spirit which can meet the accumulating duties and crushing exactions of present life. The leisure of former ages when things were enjoyed thoroughly, and, especially, books perused repeatedly and untiringly, is no more. To-day, things are written to be read once, skipped over superficially, merely tasting and smelling what should be digested. Therefore, literature is prepared for such readers. The demand is so pressing that there is no time for natural growth. Literature is to an annoying degree manufactured, compiled and prepared to meet the constant call for a large quantity of new matter. The ordinary reader, therefore, never thinks of perusing the same pages twice, and pages that are not altogether new is nuisance. This literary leech continually cries "give, give!" and it has to be silenced by a constant supply of novelty.

A most valuable feature of Harper's Weekly for February and March is its thorough discussion of the business chances and industrial possibilities of our new colonies. The Weekly has the most competent correspondents in Porto Rico, Manila, and Hawaii, and every American who is considering this question will find in the Weekly's special correspondence full and complete information in regard to the best investments, cost of living, etc. A very suggestive article, entitled 'Hawaii After Annexation,' by Sanford B. Dole, ex-President of the Hawaiian Islands, discusses the openings for Americans in our Pacific possessions, their natural

resources and the opportunities they offer for development.

The chief delight of the Welsh book collector is a copy of a first edition of a Welsh translation of the Bible, by Salisbury, Morgan, or Parry. Of Salisbury's Testament (1567) there are twenty-nine copies reported. There is a copy at Merthyr Mawr, near Bridgend, bought in 1858 for £63. Mr. Bernard Quaritch offers a "doctored" copy with title and two of Bishop Thirlwal, for £84. It is difficult to come across even an imperfect copy of this version. Next in rarity and value comes Dr. Morgan's Bible (1588). Quaritch offers a "doctored" copy with title and two leaves in facsimile, for £63. Thirty-nine copies are known. An Anglesey gentleman has declined an offer of £100 for a copy in his possession, but imperfect copies may be picked up for a couple of guineas. There are sixty-six copies of Dr. Parry's Bible known, and Quaritch offers a perfect copy for £25. It is believed that further search will almost double the number of copies of these famous versions. In 1760 the parishioners of Llangattock-upon-Usk sold an almost perfect copy of Dr. Parry's Bible for £1, which copy is now in the possession of Mr. Egerton Phillimore, M. A.

Among the important features announced for early publication in Literature are two articles by Sir Walter Besant, in which he earnestly defends his position that publishers, as a rule, rob their authors. William Dean Howells will discuss "Frederick Remington as a Writer and Illustrator" and "Nathan Hale," the play that has lately made such a sensation in New York. With the issue of January 10 Literature became an American publication. The change was justified by the need in America of a high-class journal

of literary criticism, and by the fact that Literature had met with such universal favor.

Y Glorian is the title of a new Welsh weekly, which came into existence at Festiniog the first week of the new year, and is started as a rival (though not politically) to the Rhedegydd, which has been in the field for over a quarter of a century. Both are half-penny newspapers, and both are Liberal in politics. The editor of the new venture is Elfin, the chaired bard of last year's *Llwyddfod*.

Among the modern theological teachers no one stood higher in point of freshness and suggestiveness than the late Professor Drummond, and many will be glad to hear that his works are to be translated into Welsh under the general title, "Gweithiau Drummond, dan olygiaeth Gwyneth Vaughan." The first book of the series is appropriately enough "Y Pennaf peth yn y Byd" ("The Greatest Thing in the World") which has been translated by Mr. J. Bennett Jones, C. S., and published by Hughes & Son, (12mo., pp. 61, 6d). In an introductory note Gwyneth Vaughan states quite truly that nobody familiar with Drummond's teachings will need an apology for reproducing them in Welsh, and that her object is to spread in Wales the influence already exerted by Drummond in Scotland and England. It is not stated whether the translations are to be confined to the booklets issued by Drummond during his later days or are to include his greater books, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and "The Ascent of Man." But while they are about it the promoters ought certainly to attempt a translation of the former remarkable work. It would be a distinct achievement.

SCIENTIFIC

A Dutch naturalist in Java has made remarkable observations on the increase of temperature which occurs in certain plants at the time of flowering. In one case the temperature in the flower was 21 degrees F. above the temperature of the surrounding air.

"M. Maige, by varying the conditions of exposure of plants to light, and keeping flowering branches in the dark, has succeeded in transforming the latter into sterile creeping or climbing branches," says Appleton's Popular Science Monthly. "Inversely, he has been able, by means of the localized action of light, to transform creeping or climbing into flowering branches. These results were obtained at the vegetable laboratory of Fontainebleau."

Physiognomists declare that the nose is perhaps the most important feature of all as an index to character. A Roman nose denotes an enterprising, business-like character; a long nose is a sign of good sense; a perfectly straight nose indicates a pure and noble soul, unless the eye contradicts it; a nez retroussé signifies a spirit of mischief, wit and dash; a large nose generally indicates a large mind and a good heart; a very small nose, good nature, but lack of energy.

It is earnestly to be desired that the practice of smoking by boys should be discouraged and prevented. That the practice is growing and increasing in extent no one who uses his eyes may doubt. Right and left boys of sometimes very tender years may be seen

puffing at cigarettes, and I am informed that there are certain very cheap (and nasty) cigarettes specially sold in packets at a price which brings them well within the reach of even a schoolboy's pence. It is bad enough that any boy should smoke, for the habit tends to undermine his nutrition on which growth and health depend; but it is much worse when what is smoked is absolute rubbish.

"We are all familiar," says Dr. D. G. Brinton in Science, "with the teaching of the physiognomist that thick lips indicate a sensual disposition, and delicate, finely formed lips coincide with a certain spirituality, firmness, and elevation of character. Dr. A. Bloch, in a thorough study of the lips from an anthropological point of view, believes that all such indications are imaginary. The form, size and color of these organs belong to race distinctions quite as much as the shape and dimensions of the nose. In fact, they are often in correlation. The pigmentation is notably different in the various subspecies of man, varying from a delicate rose to a dark-brown. In hybridity, like many other traits, the lips of one or the other parent may reappear in full character in the child. Really thick lips never occur, except as an anomaly, in the white race."

THE USES OF PEAT.

It is not generally known that peat may be used for textile purposes, and also for paper making. The exhibits at the Vienna Exhibition last year demonstrated this fact conclusively. Peat straw may also be used for many pur-

poses, such as fertilizing, packing, etc. When used for textile purposes it must be woven without the use of oils or water. Coats, hats, carpets, rugs, ropes, matting and pillows are some of the articles which have been made and which have been found useful. It is also a valuable substitute for absorbent cotton, possessing antiseptic properties as well.

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"It is true that certain anthropologists have put forth hypotheses about the origin of man—hypotheses suggested to them by the zoologists. These hypotheses are very probable, so probable that they are even taught by Catholics. The Darwinian theory of the evolution of species is no longer an object of horror as it was twenty-five years ago.

"But these are not promises. Although it is pretty nearly proven that living organisms have risen by evolution until the human species has been attained, this does not solve the terrible question: 'Whence come we?' for to declare that man comes from the rudimentary organisms of the first geologic epochs is only to remove the difficulty a little. . . . Whence come these living germs themselves, from which man has sprung by progressive evolution? And why? Assuredly it is impossible for us to know; we must resign ourselves to ignorance. Never has there been a scientist worthy of the name who has dared to promise us a certain solution to interrogations that must unceasingly be repeated.

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THE SEAT OF THE SOUL.

Understanding by "soul" the highest intellectual faculties, it is worth considerable trouble to find out where these functions are located. Savages believe that it is in the liver or the heart; cynics suggest that it is in the stomach; phrenologists place them

in the front part of the brain; but the most advanced physiologists, says D. G. Brinton, of the University of Pennsylvania, in *Science*, are now inclined to teach that the posterior cerebral lobes have the highest intellectual value. Dr. C. Clapham's arguments to this effect are quoted with approval in the *Centralblatt für Anthropologie* (1898). These arguments are that man has the most highly developed posterior lobes, and this is conspicuous in men of marked ability and in the highest races. In idiots the lobes are imperfectly developed, and in chronic dementia these portions of the brain reveal frequent lesions. Numerous authorities are quoted in support of these and allied statements.

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HAS TWO HEARTS.

A colored person called William King, of New Bedford, Mass., has enjoyed the uninterrupted possession of two hearts for a century, as he is one hundred years old, and is still so hale and literally hearty as to be able to bend bars of iron across his arm. According to the *New York Herald*, which records this remarkable freak of nature, Dr. Munroe B. Long, of the Muhlenberg Hospital staff, a physician of high repute, after visiting King, said: "King has one heart on the right and one on the left side of the chest, whose separate beats in unison could plainly be determined. By a certain muscular contraction King let one heart drop to the left iliac region, where I clearly heard the beating; then let the other heart drop to the right iliac region, where its beating was also plainly heard, both beating in the lower part of the abdomen in unison. Next, King threw over the interior of the abdomen a wall of bone from the neck down, giving every evidence of having two sternums, or breastbones, one of

which is movable at his will and seems to lie behind the regular breastbone when in repose."

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THE FOOD AND ENDURANCE OF ARABIAN PORTERS.

Arab carriers bear great loads upon their backs and go at a trotting pace from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. During the month of Ramadan, the Koran forbids the taking of food between sunrise and sunset, and this law is said to be held sacred and rarely violated. Not only do these porters continue their arduous physical exertions during the twelve laboring hours of the day without taking any food during that period, but the French inspectors who are in charge of the gang told our informant that they would work better during the month of the fast than at any other time of the year, because their energy was not needed for digestion. At eventide these Arabs have a moderate meal of wheatmeal porridge, mixed with large proportions of butter (it is to be had cheap) or olive oil. Their expenditure for food is not more than six or seven cents a day, and the only luxury which they permit themselves is a cup of very strong black coffee and a cigarette. The idler exists on one cent worth of bread with a little olive oil, which he buys for an additional five cents.—The Vegetarian Messenger.

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DOES DRINK "KEEP OUT THE COLD?"

Many people are induced to drink alcoholic liquors on the plea that they "will keep out the cold." This, like so many other traditions associated with the drink habit, has been completely exploded. The most recent testimony on this subject is that of Dr. Nansen, whose experience of cold has been peculiar and extensive. He says: "My experience leads me to take a de-

cided stand against the use of stimulants and narcotics of all kinds. It must be a sound principle, at all times, that one should live in as simple a way as possible; and especially must this be the case when the life is a life of severe exertion in an extremely cold climate. It is often supposed that even though spirits are not intended for daily use, they ought to be taken on an expedition for medical purposes. I would really acknowledge this, if anyone would show me a single case in which such a remedy is necessary; but till this is done I shall maintain that the pretext is not sufficient, and that the best course is to banish alcoholic drinks from the list of necessities of an Arctic expedition."

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EXERCISE AND GROWTH.

An eminent authority declares that judicious exercise has great influence on the growth of a human being. The stature is increased by hanging by the arms, and some experiments have been made with a view to ascertain whether hanging by the head has any effect on the length of the spinal column. It is claimed that a bed constructed on an angle of 45 degrees may be a useful accessory to growth. The body rests on the bed and is kept in place by a set of straps, these latter being so arranged that only a very slight pull comes on the spinal cord above the shoulders. The support is little more than the weight of the head itself, the idea being to remove all downward pressure from the spinal column. One student of this process has in addition attached light weights to his feet. He watches his condition very carefully and ceases his experiments if there is even the slightest sensation of discomfort or irritation along the spinal column. Just what effect this will have on the growth it is as yet too early to determine, but it is believed that

removing all weight from the spine and keeping the body fully extended during the hours of sleep will, if managed with prudence, increase the stature to a considerable degree.—N. Y. Ledger.

EGYPTIAN DISCOVERY.

It has hitherto been supposed that in Egypt the practice of embalming the bodies of the dead and forming them into mummies was the most ancient method of sepulture; But Prof. Flinders Petrie, the well-known Egyptologist, has, by recent excavations, thrown quite a new light upon this question of the ancient method of disposing of the dead. At Deshasheh, a place about 50 miles south of Cairo, he has discovered a series of tombs, in the coffins of which he has found complete skeletons from which the flesh had been carefully dissected, evidently previous to burial.

The coffins are of admirable workmanship, are made of sycamore, and are in perfect preservation, notwithstanding their 5,000 years' burial in the sand. It remains to be proved by further excavations whether the mutilation of the bodies was performed at a ceremonial rite, or whether this removal of flesh from the bones points to cannibalism on the part of the ancient people.

DEPOPULATION IN FRANCE.

The returns of the census for France which was taken in March, 1897, have now been published and compared with the statistics of the previous census, which was taken six years before. A year ago the number of people in France was 38,228,969, and at the 1891 census it was 38,095,150, so that in six years the population of France had only increased by 133,819 persons.

And even this trifling increase is more apparent than real for it has taken place entirely in the large towns and is due to the influx of foreigners,

such as Belgians and Italians, who are to be found in increasing numbers among the urban populations of France. In only 24 departments is there any increase, in 63 departments there is a positive falling off, and this is more especially marked in the rural communes.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

I am always delighted when I can place my hand upon any facts which tend to destroy the wretched pretensions of the Spiritualistic fraternity and of the allied tribes of modern mystics who flaunt their superstitions and their tricks in the face of the credulous and make capital (and money) out of the ignorance of their dupes. Over and over again I have been taunted with the "Spirit-Photograph" delusion, and have been challenged to explain how and why on a sensitive plate images and impressions may appear, such as, to all human knowledge, could never have existed in front of the camera. My reply has always been that of an old experienced photographer: "You can never tell what you may get developed in a sensitized plate," said he. It may develop certain impressions while it lies packed in its case, and we know scientifically that the printed letters on the paper wrapping of a plate have appeared on the plate which had never been exposed at all. Light is a great magician, and light-waves, under certain circumstances, are capable of accomplishing things which under ordinary conditions would be deemed of utterly impossible nature. Suppose some suggestion of a ghostly figure appeared on the plate under such circumstances, then by the credulous (or the knavish) it would be offered for our acceptance as a "spirit-photograph." Very material spirits they must be indeed if they are capable of giving off "light-waves" that can affect a photo as do solid bodies.—Dr. Wilson.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Professor Ryan, an Irishman born in Monmouthshire, says that that county is the Alsace-Lorraine of Wales.

In Ystradfydwg all school board notices issued to parents are sent in Welsh as well as English.

Dr. Samuel Johnson said that "one of the castles of Wales would contain all the castles he had seen in Scotland."

The first leading article in the "Cambrian" newspaper, Swansea, close upon a hundred years ago was written by the grandfather of the present Savage Landor.

Colonel Lewis, the Welsh officer who achieved the latest victory over the Dervishes, is described by Mr. Pearce, the war correspondent of the London "Daily News," as an officer of great valor and dash. Like most Welshmen, Colonel Lewis is a little man, but, then, so was Bonaparte.

A Carmarthenshire man, Private Clarke, who helped Lord Kitchener to win back the Soucan, was present at Omdurman when poor Neufeld was liberated. A cigarette was handed to him shortly after, and as he most lovingly drew in and blew out the smoke he remarked it was his first smoke for seven years.

An appeal has been issued in connection with the London Missionary to the

Churches of Wales, asking for aid in raising a larger sum during 1899 than has been raised in any previous year. The sum raised during the first year of the century toward this society was £10,000; last year the income was £104,000. The record year at present is 1896, when £190,000 was raised, and next year the committee hopes to head this figure.

Colonel Mathias and his uniform are becoming as famous and historical as William O'Brien and his most necessary garment of some years ago. Recently the Pall Mall Gazette had the following: "We have at last the true explanation of Colonel Mathias' tattered uniform. At Dargai, it appears, he was peppered, not only in front, but from the other three sides as well. He especially objected to being shot at from behind, and even those who do not profess to be military experts can understand his feelings.

Among those who promise to distinguish themselves in music, "The Girl's Realm" mentions the name of Miss Daisy A. Jones, who, in 1898, won the Pauer Memorial Exhibition at the R. C. M. At the age of eleven she won the first prize out of fifty competitors for pianoforte playing at the National Eisteddfod, and when up for the junior and senior examinations of the Association Board of the Royal Academy and College she passed with honors both in piano and violin, being the

only competitor of the year who had achieved this distinction in both instruments. Miss Jones is the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Jones, of Llanbedr, near Crickhowell.

This is Judge Vaughan-Williams' happy dream: "It may be a dream, but I cannot but think that a church thus in touch with the Welsh people, with a Welsh liturgy, a Welsh ritual and a Welsh episcopate, would revive and appeal to the best traditions of the Celtic Church in Wales, and would not find the gulf between itself and Non-conformity impassable, and would soon rise to the rank of a national church, including within its folds all Welsh Christianity."

Bishop Benjamin Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, who became notorious for the great discussion raised by a sermon he preached on the 31st of March, 1717, at the Chapel Royal, before George I. was the only Englishman appointed to that see since the reformation, and, although he held the Bishopric from 1715 to 1721, he was never in his episcopal city. It is said that the appointment gave so much dissatisfaction to the people of the diocese that, mistaking an Irish prelate who was passing through on his way to Ireland for their own bishop, he received such bad treatment at their hands that, hearing of this, their real diocesan refused to reside amongst them.

According to English law, unsuccessful Welsh bards are liable to a year's imprisonment as vagabonds, unless they can show "visible means of subsistence" by some other occupation. A law to this effect was passed in 1403. In 1568 Queen Elizabeth issued a letter-patent containing a similar provision: "Any of the aspirants that should be found to be unworthy of the name and profession of bard, rhymester, or min-

strel would be expected to take up forthwith some honest occupation or calling; by omitting to do so, they would render themselves liable to be arrested and imprisoned as so many lazy and presumptuous vagabonds." But it is necessary to state further that these harsh regulations were made for North Wallians.

The number of people in Lower Brittany, or Briez Issel, who are able to speak Breton is stated to be 1,200,000 and of this number over half a million are returned as speaking Breton only. On the other hand in Higher Brittany, or Briez Uhel, nearly two million speak French only. An almost straight line drawn from St. Brieuc, in the north to Vannes, in the south, will give a boundary west of which is Breton-speaking Brittany. It is said that the French speaking Bretons to the east of the aforesaid line are not too kindly disposed towards their Breton-speaking brethren.

Among the most curious of the old hostelry signs to be found in Wales is that of the Beehive Inn, at Manafon, Montgomeryshire. On one side of a beehive are painted a jug and tumbler and on the other a bottle and wine glass. Underneath are the lines:

Within this hive we're all alive,
Good liquor makes us funny;
If you are dry come in and try
The flavor of our honey.

At the time when the tithe sales were going on in the Manafon and Meifod districts many accepted the invitation with apparently satisfactory results.

The Rev. J. Pritchard, who is pastor of a large and interesting Kaffir Congregational Church at Port Elizabeth, and who is at present on furlough in his native land, says that the Congrega-

tional Churches in South Africa hold a proud position. There were 37 self-supporting native churches, with a membership of 11,000 and 70,000 adherents, and in 1897 they raised £12,000 for the support of their own churches. When Mr. Pritchard took the pastorate of Edwards' Memorial Church, Port Elizabeth, eighteen years ago, there were 75 members—now there are 450.

During the last century and the beginning of the present it was no unusual thing for occupants of English sees to be translated to Welsh ones. Bangor was pre-eminently a much-coveted place of preferment, for it was reckoned to be worth in Bishop Bethell's time ten thousand a year. Bishop Christopher Bethell, who died in 1859, was translated to Bangor from Exeter, having held Gloucester and Bristol previous to his removal to Exeter. His predecessor at Bangor, Bishop Mæjendie, was translated from Chester. Bishop John Randolph was translated to Bangor from Oxford, and after having held the See of Bangor for three years he became Bishop of London.

William Jones, a Cardiganshire magistrate, who was formerly the Unionist candidate for Cardiganshire, was fined at the last Tregaron Sessions for trespassing in search of game on land belonging to D. W. E. Rowland, Garth, Llanio, on November 25. The complainant and the defendant are neighbors and both are land owners. The complainant had previously given defendant leave to go over his land, but their friendly relations had ceased, and although the defendant contended that the permission he once enjoyed had not been withdrawn, the bench decided otherwise and inflicted a substantial fine.

An admirer of eisteddfodau as conducted by North Wales writes: "I

must confess to having held a strong impression that the north beat the south in adhering to the old lines of the national institution, but, seeing the course pursued by the promoters of the Cardiff gathering this year, I must admit that the programme is more in accord with the progressive tendency of things and the advancing and varied needs of the people. The industrial section is particularly good. The success of the Cardiff Eisteddfod will, I thoroughly believe, renew the life of the venerable institution and preserve it in fuller vigor for years to come."

One of the geographical difficulties connected with Wales compels the giving of long names to everything in the shape of an association or a society. Monmouthshire has always to be dragged in by the ears, and Wales itself divided in two. Thus we have the South Wales and Monmouthshire Brass Band Association and the South Wales and Monmouthshire Press Benefit and Superannuation Society. In the case of statistics we have to mention that Monmouthshire is included, so that from January to December it is South Wales and Monmouthshire this and South Wales and Monmouthshire that, without end. Hasn't the time come when Monmouthshire should be taken as meant when Wales is said? If a bill in Parliament is necessary first, for goodness sake let's have it.

Among those who left the Anglican fold when Dr. Newman seceded was a very promising young Welshman, then a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and curate of St. Mary's Church, with Newman as his vicar. This young Welshman was David Lewis, a native of Llanrhystid, Cardiganshire, and elder brother to the present dean of Bangor, the Very Rev. Evan Lewis. But, unlike Newman, David Lewis did not take orders again in the Roman communion.

but continued as a layman. He lived at Arundel, Sussex, a near neighbor of the Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Lewis was a frequent contributor to the Roman Catholic organ, "The Tablet," and was esteemed by his co-religionists as an authority on canon law. Two Welsh clergymen remain of those who were undergraduates at Jesus College, Oxford, during the "Oxford Movement." They are Dean Lewis, of Bangor, and the Rev. Philip Constable Ellis, M. A., rector of Llanfairfechan, North Wales.

Dr. Crotch believed the military music of Wales to be superior to that of any other nation. "In the German marches, the models of the English, most of the passages are noisy, interspersed with others that are trifling, and even vulgar. In those of France, also, there is much noise, together with chromatic and other scientific passages. The Scotch Highland marches, called 'Ports,' are wild warbles, which might inspire courage, but which could not answer the purpose of regulating the steps. But in the Welsh marches 'The March of the Men of Harlech,' 'The March of the Men of Glamorgan,' and also a tune called 'Come to the Battle,' there is not too much noise, nor is there vulgarity, nor yet misplaced science. They have a sufficiency of rhythm without injuring the dignified character of the whole."

A class has lately been formed in Cardiff for the study of the Irish language, literature and antiquities. It is composed of gentlemen of various nationalities interested in Celtic philology, and is associated with the Gaelic League, of Dublin. The Rev. Father Hayde is president, J. Hobson Matthews vice president, and J. Donellan honorary secretary. Among the members are Dr. Smith, Mr. Burke, and many young Irishmen of intellectual tastes. This movement has some importance in view of the forthcoming Cardiff

Eisteddfod, to which Irish and Breton delegates have been officially invited, and is very significant of the widespread movement towards Pan-Celticism.

In the new "Free Church Handbook" Welsh affairs are specially dealt with in two short chapters—"The Facts About Wales" and "The Celtic Church in Wales." In the former the writer deals with the suggestion that the standard of sexual morality is lower in Wales than in England and that this in some mysterious way is a reflection upon Nonconformity. In South Wales and Monmouthshire the rate of illegitimacy is 33 per thousand, and in North Wales 66; but taking all Wales together the rate is below the average of England and Wales. Then in the matter of crime all the Welsh counties are below the average except Glamorgan, Brecon and Monmouth. In the chapter on the Celtic Church the writer states without hesitation that the ancient Welsh Church was founded long before the existence of the Papacy, that the earliest Christian settlements of Wales were independent, self-governing bodies, and that "the claim to a Welsh Archbishopric is simply absurd."

It is said that farm rents are being raised in Carnarvonshire and that farmers are so timid and so dependent upon the landlords that somebody ought to fight their battle for them. Who ought to fight the battle of farmers who are willing, as we know, to take farms at higher rents over each other's heads. One reason why landowners have contempt for tenant farmers is that landlords know that tenants will take each other's farms. What is wanted is something that would put a little backbone into farmers. Farmers are not true to each other and are more afraid of each other than they are of their landlords.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

A MEMOIR.

By J. P. Rowland, Philadelphia, Pa.

[A sketch of the life and services of the Rev. J. P. Harris, who departed this life November 5, 1898, at his late residence in Nanticoke, Pa. Aged 78 years.]

The subject of this sketch was born in Wales in the year 1820, and being the youngest of four children born to Rev. James and Martha Harris (nee Llewelyn). The deceased began to preach at a very early age in Wales and, evidencing unusual talent in that direction, was sent to college to be educated for the ministry, where he graduated in the year 1844, departing shortly thereafter for this country. In 1845 he was fully ordained for the ministry at Utica, N. Y., where he preached for some time. In the year 1846 he received a unanimous call to the pastorate of Horeb Welsh Baptist Church at Minersville Pa., where he labored with universal acceptance and phenomenal success for fifteen consecutive years. His greatest success was perhaps achieved in that charge during the year 1858, a great revival year, when there were added to the membership over three hundred converts. The writer recalls most vividly that great revival, just 40 years ago, being himself one of the happy converts and one of 57 baptized persons immersed on a cold winter Sunday morning by the deceased. Such religious awakening and fervor we have never since witnessed. The total accessions to the membership of the various churches at Minersville during that year must have aggregated about fifteen hundred. From

the very advent of young Pastor Harris, his church, though young and weak prior to his coming, sprang into the first rank of the churches in the growing town, and during his entire pastorate held its position as such. The growth and development of the young pastor was even more marked than that of the church, as was constantly evidenced by the repeated demands made for his services as a preacher, poet, editor and counselor. For years he wisely resisted repeated efforts to secure his acceptance of other charges greatly to the advantage and delight of the church at Minersville, feeling that God had called him to the work then in hand.

From Minersville he removed to Cataugus, N. Y., where he served with success and acceptance for a number of years, serving subsequently the churches at Hyde Park, Providence and Nanticoke. Up to the past few years, his congregations were Welsh, though his last charge was that of the English Baptist Church at Nanticoke. That his last charge held him in high esteem was evidenced by the beautiful floral offering, representing an open Bible, surmounted by a magnificent arch, all made of the choicest cut flowers. Indeed all the surroundings attendant upon the final obsequies, the lavish and tasteful floral emblems, the character and number of the attendants who came from far and near, the kind words spoken, and the beautiful tributes paid by all the speakers to the memory of the deceased, the large concourse of sympathizing neighbors and friends, the touchingly soft and sad requiems rendered by the choir as well as the

many tearful, thoughtful faces, all indicated unmistakably that a loved one had departed, that a mighty one had fallen in Israel.

In January, 1848, a little over 50 years ago, the deceased was married to Miss Elizabeth Humphreys, at Minersville, the celebrant being the venerable Rev. William Morgan, of Pottsville, one of the best known and most dearly beloved of the early patriarchs of the

where he holds a good position as a designer in architecture. Mary and Elizabeth, together with the son-in-law, Mr. Soeurman, with his two little sons, reside with the bereaved widow and mother; Mr. Soeurman being very successfully engaged in the drug business.

Alfred, the brother of the deceased, was a preacher of great ability and spent his life in the ministry connected



THE REV. J. P. HARRIS, (Dean Ddu).

Baptist Church in Pennsylvania, long ago gone to his sure reward. There were begotten to them of their happy union seven children, two sons and five daughters, of whom two daughters have gone before, their remains now resting side by side in company with their sainted father in the peaceful, silent City of the Dead at Nanticoke. The elder son, Alfred, is an engineer, and resides at Pueblo, Col., as does also his daughter, Mrs. Thomas O. Richards, who was present at the funeral. John, the youngest son, who very much resembles his father, resides at Scranton,

throughout with the English Baptists, preceeding his brother, John, to his heavenly home only a year ago, and if I mistake not, spending the greater part of his life in connection with a single charge, Hoboken, N. J. He was pre-eminently a man of thought and invariably set his listeners to thinking and in which respect as well as to a certain extent, in his physiognomy and his style, he bore a striking resemblance to America's greatest divine, Henry Ward Beecher.

J. P. Harris, the subject of this sketch, was an excellent preacher and always exceedingly practical. He could

admire a beautiful theory, but had no use for a theory, however finely spun, that did not work. His life and his preaching were suggestively illustrative of the familiar couplet of Ellen Sturgis Hooper from "Duty:"

"I slept and dreamed that life was
Beauty,
I woke and found that life was Duty."

As a preacher he was clear, persuasive and forceful, fearlessly unfolding the truth alike to saint and sinner, to rich and poor, yet always fervent and loving in his proclamation of the Gospel. Good as he was as a preacher, he was generally believed to be equally efficient as a pastor by reason of his unusually large endowment of natural insight into human nature. In the defense of the truth, he was a lion, in sympathy his heart had all the tenderness of woman's. J. P. Harris, better known by his *nom-de-plume*, "Ieuan Ddu," was also a poet of renown among the Welsh people of the United States. The writer considers that as a poet he had few, if any, equals among his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic, and certainly, it is difficult to recall a single poet among his contemporaries whose poetic compositions equal in volume or surpass in quality those of Ieuan Ddu." He was not only a versatile writer but withal a very ready writer. His gift in language, whether prose or poetry, was certainly unusually large. Early in life he was a frequent competitor in the *Eisteddfods* of this country and of Wales and generally carried away the prize. Later in life he was much in demand and rendered service of the highest character as an adjudicator at *Eisteddfods* in all sections of the country, for which position he was eminently equipped by nature and education. His works in prose and poetry, if compiled, would make a large volume, and when it is remembered

that these creations of his fertile and ever active mind were really, so to speak, recreations wrought out incidental to his one great life-work of preaching the gospel, that he was rarely endowed will be at once recognized.

He also won for himself many fine encomiums as a newspaper writer during the period that he edited the "Seren Orllewinol," published at Pottsville. His ready manipulation of the pen, coupled with his ever open eye, active mind and observant habits, rendered him a great success in the above direction.

Perhaps one of the greatest benefits that J. P. Harris conferred in the literary line upon the young of his day and generation was his dramatization of the beautiful Scriptural stories of "Joseph and his Brethren," "Ruth and Naomi" and "The Wise Men of the East." The writer though then a youth in his teens, recalls with the greatest clearness the lasting impressions for good made upon his youthful mind by those graphic presentations of Gospel story impersonated as they were by the best local talent, comprising the leading and best religious personages in the community. He even now beholds with the most realistic vision, that born actor, the late James Evans, long gone to glory, alternately impersonating the patriarch Jacob and Kings Ahasuerus and Herod as only he could do. The writer recalls, indeed, still hears the echo of the heavenly refrain of the angels as rendered in "Wise Men of the East" by that inimitable quartette of which Edward Thomas, now of Scranton, was one of the sweet singers. The beautiful story of Joseph, teaching unmistakably that "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," revealing the divine hand in the life alike of the individual and the nation was rendered profoundly and indelibly impressive.

Likewise the story of the birth of the Heavenly Babe unfolding the initial chapter of the great plan of salvation was lastingly impressed. When these religious dramas were produced in Schuylkill county forty years ago, churches and public halls were entirely inadequate to accommodate the throngs that assembled to witness their performance. To remember these dramas is to remember their talented author, and as long as their goodly impressions shall last, so long shall the blessed memory of J. P. Harris survive.

He was a true friend who never failed in his loyalty to those whose friendship he had once proven. He was a devoted husband, a loving father, a kind neighbor, a faithful citizen and a true Christian.

The foregoing are a few of the facts and reflections that have hurriedly come to the mind of the writer upon picking up the "Drych" and reading therein in the Welsh tongue Rev. Charles Jones' memoir of my revered friend and father in the Gospel, Rev. J. P. Harris, "Ieuan Ddu," whose life was "an epistle read and known of all men" a beautiful poem personified, a grand anthem, whose melodious cadences shall ever reverberate, who, "though dead still speaks" and bids me be true to God, true to my fellows and thus true to myself. Peace to his ashes. Fragrant his memory. Heaven's choicest benediction upon his family.

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E. M. Pritchard (Eryrog) who died February 7, at his sister-in-law's home in West Pawlet, Vt., was a native of Waenfawr, near Carnarvon, N. W. He resided some years in Utica, N. Y. and was well known and respected. Mr. Pritchard had considerable poetic inspiration and his pathetic little poem 'Run fath wyf fi a hwnw' in the "Drych" of February 23, the last he wrote, is beautiful. He was ailing for

a long time, but up to the last was buoyant and cheerful.

In the recent Llandeki School Board election Watcyn Wyn refused to canvass or allow anyone to canvass for him. His name was printed on the voting papers as Watkyn Hezekiah Williams. The voters knew him not in this guise so he lost his seat. To all sympathisers the bard now quotes the words: "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

The Welsh library of the late Rev. Owen Jones, B. A., Llansantffraid, is one of the largest and most valuable collections of Welsh books owned by any private individual in Wales. It contains a large number of first editions of Welsh Bibles and Liturgies, as well as Welsh poetry, and there are several duplicates of rare editions. Mr. Jones, since his retirement from ministerial work, rearranged his Welsh books and placed them in a separate part of his house, where they would be safe in case of fire. It is rumored that the books will go to Bala College.

This is the twenty-fifth year of the Rev. J. Morgan Jones' pastorate at Cardiff, and it is to be fittingly celebrated by the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. When Mr. Jones came to the Welsh metropolis, a quarter of a century back, it was to take charge of the Welsh Methodists of Capel Zion, a chapel located on the site now occupied by the free library. The development in the center of the town necessitated the removal of Capel Zion, and with the money paid them for compulsory removal the Methodists built the fine little chapel which seems as if it will last for all time in Pembroke-terrace.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

"Your Honor," said the Irish barrister as he rose to plead his client's cause, "I shall first prove to the jury that my client did not commit the crime with which he stands charged. If that does not convince the jury, I shall show that he was insane when he did it. If the jury be even then unconvinced, I shall prove an alibi."

A High Church stranger calling at a village church near Llantwit Vardre, S. W., early one morning, inquired: "Have you matins in this church?" "Oh, no, sir," said the rustic sexton, "oil cloth right up to the chancel."

The marriage customs of nations are quaint. Here is one which is decidedly barbarous: A Hottentot widow marrying again has to cut off the the joint of a finger, which she gives to her new husband on their wedding day. Each time she becomes a widow and marries again she has to sacrifice one finger joint.

Great interest is evoked in London by the discovery that Shakespeare's father was the first English public analyst or "ale conner." His duty was to discover adulterated ale, which vocation he pursued by means of a pair of leather breeches. When he visited an ale house he ordered a pot of ale, which he split upon a table. Then he donned his leather breeches and sat in the liquor. If, on rising, his breeches stuck to the table, the ale was adjudged adulterated. The extent of the adulteration was gauged by the adhesiveness.

Dean Pigou once unwittingly married a man to his deceased wife's sister, which is against the English law. The verger, whose business it was to settle the matter about the bans, was at once cross-examined. "Oh, yes vicar," said he, "I knowed right well. I knowed parties." "But why did you not tell me? I should have forbidden them." "Well, vicar, it was just this way, you see. One of the parties was 84, and tother 86. I says to myself, 'Lord, it can't last long; let 'em wed, and bother the laws.'"

Women voted for the first time at certain local elections in Dublin, recently, and some curious incidents are reported. At several booths women voters presented themselves, and, presuming on the privileges of their sex, sought admission out of turn on the plea that the weather was spoiling their clothes. The ladies found, however, that they were treated merely as electors, and many of them in a huff declined to vote, and went away, loudly protesting against the impollteness of the men.

The following anecdote illustrates the importance of correct punctuation:—At some ports in England prayers are offered for the safety of the crew of outgoing vessels. A slip as follows was handed to the sailors' mission chaplain: "Captain Jones going to sea his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation." And, amid the giggling of some, they prayed accordingly.

Most people are familiar with the lines of Cowper, in which he alludes to the raising of the revenue from the drunkenness of the people. He says:

Drink and be mad, then; 'tis your country bids;
Gloriously drunk—obey the important call;
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

At Roublaix, one of the socialist strongholds of France, the 11,000 public school children receive free food and clothing at the expense of the town. Their dinner at school consists of soup, bread, vegetables, meat, and a glass of wine. At the beginning of summer and of winter each child receives a comfortable suit of clothes.

SUNSHINE.

"Dar's one of de sma'test mules in dis city," announced the proud proprietor of an ash cart to one of his patrons. "He unde'stan's eb'ry wo'd I say, same like he wa' a pusson."

"Hardly, I guess. Tell him to go ahead a little."

"Git up dar, Sunshine" and the mule began to back.

"Look at that now."

"Dat's what I'e tellin' you, boss. Ef dat mule don't undestan' me pehfect, how do he know how to do de opp'site every time? He never miss since I had him, boss."

WAS PARDONED.

At one time if a Japanese girl married a foreigner, she was instantly decapitated. A Portuguese gentleman was probably the first European to marry a daughter of the land of the chrysan-

themum with impunity. He went there thirty years ago, and fell in love with a Japanese girl. Her parents warned her of the fatal consequences of marrying him, but she persisted, with the result that the Mikado decided that she must be beheaded. However, after a correspondence of over five years' duration between the Portuguese Government and the Japanese Government, she was permitted to live.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S BURDEN.

A good story is told by Rudyard Kipling at his own expense. During his stay in Wiltshire one summer he met little Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's grand-daughter, and being very fond of children, took her in the grounds and told her stories. After a time Mrs. Drew, fearing that Mr. Kipling must be tired of the child, called her, and said, "Now, Dorothy, I hope you have not been wearying Mr. Kipling." "Oh, not a bit, mother," replied the small celebrity, "but he has been wearying me."

SALARIES OF PRESIDENTS.

Very few persons would suspect how small the salaries of presidents of republics are, when the enormous sums crowned heads receive are taken into consideration. The foreigner often thinks the \$50,000 salary of the President of the United States is merely a joke, and that he receives ten times as much in reality, but the same foreigner may not know that the French President, in a country where the wealthiest monarchs once reigned, receives only \$120,000 a year. The President of the little Andorra republic contents himself with a salary of \$15 a year, and the President of the Swiss republic must be satisfied with \$3,000.

A GOOD LAW.

A Parisian who suspects that the food or drink which he has purchased is adulterated, can have the article analyzed free of cost at the municipal laboratory. If impurities are found, the city undertakes the prosecution of the tradesman, and after conviction the offender is not only liable to fine and imprisonment, but may be obliged to display in his window a sign reading, "Convicted of Adulteration." There is room for a similar law in this country.

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LINCOLN'S FIRST SPEECH.

Judge Bell of Mount Carmel, Ill., has a copy of Abraham Lincoln's first speech as a candidate. It was made near Springfield, and ran as follows:

"Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like an old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank; I am in favor of the international improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected I shall be thankful, if not it will be the same."

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THE OLDEST.

The oldest lighthouse in existence is believed to be that at Corunna, Spain. It was built in the reign of Trajan and reconstructed in 1534. England and France have lighthouses which were built by the Roman conquerors. The famous Cordovan Tower of France, at the mouth of the Gironde, in the Bay of Biscay, was completed in 1611, in the reign of Henry IV. After standing 287 years it was still considered to be one of the finest lighthouses in the world, al-

though its height has been increased. The famous Pharos of Alexandria, antedates both of the above by many years, as it was built 250 B. C., but it is not always considered as a lighthouse.

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DON'T MAKE A NOISE.

It is related of a well-known Treforest, S. W., minister that when preaching he never misses an opportunity of having a "sly dig" at the sleepers in the congregation. One Sunday night he occupied the pulpit of a chapel at Ystrad, and there was an overflowing congregation. The heat, however, had a very soporific effect upon some of the deacons in the "big seat," and this greatly disconcerted the preacher. Then the little boys in the gallery became very uneasy, and this was the divine's opportunity. "My dear boys," he said appealingly, "please do not make a noise, or you'll surely wake some of the people downstairs."

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY CUSTOMS.

Burial in Westminster Abbey is not, of course, a question of money, but there are certain fees charged for interment within that ancient pile. Formerly the fees amounted to £150 or £160. Dean Stanley introduced many reforms in the scale of charges, with the result that the maximum cost is now £111 4s. 2d. It may, however, be £20 less.

The variations in the cost arise in connection with the contribution demanded for the fabric fund, which is £26 or £36 or £46, according to the place of interment. Other items in the bill are £34 2s. 2d. for fees to the dean, canons, choir and vergers, and £31 2s. on account of silk scarfs, hat-bands and gloves to the clergy, choir and vergers, which were formerly provided by the undertaker, and charged in his account. —Westminster Gazette.

AN ISLAND PEOPLE.

One of the English warships has been cruising among the Solomon Islands, which, you will find on the map, are northeast of Australia. The officers of the warship report that they found in these islands a race of people so large as to be called giants. The men were over six feet tall, and had long, straight hair, which they dyed yellow. The hair of the women was short. They are a copper-colored people. These people have no war weapons, and, of course, live in peace with each other and with their neighbors. They have no books and no history. The officers of the warship say that they have good homes, and are kind to their children. —The Outlook.

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A NOVEL BAROMETER.

It has taken a clever Frenchman to discover a kind of barometer which may be safely called unique. An English journal tells about it:

It is nothing more nor less than the figure of a general made of gingerbread. He buys one every year, and takes it home and hangs it by a string on a nail. Gingerbread, as every one knows, is easily affected by changes in the atmosphere. The slightest moisture renders it soft, while in dry weather it grows hard and tough. Every morning, on going out, the Frenchman asks his servant: "What does the general say?" and the man applies his thumb to the gingerbread figure. Perhaps he may reply: "The general feels soft. He would advise your taking an umbrella." On the other hand, if the gingerbread is hard and unyielding to the touch, it is safe to go forth in one's best attire, umbrellaless and confident. The Frenchman declares that the general has never yet proved unworthy of the confidence placed in him, and would advise

all whose purse will not allow them to purchase a barometer or aneroid to see what the local baker can do for them in the gingerbread line.—Epworth Herald.

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THE LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

"It just occurs to me," said Mr. Glimby, 'that the language of animals depends not upon where they were born, but upon their kind. All of a kind speak in the same tongue, no matter where they come from. Thus, strolling down a South street wharf the other day, as I love to do, to look at the ships, I was barked at as I passed by a dog standing on the deck of a Norwegian ship. And this dog did not bark at me in Norwegian, but in its own universal dog language, which I could readily understand.

'And it was certainly an agreeable sound. It brought the far north country near, and made it seem homelike. It made the whole world home, for it brought to mind the fact that nature and the lower animals speak to us in familiar tones everywhere. It is only the tongue of man that is confused.'—New York Sun.

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JOHN WESLEY'S HOUSE.

A sum of £5,000 having been provided by an anonymous donor for the purpose of maintaining John Wesley's house in the City Road, London, as a permanent Wesley Museum, the formal opening has taken place. The rooms are three in number. Hundreds of American and other visitors annually make a pilgrimage to these rooms, which are to-day in much the same condition in which they were in Wesley's time.

Deeply interested and affecting is the room in which Wesley died. In the front room is the high-backed, comfortable chair in which he used to sit and in which the president sits when presiding

over a conference. On the landing stands the old "grandfather's clock," once Wesley's, and on the bureau the famous tea pot presented by Wedgwood to Wesley. The lid is gone and the spout is broken, but an American offered £2,000 for the tea pot. The house was finished eleven months after the chapel, and Wesley first occupied it as he says in his journal, on October 8, 1779. The third room on the floor is the "prayer room," which Wesley used to enter at 4 o'clock each morning. All these interesting relics are now permanently preserved.

Father Beauclerk, who so successfully boomed the miraculous waters of St. Winifred's Well, Holywell, is leaving that place "because he feels the necessity of seeking work of a lighter and less onerous character." Why in the name of all that is ridiculous does he not take a dose of the healing waters and go on as usual? The inhabitants of Holywell, a rather dirty and retrograde place, have winked at the "miracles" because they paid and laughed at the poor dupes who brought their crutches, their money and their superstition to Holywell and took nothing back with them but their superstition. The Roman Catholic Church is wise and never pushes things to extremes. Father Beauclerk has done good work and now he is removed. There is work for him elsewhere and we shall have fewer miracles in future at Holywell. What an awful ass the public is to be sure!

In no part of the world did the marriage of the illustrious cantatrice arouse keener interest than in Wales, which Madame Patti has made her home for many years. At her beautiful residence Craig-y-Nos she is always the Lady Bountiful but the play of the prima donna's charitable instincts has been by no means confined to the fortunate peasantry living near her

Welsh home. The hospitals of Swansea, Neath, and Cardiff have all benefited by special concerts.

In Davies' "Mythology of the Ancient Druids" (a work which placed its author, the Rector of Bishopston, near Swansea, in the first rank as a writer on the history and manners of the ancient Britons), I find the following notice of "Cwn Annwn" (Dogs of Hades):—"Pwyll, Lord of the Seven Provinces of Dyfed, hunting in the Vale of Glyn Cwch, and listening to the cry of his hounds, hears that of another pack, of a different tone and coming in an opposite direction. The strange pack pursued the stag into the center of the grove and there threw him down. Pwyll admires the dogs, which were all of a shining white hue, with red ears.' This was the popular notion of the Welsh respecting the color of the Cwn Annwn, which Mr. Davies believes to be a mythical transformation of the Druids, with their white robes and red tiaras.

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ABOUT BACTERIA.

"Hokey-pokey ice cream sold in London streets, though full of bacterial life, turns out on inspection to be less harmful than was expected. The analyst's report says: "It contained upward of 500,000 organisms per cubic centimeter. The bacteria isolated were the *Bacilli coli communis* (the cream contained 200 or 300 per cubic centimeter), *Streptococcus pyogenes*, *Straphylococcus pyogenes aureus*, *Straphylococcus pyogenes albus*, *Bacilli liquidus*, *liquefaciens*, *liquefaciens fluorescens*, and *ubiquitus*. No *oidium lactis* could be found, nor could any diphtheria bacilli be discovered.' None of these microbes, however, are particularly injurious."

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JOHN RUSKIN.

By D. J. Williams, Peckville, Pa.

This celebrated man's eightieth birthday was the eighth of February, 1899. He received many congratulations on that day, and great interest was felt in the occasion not only in England, but throughout the English-speaking world. That his birthday should be a matter of interest to so many, reflects great credit on those who feel it, as well as on the man himself. As a writer on a great variety of themes he has exerted a refining and elevating influence upon the minds of millions of thinking people in many parts of the world. His writings are characterized by purity, vitality and force, which account for their wide and deep influence on the people of this age, and will, no doubt, continue good and beneficial in their influence for ages to come.

It is as an art critic that Ruskin is most widely known, and possibly his influence is more potent in this line than any other. His "Modern Painters" is a masterpiece. This great work alone would be sufficient to make him famous as one of the

great writers of this century, and of all centuries. He contends for truth in art as the basis of all permanent excellence; just as Carlyle, his great contemporary and friend, contended for truth and sincerity in life and literature. He contended for truth and conformity to facts in the realm of art. These great men were much alike in many ways. They were extremely sensitive, which is one of the marks of genius, and the source of some of the eccentricities which characterized them. Such men, very often, use strong and exaggerative expressions, which cannot be rightly understood without making a liberal allowance on account of their intense feelings. But both of them, by reason of their great powers of expression, their profound insight and their intense earnestness have exerted a quickening and a rousing influence for good on the minds of myriads. Both of them have added rich treasures of thought to the wealth of English literature.

If the perception of the beautiful, and the cultivation of the aesthetic

faculties is one of the elements in the evolution of the race, and we believe it is, then we must believe that Ruskin has contributed much that entitles him to be considered one of the apostles of progress. He teaches one to use his eyes, in observing the different natural objects which come within the range of our vision. He has proved himself a patient and intense observer, as any one will be convinced in reading his descriptions of the real truth of things as seen in water, earth, trees, valleys, mountains and sky. He nobly contends for truth in art, and he fiercely condemns all representations of nature that are untrue. He

points out how closely Turner, the great English painter, followed nature in his work. All true art must combine light and shade, the manifest and the hidden revelation and mystery, if it is faithful to the truth of things. Truth is the foundation of all permanent work, and the soul of all real excellence in art, literature and life. The man who like Ruskin has devoted a long and toilsome life to purify and refine the taste of his fellows deserves to be congratulated on having reached such an advanced age. If this brief sketch will serve to lead some to read his works, it will have answered a good purpose.



FALLEN LEAVES.

By Lizzie Owen, Denver, Col.

The sturdy oak, king of the wood,
Majestic grand, defiant stood;
It's massive branches towering high,
Resplendent neath the summer sky;
Its matchless robe of green at length,
Bespeaking beauty, life and strength;
Divine injunction guards the whole,
It moves the heart, it stirs the soul.

I came again and sought the place,
The scene to scan, the picture trace;
But lo! a blast of winter's morn
Had touch'd that tree, it's beauty shorn;
Upon the ground, faded and dead,
And under foot so thoughtless tread—
Were leaves—the leaves that kissed the sky,
In form and hue art could not vie.

Alas! how true of human life,
This surging, changing, constant strife;
How oft the plans so well contrived,
And castles fair, by time destroyed;
The morrow that should pleasure bring,
Produced instead the keenest sting;
Ambitions thwarted, hope and trust,
Alike have crumbled into dust.

AN APRIL FOOL.

By Lewis Leyshon.

Among many other customs, the facetious annual one of fooling on the first of April is involved in utter obscurity, and very probably will never be satisfactorily accounted for. Although fooling is practiced more or less every day of the year, yet the first of April has been set apart from time immemorial as an official day for fooling, and while other days may see a little fooling in a voluntary way, on the first of April it becomes a duty to fool or be fooled. The French call an April fool an April "fish," and I have never seen such a queer title explained.

Some state that fooling is a commemoration of the cruel way our Savior was sent from one court to another previous to His crucifixion; while others assert that the day celebrates sending the dove by Noah during the subsidence of the flood. The dove never returned, which in a way fooled the old patriarch. Would this idea of the flood explain the French title "fish" as applied to an April fool? Was it the first of April the fish got left on the mountain tops, whereto the tide never returned?

However it may be, it seems that the first of April was a memorable day, and its observance became so general that a man that overlooked or forgot it was considered a fool; or by some reason not now known,

the day was especially appointed for the testing of human wits. Very often this is done by sending a man on a nonsensical errand to seek something impossible or impertinent, so as to act in a ridiculous manner. A man's sanity is proved by ignoring the tempter. The greatest feat of the day is the successful fooling of the fooler.

Early in the fifties, in a rural parish in Wales, there lived a sexton of the funny name of Phillip Johnkins, who eked out a poor existence by working at a limekiln, and occasionally digging a grave for a departed parishioner. This Johnkins was a peculiar character, partially distorted, dwarfish in stature, with a large nose (somewhat Bergasque in appearance), possessed of considerable intellectual ability, a pretty voluble talker, but clownish in manner, which caused the lads very often to play rather cruel jokes on him. He lived in a little court off the main street, and, strange to say, had a very nice looking woman for a wife, and two fine children. Phillip had worked at the limekiln for some years, and had saved some money, when he asked the proprietor for a two weeks' furlough to visit his old home in Carmarthenshire with an eye to business. At the close of his furlough, he returned with his young

wife and settled down for good. Next Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Johnkins were at church, and everybody was surprised at the beauty and youth of the bride, as well as at the homeliness of the bridegroom. For some years they seemed to lead a very happy life, he having the reputation of being an exemplary husband. He was steady and assiduous, and she was always attentive to domestic duties, and their simple home was truly comfortable. But yet Phillip among the lads was a butt of ridicule, and a laughing-stock on account of his partial deformity. He was always a target for nicknames, jokes and jibes, and his resentment of those unseemly attacks would only augment the fun.

(One fine first day of April in 1856, two of the lads came to the kiln with tears in their words, informing Phillip of the demise of Sally Jones, which to Phillip Johnkins was the authentic mother Sally Jones. He informed the foreman, shuffled himself into his coat, seized his staff, and directed his footsteps towards God's acre, which was located a five minute's walk away. He entered the burial ground; unlocked the tool shanty; shuffled away with his pick and shovel, and commenced without delay to "break" the grave.

He was not a bit afraid of work, so as soon as he had marked out the space for old Sally's resting place, he set to manipulating his pick to break through the outer crust. He had a weird habit of whistling when digging—not that he was irreverent, but somewhat he felt relieved of the

drudgery at the kiln. He dug six inches with this pick, and shoveled it; dug another installment, and was almost through shoveling it when his shovel slid over a plate. He took his pick, drove the point under the edge and pried it up, uncovering a good-sized iron crock (crochan), with strong handle of the same metal. Inside was a number of bags with gold coins—innumerable it seemed! Phillip became nervous; he felt a choking sensation, and his heart fluttered as if he had heart-disease. The sweat started out on his forehead, and big drops chased each other down his ample nose. Just then he espied the Vicar coming and he scraped dirt over the plate.

"Well, Phillip," asked the Vicar, "what's this job you are doing?" "I am breaking old Mother Sally's grave, sir," answered Phil, touching his hat.

"I am afraid, Phillip, the lads have been fooling you, unless you mean to bury Old Sal alive," said the Vicar. "I saw her a minute ago at the garden edge, how-dy-doing some passer by."

"Thinking of it, it is Fool's Day, too. Go drat, the lads!" said Phillip.

"I'll tell you, what ye'll do, Phillip; you have'nt been much fooled, cover that up, take the tools back, and adjourn finishing the grave until Old Sal gives up the ghost."

"That's right too, y'r reverence," added Phillip, and he scraped back the dirt, planted the sod as natural as possible, re-placed the tools in the

shed, and after much deliberate thought, decided to occupy himself the rest of the day in and around the graveyard, so as to be on guard and watch the treasure.

Although days passed without a single invader, yet this day Phillip was uneasy lest some one would enter and go straight for the treasure.

He did not go home to dinner, thinking that would be the very time some one would be likely to come.

So he hung around anxiously all the day, assuming to be busily engaged doing pretended jobs. When the sun was sinking into the West, and the evening shades were falling over the quiet City of the Dead, Phillip felt much relieved, and he lost no time hastening to the spot whence he pulled up the crock, which was tremendously heavy, side-dumped the barrow, rolled the vessel on, and wheeled it over home without exciting the suspicions of the neighbors. He opened the door, and wheeled right in, and locked the door. Mrs. Johnkins looked somewhat puzzled at this unusual manner of lodging barrows, and says she,

"And goodness to you, boy, where have ye been all day. You must be fainting for your dinner!"

"Don't talk, girl," he replied, "I have feasted on good luck, and I feel glorious! I am a modern Ali Baba!" and he started to jig and dance like a Methodist at a revival. Taking her by the waist, he said,

"Lo and behold! Let me call you henceforth Madam!"

She stared at the gold coins, clasped her hands, lifted her fine

face, and with an emphatic expression of satisfaction she blessed Phillip Johnkins. After making a fair estimate of the contents of the bags, Phillip narrated the story of the discovery; how he was fooled to dig the grave; how he struck the mine; how he stood guard over it, forgetting himself and family in the absorbing thought of securing a fortune

"I don't feel hungry at all," he said. "It seems odd, but I feel as if I had been in a five dollar St. David's Banquet!"

"You have supped on imagination; you better eat some solider food!" said Mrs Johnkins.

"Well, what have you?" asked Phillip.

"I have some neck of mutton broth with potatoes, parsnips, leeks, &c., and as usual—apple dumplings," she added.

"That's a fine supper for a gold bug, ain't it?" asked Phillip with feigned displeasure.

They both partook of the simple meal, but seemed to realize that their erstwhile tastes had undergone considerable change, for both had already experienced a novel consciousness that they deserved a better repast, and could afford to get it.

The change came in good time. Phillip quitted work; moved into a fine house; people began to respect the Johnkins family; the children were sent away to school; Mr. Johnkins was elected member of the Poor Board, School Board, Church Committee, Chairman of the Local Lib-

eral Club; and Mrs. Johnkins figured equally highly among the ladies of the parish. To Mr. Johnkins' eternal honor it may be said that he never forgot the means by which he suddenly and so happy attained his

position in society (although he never mentioned it, except to his wife); and often in his best days he confessed to her "that nobody gets rich but somebody or somebodies are fooled."



HINTS TO THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

By H. O. Rowlands, D. D.

The student who enters the pastorate unprepared soon exhausts himself, and by a strange paradox exhausts his congregation also.

It is not more men for the ministry the churches so much need, but more man in the minister; not more ministers, but better, brighter, and a more thoroughly equipped ministry.

While in the seminary permit nothing to come between you and the studies incident to seminary life; and if you have time over, take the Pauline counsel and give yourselves to much reading. This is the receptive period of life; every cerebral cell is open and hungry, and it is God's purpose to feed it with knowledge.

Study, not only for the acquisition of knowledge, but also for the training and discipline the mind gets in such an exercise. There are ten informed minds where there is one disciplined for the dissemination of knowledge.

In any church, however small, you will find a large opportunity for the investment of every mite of intellec-

tual riches, every ohm of force, and all learning, culture, and knowledge you may acquire.

The battle demands not a large disorganized mob, but the smaller body of trained soldiers; so also in the battle the pastor must wage, intellectually considered, not many-sided information tells as much as organized and systematized knowledge.

The pulpit speaker has done much for his effectiveness and power as a speaker when he has trained his voice to speak not rantingly, but with the sweetness and resonance of nature, and the tones are not the metallic sounds of the throat, but the musical messengers that come from the regions where the heart beats and whence sighs come laden with love, pity and hope.

If I were an autocrat of a theological school I would place music, instrumental and vocal, in the curriculum; not only because it is an elegant and sacred accomplishment convenient everywhere, but because it is an equipment vital to the effec-

iciency of the pastorate and pulpit. It multiplies by two the minister's efficiency.

Musical culture will give the pastor better judgment as to hymns and tunes; it will be a constant training in voice culture, the most neglected of all pulpit exercises.

The crudeness, inefficiency and weakness manifested in the leadership of the prayer-meeting by many pastors make it evident that our seminaries have not considered a training for this work as a necessity; and yet, in a Baptist church the prayer-meeting, is almost, if not fully, equal in importance to the pulpit service.

Christian sociology, as applied at least to country and village pastorates is the old fashioned "pastoral work" systematized and carried forward on scientific methods; it lifts

the pastoral work from mere fussing with parishioner's doorbells to an intelligent system of elevating the whole church socially and materially, as well as spiritually.

"Higher criticism" is now an unfortunate term; it is counted either the fetich of the ironoclast, or the "hoodoo" of the timid; in reality it is an unbiased study of the literature of the holy scripture. It no more injures the Bible than does the searching telescope dim or cool the sun. Such a criticism is proper in the seminary; but not in the pulpit. Demonstrations in anatomy and vivisection are not for the public gaze, but for the student's eye. The preacher is not called on to change, criticise or qualify the message; he is to herald it as it is given him in the word of God.



ADDRESS TO A ROBIN.

By John D. Morgan.

We welcome thee, robin red breast,
And list with delight to thy song;
Then find a safe place for a nest,
And stay with us ever so long;
To pay for thy music so sweet,
Our cherries, when ripe, you may pick,
But be not too greedy, and eat
So many that thou wilt be sick.

THE WELSH IN MARIETTA COLLEGE.

By R. M. Stimson, Marietta, O.

Marietta College was founded in 1835. In its first decade, students by the names of Davis, Lewis, Evans, Jones, Williams, Owen, Howell and Powell indicate clearly young men of Welsh extraction seeking an education, although none of them were known distinctively as Welshmen.

In the fall term, 1846, there appeared in the Academy of the College Evan Llewellyn Davies, from Jackson, Ohio, the first real Welshman to enter Marietta College. In the first year of his preparatory course, the writer, then a Senior, had the pleasure to be his instructor in Latin. He graduated with the second honor of his class, in 1852. He became a tutor in the College. His many years have been spent as a clergyman in the Western States, and he is supposed to be still living. Jenkin Davies Jenkins, from Gwalia (Wales), entered the Sophomore class, 1854, and graduated in 1857; and Peter S. Davies, from Minnesota, graduated in 1861.

So the College in its first quarter of a century can count only three Welshmen among the Alumni. With the three who graduate at the approaching Commencement, the Welsh Alumni of Marietta College will number forty-eight, all but six of whom date from the year 1872.

There have been twenty-four

Welsh students in the Academy, who did not enter the College, and ten who entered but did not complete the course. In the present college year, the number of Welsh students is thirteen, seven in the College, six in the Academy.

The year of the class and the names of the Welsh Alumni are here given: (1852), Evan Llewellyn Davies; (1857), Jenkin Davies Jenkins; (1861), Peter Samuel Davies; (1863), William Howell Evans; (1864), William Watkins; (1869), James Michael Rees; (1872), Richard Roderick Davies; (1872), John Lewis Davies; (1872), David E. Reese; (1872), Daniel Thomas; (1874), David Felix Davies; (1874), John Morris Davies; (1874), Wm. W. Rowlands; (1874), James William Reese; (1876), Richard Gregg Lewis; (1876), David Lewis; (1878), Daniel Miles Lewis; (1879), Daniel Jewett Davies; (1879), John Lot Davies; (1880), John H. Phillip; (1881), John Jones; (1881), Thomas Edmond Lewis; (1882), David William Morgan; (1882), Thomas Pierce Thomas; (1884), Daniel Dyfnallt Davies; (1884), George James Jones; (1884), Rhys Rhys Lloyd; (1884), Minor Morris; (1888), William Reese; (1889), George Watkins James; (1889), David Lewis Thomas; (1889), Richard Owen; (1889), Roger Morgan Wil-



Marietta College Buildings and Campus.

liams; (1890), Evan Evans; (1890), Homer Morris; (1891), Spencer Evan Evans; (1891), David Hugh Jones; (1891), Edwin Jones Lewis; (1892), Joshua Osea Griffiths; (1892), James Francis Jones; (1893), Thomas Dean Henshaw; (1893), John Morgan Lewis; (1894), John Elias Williams; (1896), James Evan Reese; (1897), Chester Chidlaw Evans; (1897), Thomas Jesse Jones; (1897), Edmund Owens; (1898), William Evan Davis; (1898), John Edward Jones; (1898), Thomas John Jones.

Of these forty-nine, all but Watkins are still living—six rank highest honor in their respective classes, and five second honor. It is safe that the average class standing of the Welsh students in Marietta College has been above the average of all students, as a whole. The character of the Welsh people is that of industry, sobriety, honesty, with a religious bent of mind, and this character has been maintained to a high degree by Marietta's Welsh students. Of these fifty Welsh Alumni, the ministers of the gospel reckon thirty-six, or three-quarters of the

whole, six teachers, two physicians, two lawyers, two business men, one editor, one farmer. Of the ninety-seven Welsh students in the institution, it cannot be recalled that there has been discipline for personal misconduct only in the case of one. Short of pecuniary means has been pretty generally the condition, but no young man, for the lack of money, has ever been turned away from Marietta College. Such aid has been given as could be, with funds usually sadly limited.

Evan L. Davies (1852), and John L. Davies (1872) were tutors in the institution; and James M. Rees (1869), Principal of the Academy, and David H. Jones (1891) Associate Principal, James Francis Jones (1892) Professor of Biology.

There are eleven (March 6, 1899) Welsh boys and girls now in the institution. Evan William Evans, a native of Swansea, Wales, a scholarly gentleman in the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, eight years, 1857 to 1865, was one of the best of Marietta's Professors. He died at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1874.



ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

Tenth Paper.

With this paper the first epoch in the history of the St. David's Society is brought to a close.

General Morgan Lewis, because of growing infirmities and approaching old age retired from the presidency, although up to the time of his death he did not lessen his interest in the Society's welfare, or his friendship for the members. He having filled the presiding office from the establishment of the Society, a period of six years, his incumbency may well be called an epoch in its history.

I have said much respecting him in previous papers; but the debt of gratitude due him for his services in its behalf, and the respect due him for his own worth, justifies me in adding a further tribute herein.

None but those associated with him can comprehend the value of those services, especially when taking into consideration the luster he gave to the Society by his connection with it.

His illustrious career is an object lesson, not only to every Welshman, but to every American. He was in the front rank of those who established a government upon the basis of liberty and equal rights, for the individual man as expressed in the

Declaration of Independence, and carried out in the Constitution and general laws.

Francis and Morgan Lewis were perfect types of the "Fathers of our Country." Not types of any nationality, but of all, emigrant or native, who took part in freeing themselves from oppression, and establishing a nation that in 120 years has made itself impregnable.

The stern school of life through which they and their conferees had passed (most of them being men of limited means), the indomitable will power and wisdom displayed on the field and in the forum, demonstrated to the world that men of principle, possessing the courage of their convictions can never be overcome.

Bold and rugged in character, honest and unswerving in all their dealings, the struggle of the Revolution found such names as Washington, Jefferson (who was of Welsh descent), Franklin, Adams and Lewis in the van of all those to be honored by the new nation.

Picture the stern old merchant, before the conflict, foreseeing the effect of the paralyzing measures adopted for the government of the colonies, warning his fellow merchants of the impending danger, and urging them to take such action in

the emergency as might avert the impending crisis. All commercial enterprises was checked; all industrial progress forbidden, and even the teaching of trades and professions to the youth of the Colonies was absolutely prohibited.

The mother country caused the Revolution by other enactments than those usually and generally given consideration, but which Francis Lewis saw and realized years before the wrongs culminated in the struggle at arms. Like all, or nearly all other emigrants, he came here with but limited means to carve a fortune for himself, and having a liberal education to strengthen him, he succeeded in acquiring wealth and influence. He died, as heretofore told in this series, in 1803, his participation and services in sustaining the great Declaration of American Independence, of which he was one of the signers, having reduced him again to poverty.

The lesson for the youth of to-day is therefore rendered doubly impressive by the life of the son. Studious and practical, he was but nineteen years old when he was selected to deliver one of the honorary orations at his college, and almost immediately thereafter, at the outbreak of hostilities, took his place in the ranks of the Revolutionary Army as a volunteer. He inherited not only the zealous and self-sacrificing patriotism of his father, but the same sterling qualities of intellect and character. He was quickly promoted, but his duties, arduous and faithfully executed, while they

earned for him the commendation of his superiors were not such as brought him renown for gallantry and valor upon the tented field. His administration of military affairs in the Northern Department was such that much of the success achieved and the capture of Burgoyne's army was due to the manner in which General Morgan Lewis performed the duties assigned him.

At the close of the war he was admitted to the bar, and entered into the practice of the law. His services in behalf of the newly established nation were speedily recognized however, and honor after honor was bestowed upon him until he declined further political office.

The wisdom exercised by him while chief executive of the State of New York in regard to the Public School Fund has made it possible for every youth to place himself in competition with the best in the land. And when these facilities are taken advantage of they will enable the youth of our rising generation to achieve any position in the line of public service even, to the highest.

The incumbency of such a man in the office of President, and the weight of his influence and character gave the St. David's Society a prestige in the eyes of the community, and such strength in its career of usefulness that no tribute can be too great for General Lewis in the minds of those who enjoyed the pleasure of being a member of the Society with him during the six years which are now denominated the "first epoch" of its history.

Before leaving this subject, I desire to picture the results of the work of these two men and their compatriots, for General Lewis was a connecting link between this Society and the men who founded our national government. It is well, therefore, that the present and the rising generation of Welsh descent should realize the share their own forefathers and people had in establishing this nation, now in the forefront of the powers of the world.

The Colonists were mainly men of no title or wealth; simply citizens in the ordinary channels of life, regularly employed in the professions, trades or agricultural pursuits. They were without money, arms, ammunition or training for an armed conflict; and with nothing to sustain them but the religious and moral convictions of right, a sense of oppressive rule, and a desire to free themselves from connection with the most wealthy and most powerful kingdom then on earth.

These men untrained in the arts of war, or of diplomacy in the administration of government, or the intricacies of legislation, erected the most perfect model of representative government ever known, besides enacting a code of laws which ensures forever a just and equitable consideration of the rights of man. True there were some imperfections in the original constitution, but the assault arising therefrom in 1861, still further attested the wisdom and forethought of the founders; and the resulting abolition of slavery, ce-

mented the country more closely in the bonds of national unity.

Judge these men by their opponents, and their work was most marvelous. England's statesmen sustained by rank, wealth, power, and schooling had been practiced for centuries in all the arts and subtleties of administrative government.

Compare England's enactments to those of American Congress. One, tended only to strengthen a central power at the expense of individual rights; the other, afforded the unity of common interest with a supreme authority empowered only to protect the whole, and maintain a permanent peace. The result of the latter has been, that in one short century the population has grown from three to seventy-two millions of happy prosperous people, with a productive power unequalled on the face of the globe, and a government that is now so stable as to be impregnable against all attempts to overturn it from within or without. The States too have increased from thirteen to forty six, besides its territorial possessions, and the seeming conflicting interests of each only serves to strengthen them as a whole.

I do not wish to impugn the principles or character of England, which has always been in the advance of civilization, but rather to show the wonderful wisdom and forethought displayed by the men who founded this government.

Of the host of Welshmen who held positions in the physical struggle of

the Revolution, and the many who took part in the legislative work of the several States, and of the national government, few were more prominent than Francis and Morgan Lewis.

The St. David's Society may therefore well be proud of the fact that its first presiding officer was one of these men, and that through him it maintained a direct connection with the origin, establishment

and maintenance of the government of the United States. This is also a legacy that the founders of the Society will leave to their successors, who will conduct it to perpetuity.

These remarks, of course, do not really enter into the history of the Society, except as they form the link between the first epoch in the history of our country, and the first epoch in the history of our Society.



SIGNS OF THE COMING STORM.

A Tale of '59.

By E. R. Evans, Carnarvon.

CHAPTER I.

Huw Roberts, y Bryn, was as fine a specimen of a young Welshman of the period as you might wish to meet. Educated, perhaps, better than the majority of his fellows, and possessed of a considerable amount of common sense, it was but natural that he should take the lead in all things that appertained to the welfare of his equals in and around the historic town of Bala; and, endowed as he was with more than the average gift of good looks, it was equally as natural that he should be much sought after. Huw, however, had long since fallen, head and ears, as the saying is, in love with Jenny Jones, Tygwyn, the daughter of old

John Jones, one of the most successful farmers, and the highest respected man in the whole locality.

The Tygwyn family were noted for their piety, and for their great zeal for "the cause;" and the only drawback to what would otherwise be called a successful union between Huw and the fair Jenny, was the fact that the farmer as yet was not among the flock. John Jones was a deacon in the little chapel, and as such could not look with favor upon an alliance between his daughter and a man who had not embraced the religion he held so dear.

Huw and Jenny were one evening walking leisurely along the banks of the placid Llyn Tegid, and after the

manner of young people, had been whispering sweet tales of love in each other's ears. The sun was sinking low behind the distant hills in the west, and cast a rich tint on the face of the waters. "A beautiful sunset like this always sets me thinking," said Huw, "of the happiness

comes a professor of religion, should be beyond doubt honest and true, in thought and deed. If I could be such another man as your father, for instance, I would not for an instant hesitate. But come, darling, when can I hope to have you?"

"That's where it is," was the girl's



Huw and Jenny were one evening walking leisurely along the banks of the placid Llyn Tegid

and joy which God has, in His goodness, arranged for man, but which so few realise."

The girl gave a sigh, and replied, "How is it, Huw, that you can think so highly of the Great King, and yet stand aloof from His people?"

"I'm not good enough yet, Jenny, to think of such a course. Do you know, I think a man, before he be-

reply with a shy smile, "you know the condition—the only condition my father laid down, and he cannot withdraw it, for the rules of our church demand it. When you become a member we may be married, but not before."

Huw sighed in turn, and as the evening was becoming chilly they retraced their steps homewards arm

in arm, according to the usual custom. When they arrived at Tygwyn, old John Jones was preparing for the "family service."

"Come in, Huw, and join us," said he, when he saw the young man at the door. Huw needed no second invitation. Father, mother, and daughter, as well as he, seated themselves around the hearth. The old man brought forth a large Family Bible, placed his spectacles upon his nose, and, opening the sacred Book, which, by the way, had been well worn by constant use, read out in a clear voice a Psalm or two, giving, as he proceeded, a lucid explanation of the inspired writer's passages, and urging upon his hearers the duty of living up to the standard laid down by the Psalmist.

"You will now sing a hymn, Jenny," said he, turning to his daughter. The young girl immediately obeyed, and selecting that beautiful set of verses commencing:—

I fyny at fy Nuw.
Fy enaid, cod dy lei,

she sang them with such pathos and effect, and withal, such sweetness of expression, that the whole family were entranced. The closing words:

O Arglwydd grasol, cofia fi,

were rendered in so prayerful a tone, and so ardent and telling, that her father rose to his feet, shouted "Amen," so earnestly and fervently that he seemed to re-echo the sentiments of the poet. Then he went on his knees, followed by all of them, and prayed with such feeling and fervency as only our forefathers

could. Having commenced by thanking the Lord for his goodness, he gradually worked himself into the "hwyl," and finally offered up the services of all to God; and urged the Heavenly Father, mentioning each one by name, to take him or her under His parental care; and in His own good time to make them members of the Heavenly Family, who should for ever live with Him in glory.

What effect the prayer had upon Huw may be gathered from the fact that he rose from his knees with tears streaming down his cheeks, and soon afterwards became a member of the "Society." And when called upon to relate his experiences in that nursery of Welsh religion, he said that his conversion was entirely due to the prayers of John Jones on his behalf at that memorable "family service."

CHAPTER II.

The year 1859 was noted for two great events in the history of Wales. The first of these was the Revival; and the second the revolt against the landlords. The religious revival commenced soon after Huw's conversion, and its effects to a greater or less extent compelled him to take the course which he adopted in the near future.

It was election time; and Huw took the deepest interest in the political affairs of the day. A young man who exercised the faculty of thinking out and solving problems according to his own lights, he natural-

ly became a reformer. John Jones and he were returning from the Missionary Prayer Meeting one evening, and the conversation drifted into political regions somewhat in this way.

"It seems strange," said John Jones, "that the Squire should refuse to give us a site to build a new

same reply, 'No, the Squire cannot grant you a site.'"

"That's just where you make a mistake. You should see the Squire himself. Why, you know very well what the agent is—a man with no sense of honor or of justice, unscrupulous, overbearing and arrogant to you, but in the presence of



As they were passing through the little wicket gate at the bottom of the garden, she roguishly threw a kiss at her lover, and bade them both "Good Luck."

chapel. The success of the church has been so great that we are absolutely compelled to find a larger building."

"The refusal is plain enough to me," replied Huw. "Don't you see, our success shows the more plainly the failure of the clergy."

"I have gone, cap in hand, three or four times to the agent," continued the old deacon, "and begged of him, almost on my knees, to grant us a site, but he always gives the

his master a sneaking cur, who cringes and craves, and makes himself an object of contempt to anyone who calls himself a man; a creature with no character to loose—no soul to save."

"Don't speak like that, Huw. You should have a more Christian feeling towards your fellows than that," said the old man.

"Christian feeling, forsooth," and his eyes glared with intense hatred, whilst his arms kept motioning up

and down, after the manner of the excited Celt. "Christian feeling towards such a thing as Robin Scotch (for such was the nickname by which the agent was familiarly known), who turned my poor mother out of her home, and left us children homeless! Christian feeling towards the cur who disseminated such lies about my dead father, and who so misrepresented me to the Squire that I failed to get a farm! No, John Jones, I do not believe there is sufficient love in God's own bosom to forgive a man like that. If there is a sin that will not be forgiven, it is my belief that the oppression of the widows and the orphans is that sin."

"My dear Huw, I fully appreciate the intensity of your feelings, but remember that you are now a member of the Church of God, and as such have no right to bear malice or hatred. Forget the whole thing—it is past and gone now. You have succeeded in the world in face of all; and you have done more for your poor mother than ever you could were you on the farm."

"No thanks to Robin Scotch, though," muttered Huw, under his breath. But noticing the evident vexation of his darling Jenny's father, he readily turned the conversation to the subject of the chapel site. "We'll go together to the Plas tomorrow, John Jones," said he, "and see how we shall be treated by the Squire himself."

"Do you think he will see us at all?"

"Oh! dear, yes. Why shouldn't he?"

The old man sighed. "Why shouldn't he?" It was a pertinent question, and showed the independence of mind which the youth possessed. Yet John Jones loved him all the more for it. He knew the world better than Huw, though. He knew that his visit would be regarded as an insufferable piece of presumption by the Squire; yet so anxious was he for the success of the cause that he agreed to go.

Accordingly, next morning, Huw called at Tygwyn. The whitewashed, cleanlooking, thatched house presented quite a handsome appearance as he approached it, for was it not the house of his Jenny, the goddess of his heart? When he entered, Jenny was butter-making, clapping the rich-looking curd with her hands until the walls of the old house resounded. Though we might call it early nowadays, for it was ten o'clock, the kitchen looked clean and tidy, the hearth had been beautifully chalked, and the bars shone a brilliant black, whilst a bright peat fire lent a more cheerful aspect still to the cosy apartment.

"Father in, Jenny?" asked Huw, after the customary greetings peculiar to young lovers.

"Just gone up-stairs to change," was the reply. And while the pair were chatting together, for Jenny had left the curd, and the churn, and the clapping to the tender mercies of the strapping lass in the dairy upon the approach of Huw, and gone

to the kitchen to "make him welcome," John Jones came upon the scene dressed in his Sunday best. A white cravat encircled his neck, a long tailed coat and a "clos penglin" of homespun Bala wool, a grey pair of stockings, and buckled shoes, the latter of which were only worn when he visited the Squire on urgent farm business, completed his attire.

Huw had acquainted Jenny with the nature of their visit before her father came; and as they were passing out through the little wicket gate at the bottom of the garden, she roguishly threw a kiss at her lover, and bade them both "Good Luck."

CHAPTER III.

The twain, upon their arrival at the Plas, were shown into a luxuriously furnished hall to await the arrival of the Squire, who, after what seemed to Huw an unreasonable delay, marched pompously in. The Squire was a sleek, well-groomed man, whom the people had been taught to respect and believe, and generally regarded as benevolent and kind, but who at the same time was a bigoted believer in what he secretly considered a sort of divine right of landlordism. He took little interest in the welfare of his inferiors, nor cared much for their morality, education, or social progress. A thorough believer in

the Established Church, he looked askance at the Dissenters, but was fondly believed by his tenantry to be more tolerant than the general run of landlords in this respect.

He evidently knew something of the nature of the present visit, though he took care to hide that knowledge from John Jones and Huw, and addressing them in broken Welsh, said, "Well, John, and what has brought thee here so early? Dost thou want a reduction in rent, the same as the rest of them, or any improvements that Robin has neglected? Or hast thou come to see me on other business?"

"On other business, sir. Chapel business, sir."

"Oh, chapel business, is it? Perhaps thy chapel folk would like me to come to society, or prayer meeting, eh?" with a grin.

"No, sir; it is'nt that, sir. Our chapel is too small, sir."

"Ha, ha ha!" roared the Squire. "Too small for me, is it? Ho, ho, ho!"

Huw, who had noticed the evident misconstruction given to the remark, now replied, and less slavish, though not less respectful than the tenant, observed, "Not too small for you, sir, but for the congregation. The fact of the matter is, that the cause has been so successful that the church—"

"How dare you call that place 'a church?'" roared the Squire resentfully.

(To be continued.)

SAINT DAVID.

Glorious names of Cambria's heroes
 Sweetly chime upon the ear!
 O, how fit to sound their praises
 Who have lived in service here,
 To their God, and for their fellows!
 Over all the wrecks of time,
 Lo! the name of great Saint David
 Shineeth star-like and sublime.

—CADLE.



THE OBSERVATORY.

D. E. Richards, M. D, Slatington, Pa.

The vast majority of mankind grow up with little or no control over their faculties with regard to this great power; and strange to say, their children are allowed to follow in the same state of ignorance, leaving an inherent capacity to remain dormant, which if awakened and developed would actually lift the commonplace into the exceptional, and revolutionize the whole of life. To simply see a thing, as some people think, is not observation, for it is possible for a person to see a thing every day and yet observe nothing in connection with it throughout his life. In the true sense of the term, no person sees with his eye, but through it, consequently, in order to observe anything at all the mind must indispensably work in connection with the eye, for observation means that to some extent at least, the mind is stored with some facts regarding the

object looked upon through the eye.

* * * *

No one will deny that all genius lies rooted in a highly developed power of observation in some given field. The musician, for instance, hears melody throughout nature, where those who have not been trained hear only noise and turmoil. The dramatist sees tragedy and pathos; the artist, color and form; the author, tell-tale characteristics, individual and local, where the non-observant see, hear and find nothing at all of beauty, interest or note.

The power of attention and the habit of observation are invaluable in every sphere of life, for without them is to lose its cream, to do gross injustice to each of the five senses, and to let the faculties become anchylosed with rust.

* * * *

The eminent John Ruskin says: "No human capacity ever yet saw

the whole of a thing; but we may see more and more of it the longer we look. Every individual temper will see something different in it; but, supposing the tempers honest, all the differences are there. Every advance in our acuteness of perception will show us something new, but the old and first discerned thing will still be there, not falsified, only modified and enriched by the new perceptions becoming continually more beautiful in its harmony with them, and more approved as a part of the infinite truth." Now, in order to acquire the power which can realize this a constant union of thought and sight must be established whenever we undertake to look upon any given object.

A very erroneous idea is that which supposes that to simply open one's eyes and look at a book or at any object of nature is all-sufficient. The mind must inevitably accompany the look, or rather, the mind must exercise itself through the eye, otherwise there has been no observation, nothing whatsoever has been learned.

* * * *

To be able to see and note a thing well is an absolute impossibility without training. No reasonable person ever expects to sing well, to read well, or to reason well without training; and this cannot be realized without long practice, while to acquire a proficiency in any branch, the learner must be placed under the wise direction of a more advanced and wider experience. We are glad to note that in London at the present

time, classes in observation are formed and are becoming exceedingly popular.

And we sincerely hope this country will soon follow, and commence, in the beginning, by shaping at least some of the exercises in the public schools for our children, with an eye to the development of this trait. We say, commence in the beginning, because this is an education which may be pursued through the whole of life, however long that may be, resulting in fresh interest and pleasure in each stage of the development.

* * * *

To verify what has just been stated, let any ordinary person who has not been blessed with such training (and the majority of us are in that class) take up any object whatsoever, and proceed to give an elaborate and complete description of the same, and, we are sure he will discover that his incapacity touches a degree impalpable heretofore. Again, to enhance the joy and happiness of life, one needs but to train himself to observe the bright sides and pleasant things concomitant with all dark and sorrowful circumstances in his history. For, in very truth, mercies and blessings far outnumber the others in the lives of all passing through this world.

I have seen people languishing upon beds of sickness, and yet rejoice in a ray of sunlight traversing the room, while others whine, and see only in it the ever present mote of dust. A person relates the pleasant and jolly time experienced at the

sea shore last summer, yet, if present, the observer of unpleasant trifles will constantly keep reminding him that the dust was abominable, and the mosquitoes a troublesome pest.

The snow storm of last month presented its troublesome and unpleasant aspects only to a vast number of people; the exhilarating exercise in cleaning the snow from around our residences, and the

pleasure of sleigh rides were utterly left unobserved.

Let us endeavor to awake and cultivate the powers of observation both in ourselves and in others, remembering that however difficult the effort of application may prove itself, the delight and pleasure afforded by so doing, will very soon, more than pay for all labor expended.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

One of the most entertaining and instructive speakers on musical matters of the present day, is Mr. William Armstrong, until lately, the musical critic of the Chicago "Tribune." He is a Bostonian, and a cosmopolitan—he is known and respected as an authority in London, Paris and Berlin, besides in the leading cities of America. Mr. Armstrong lectured lately on "American Song Composers." The compositions of McDonald Chadwick, Foote, Nevin, Paine and Clayton Johns were discussed by him, and "illustrated" by a number of our best singers.

Dr. Edward Lassen, the famous song composer, author of "Thine eyes, so Blue and Tender," has given up composing, and is snugly situated for life near Weimar. The royalties from his songs "furnishes

him with a very comfortable income." Lucky man.

Moritz Rosenthal, Madame Carreno, Emil Sauer, and William Sherwood form a wonderful group of great pianists, who have appeared during the present season along with Theodore Thomas Chicago Orchestra—a season of unqualified excellence and success. It is impossible to estimate the moral and artistic upliftment of such classic selections, artists, such as we have named above.

In "Musical America," it is said the salaries of the leading operatic singers for each performance, are as follows: Jean de Reszke, \$2,200; Lili Lehmann, \$1,250; Sembrich, \$1,100; Edouard de Reszke, \$800; Nordica, \$800, &c. These figures differ very materially from those published in the Chicago dailies, at

the time the Grand Opera Company was almost stranded in our midst. The highest figures mentioned above tend to show

"What fools these mortals be," that submit to such a condition of affairs. Such demands of greed and grab, in the long run, degrade the very foundations of art. It is well-known that one of the musical centers in Europe will pay these extravagant prices to any of the named artists.

The coming of Mr. Ben Davies is looked forward to with great pleasure. April 6 he will sing the tenor solos in the "Creation" in the performance of the same by the Apollo Club. This most poetic of all oratorios came out of the fertile brain of Haydn, as an inspiration created by a notable performance of the "Messiah" in London. It was first performed April 14, 1801. "Papa Haydn" thought he had overdone the matter. But he wrote better than he knew. When the notable performance of the "Creation," in his honor, took place before the greatest and grandest audience that ever gathered at Vienna, March 27, 1808, he broke down entirely under the effect of his chorus—"And there was light," and burst into tears, and stretching his hands upward, could only say, "It all came from heaven." Joseph was born in 1732, and died in 1809.

It is said that none of Handel's Oratorios choirs numbered more than 200. But it seems that the master-choruses of the great Saxon are well adapted to grand choirs of

any number. At the Boston Jubilee Festival of 1872, before an audience of 50,000, a choir of 11,000 rang out the "Hallelujah Chorus" with undescribable effect. One cannot even imagine the tremendous power of 2,000 basses singing "And he shall reign forever and ever" and much less can the most vivid imagination describe the glorious climax, "Hallelujah," as brought forth by the mighty choir, orchestra and great organ! No wonder that Handel believed himself inspired when he composed the "Messiah," and said in "his quaint German-English"—"I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself."

The gathering of the Welsh colony to celebrate St. David's Day, on March 1st, at Sherry's, New York, was exceedingly brilliant. The musical part of the feast was entirely impromptu, and all the better for it. Mr. Evan Williams came in for his ovation as usual. The startling surprise was the first appearance of Florence Stockwell a richly endowed contralto yet in her teens, who sang "The Holy City" in a way that stirred the audience, who insisted on her singing again. Miss Stockwell then sang the new ballad "Nanny Frew," music by Parson Price, and poem by Hans de Groot. She gave it with fine voice and imparted so much genuine feeling and sentiment to its rythmical phrases, while imparting the right comedy spirit that its genuine pathos struck a chord so responsive in the audience that the singer was received with a tumultuous ovation that end-

ed in three cheers being given by the five hundred diners for Fanny Stockwell. Such a furore is seldom witnessed at a Welsh celebration, and the young American was launched on her career with a strong

legion of friends, won by the magic of her voice and the innate beauty of "Nanny Frew." Miss Stockwell is a young lady of 16 summers, and the grand-daughter of Mr. J. T. Davies, Eric, Pa.



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

About two hours after they left the king's tent an individual in the garb of a monk, repeating the pious saying so much affected by the monastic order of the period, proceeded from the quarters of the captain of the king's guard towards the tent in which Einion under the close vigilance of the watch without in total darkness lay. After a momentary detention by the guard he approached the condemned man, and in a low deliberate monotone began to offer him the consolations of religion. At the same time the two, unseen by the men without, hastily exchanged clothes, and a few words that passed with the guards for Latin. Then presently Einion, completely disguised, left certain instructions with his confederate, and muttering to himself passed out unrecognized by the guard. He seemed in no hurry; but advancing at a moderate pace,

he soon found himself near Caradoc's tent.

"Who comes there?" demanded a stern voice.

"A poor brother of the Order of St. Benedict, who comes hither to offer the consolation of religion to one Caradoc ap Gryffydd, who is condemned to die," was the reply.

"If he is not already beyond help, holy father, he soon will be. In either case I would advise you to seek a more deserving and promising subject. It is not fitting that those who serve the devil in this world should part company with their master in the next. Nor do I want to go to heaven if it be made up of villains such as this vile traitor, who has repeatedly sought the king's life besides murdering a comrade of ours."

"His sins no doubt are great, and greatly do I deplore his guilt, but ego sum nuntius of mercy, and as

such should not allow the vilest soul to go to perdition without an opportunity to repent. *Hic breve vivitur*, and may the Blessed Virgin grant me strength to do my duty."

"You doubtless speak the truth but if the Blessed Virgin have no better success in understanding your Latin jargon than I your success will be but indifferent."

"Thou art not expected to understand what only priests should know. But thou canst now step aside and let me see if indeed the condemned be past help or not."

"Our orders are strict, holy father, and must be kept inviolate. None, whether king or priest, may enter this tent without a written permit from the captain of the guard."

"Then read that, and interfere no longer with the performance of my sacred duties."

Charging the other guards not to relax their vigilance the petty officer hastened to a camp-fire two or three rods distant with the piece of parchment just handed him, and after acquainting himself with its contents he returned to where Einion impatiently stood and said:

"You are at liberty to enter the tent, and if you find the traitor still in the land of the living and can give him some powerful drug that will prevent him cheating the hangman you will serve the interests of the king far more by preserving his life than by hastening his soul into Paradise."

Caradoc had played his part so well that the guards more than half suspected that he had already died of his wound; but in reality he was in a much better condition than he was when brought before the king. He still maintained absolute silence when Einion entered, and pretended to revive a little only after the pseudo monk had given some wine out of a flask he chanced to have. Nor was Einion slow to turn this by-play to his own and Caradoc's advantage, for while the guards received the impression that he was working hard to revive the condemned man, he was in reality assisting him to put on the gown and cowl in which he had entered. Then he proceeded to prepare Caradoc for the doom which was supposed to await him, summoning to his aid all the Latin phrases at his command. This he did at first in a tone of voice meant for the ears of the guards, but gradually his utterance became so indistinct to all but the supposed invalid that the petty officer before mentioned threateningly remarked:

"If you speak not louder, holy father, we shall deem you an accomplice and not the confessor of the traitor."

"Confessions are made to God and not to men," was the reply, "and you should not disturb this most solemn service with your interruptions."

"I promise not to speak again if you prolong not your stay beyond all endurance."

Einion promised to be brief, and after a few more whispered words and an occasional groan and feeble response from Caradoc the pseudo monk brought the interesting farce to a close by remarking aloud:

"If you follow my counsel and forget wherein thy only salvation lies, it shall be well with thee. Vale."

The next moment Caradoc, clad in the garb of a monk left the tent unrecognized, and while the sound of his retreating footsteps grew fainter and fainter in the distance one of the guards peering in the direction he had vanished remarked to a comrade as they passed to and fro:

"Methinks yon monk is more learned than the majority of his order. By my faith, were he a Roman instead of a Cambrian the language of the first invader of our land could scarcely flow more glibly from his tongue. Were he Morgan, the royal chaplain, it would not seem so wonderful, for they say he talks with ease in four languages, and can read many more."

"Ay," was the reply, "but even he, they say, finds a close rival in the hermit who dwells in the cave near Cefn."

"By'r Lady, now that you have spoken of that crafty old hypocrite, I more than half suspect that he and none other was the base dissembler that just visited this tent!"

I declare to heaven you have struck the right trail, and you may

be sure he was here for no good purpose. I warrant you he was far more anxious to help our captive into freedom than into heavenly bliss. Confessor indeed! let the devil confess his imps!"

To Einion, who now impersonated Caradoc by occupying his place in the tent and uttering an occasional groan, this was an interesting talk. At any other time he would have given vent to his feelings in uproarious laughter; but all he dared do was to indulge in a degree of inward merriment that convulsed his whole frame. Perfectly unconscious of this the guards continued pacing to and fro, occasionally glancing toward the east to catch the first glimpse of dawn, and hoping that their charge could live long enough to grace the gallows. Little did they think that Caradoc was already some distance outside the limits of the camp, or knew of the conspiracy that had already done much toward defeating the aims of justice. As a part of this conspiracy a strange apparition now rose as from the ground, and seemed to paralyze the guards with fear. In the darkness nothing was visible but big glaring eyes and mouth, aglow with the most mysterious fire. Completely unnerved by the uncanny sight the superstitious guards forgot all about their charge. It was comparatively easy for him, therefore, to glide out of the tent, and rush out of their grasp before they could realize what had happened. And this is just what Ein-

ion did. Nor did the guards sufficiently recover their wits to grasp the situation before Einion had placed several rods between himself and them. The apparition being a short distance north of the tent greatly favored the wily chieftain's flight to the south, the exact direction in which Caradoc had gone. His progress was somewhat impeded, however, by the nature of the ground, and by the darkness which screened his fleeing form from the eyes of the now alert and chagrined guards, who, raising a general alarm as they went, blindly followed in hot pursuit. Here and there, also, he ran against a man, who, roused by the sudden outcry, rushed across his path completely bewildered, and once or twice he escaped capture only by leaving pieces of his tunic in the hands of those who tried to seize him as he hurried past. By winding in and out among the tents, and making free use of a

short sword he carried, he finally eluded all his pursuers, and sought the hiding place to which he had directed Caradoc.

No pen can describe the utter confusion which now prevailed throughout the camp. As the whole army, with one exception of those on duty and a few others, was fast asleep when the alarm was given, and therefore knew not the real cause of it, the wildest rumors were immediately set afloat. Some said that a remnant of the English army had attacked the northern part of the camp and had been repulsed. Others that several clans secretly in sympathy with Einion and Caradoc had overwhelmed the guards and set the condemned culprits free. But the king, after partial order had been restored soon learned the real cause of the alarm and confusion by summoning the guards into whose custody the two traitors had been given, to appear before him.

(To be continued.)





FIELD OF LETTERS

"Cwrs y Byd" has several articles of interest; among others Reminiscences of the Rev. M. D. Jones; The Separating Line of Matter and Spirit; The Way Things are Run; Is There Peace? The People That Murder the Cause; The Social Market; Poems, &c., &c. "Cwrs y Byd" expresses satisfaction at the part Flintshire played in the House of Commons in the debate on the Queen's Speech; Sir John Brunner on taxing ground rents; Samuel Smith on Popery in the Church of England; and Herbert Lewis, who complained of Wales left out of the speech. Sir John is a large employer of labor in the County; S. Smith represents the Boroughs; and H. Lewis resides in the County.

"The Cronicl" has the usual quota of reading matter, viz., Monthly Notes, by Keinion; Varieties; Poems, etc.; Events of the Month; News Religious, Political and Social. The two articles, "A Minister in Want of a Church," and a "Church in Want of a Minister," are very readable and instructive. The first deals with the worldly minister after an easy job, and the second exposes the church who wants an omnibus minister cheap. These two sketches quietly suggest a serious state of affairs in religious life in Wales.

One thing may be predicted with certainty. Wales will never again follow the standard of any leader who cannot or will not appeal to the country on an issue which touches Wales herself. Too long have we been the Gibeonites of the Liberal party. In England a comfortable assurance seems to have sprung up that Wales is no longer a force to

be reckoned with, that "Welsh Revolts" are things of the past, and that Welsh Liberals will for ever more be possessed by but one desire, viz., to return a Liberal Government to power.—Young Wales.

There is danger in too much anglicization, and it is noticeable that English customs are affecting the Welsh character injuriously. One of the chief aims of culture is to bring Wales in contact with outside civilization, life and literature, but it will hurt Wales to make it dependent entirely on foreign thought. The "open door" policy should be adopted, and general influences that are beneficial should be welcomed; but our own characteristics should be preserved.—Cymru.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for March opens on a fine portrait of the Rev. Aaron Davies, Pontlottyn, S. W., accompanied by a short but comprehensive sketch of his valuable life spent in the cause of education; then follow bright pages of interest, such as: A little hero; A five year old preacher; Recollections of Dr. Owen Thomas; Gospel and Temperance; A meeting; A Letter from India; The late Rev. Owen Jones; Nicholas II. (with portrait); Reviews, &c.

"Cymru'r Plant" has for frontispiece a view of St. David's, Pembroke, and the following articles: In Memory of noted Welshmen; Playing Ladies; Michael D. Jones; The Counties of Wales—Radnor and Brecknock; Those Two Boys; In the East; Sunday School Classes of Blaenau Clydach and Festiniog; Tell Jesus (music); Bob the Gentleman:

is and several fine illustra-

remarks on Voice Culture in
 "The Voice of the People," David Jenkins gives his
 sentiment to the complaints of Mr.
 Jenkins as to the imperfect musical
 instruction at colleges and other insti-
 tutions. Students go there rather for
 recreation than for sound instruction in
 the art of composition or singing. As
 Mr. Jenkins says: "Indeed, I have known
 where these institutions have
 hindered the work of the private
 teacher. This is especially the case in
 the case of Mr. Jenkins. He thinks that it is
 that many a young student has
 these musical colleges to be
 rather than improved; and after
 some time many are less known and
 less before. There is cause also
 that many aspire to musical
 instruction neglecting the great and essential
 of the church. Naught may be gained with-
 out hard and perseverance. "It is a
 fortunate thing," Mr. Jenkins
 that parents think if a child
 does nothing else, it can be brought
 up to church music. It used to be said,
 that if the family was sent to
 church I think now he is sent in-
 stead to musical profession." Many love
 church music, few love to take the pains
 of the path that leads to it.
 There are no short cuts to perfection.

the secret societies of Ritual-
 istic aims are to Romanize the
 Church of England, and whose prin-
 ciple methods are Jesuitical, is
 the Society of All Souls." It was found-
 ed in 1833, and its object is to cultivate
 the idea of purgatory, prayers for the
 living, and the saying of masses to re-
 lieve the souls in purgatory. It consisted
 of 71 branch-societies, and 646
 members, of whom the public is utter-
 ly ignorant. In November, 1895, over a
 hundred masses for the dead were
 said, and on an average over 500 are
 said every month. While all these so-

cieties are working silently and con-
 tinually for Popery, the one entitled
 "The Order of Corporate Re-union," is
 especially devoted to the annexation of
 the Church of England bodily to Rome;
 and in view of this every member is
 advised and commanded to remain in
 the Church, and not to secede individ-
 ually, believing that to be the most
 effectual way of incorporating England
 with Rome and Popery. The Society
 of St. Osmund promotes the general
 use of Popish rites, the worship of Mary
 and the Cross, and the practice of ex-
 orcism. It also commends the restora-
 tion of old rites, which are nonsensical
 and pagan.

The contents of the "Drysorfa" for
 March are as follows: The Cross in the
 Words of Jesus, by the Rev. William
 Glynne, B. A., Manchester; The First
 Hymnal of the General Assembly, by
 the Rev. Thomas Levi; A Sermon;
 Diary and Letters of the Rev. Richard
 Jones, Llanfair Caereinion; Origen as a
 Teacher, by the Rev. J. Morgan Jones,
 B. A., Merthyr Tydvil; Secret History
 of the Oxford Movement; The Calvin-
 istic Methodists and Temperance, by
 the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, M. A.;
 Monthly Notes, Reviews, Sunday School
 Lessons, &c., &c.

Contents of the March number of the
 "Traethodydd" are as follows: A Poem,
 by John T. Job; The New Calvinistic
 Hymnal, by J. Puleston Jones; The
 Story of the Cross among the Gen-
 tiles, by Glynne; The Correspondence
 of the Rev. Thomas Charles of Bala;
 The Sacraments, by Eleazar Roberts;
 The Life of Dr. Dale, by Griffith Ellis;
 Lenore (A poem) by Ex Tenebris; The
 Russian Emperor's Peace Message, by
 Evan Jones; Literary Notes, &c.

In 1816, the year following the Battle
 of Waterloo, was founded the Peace So-
 ciety. Since that year this Society has,
 through opposition, ignominy and every

difficulty, continued to denounce unsparingly the folly and waste of war. Members of the Society of Friends have borne the brunt of the battle against this policy of violence among nations, and they have persevered in their efforts to attain the high ends of this worthy movement. Our countryman, Henry Richard, labored hard for years as its Secretary; but the fruit harvested hitherto has been meagre. From that time until now some of the most destructive conflicts have taken place, viz., the Crimean War, the Civil War of America, the war between Austria and Germany, Germany and France, Russia and Turkey, and other smaller wars. Nations did not seem only to be indisposed to listen to the arguments and expostulations of the Peace Society, but a kind of madness apparently had taken possession of them, forcing them to compete with one another in costly military armaments. The annual cost of these military establishments had increased between 1870 and 1898, in Great Britain \$87,000,000; in France, \$67,000,000; in Russia, \$100,000,000; in Germany, \$108,000,000, &c., &c.—Traethodydd.

The "Dysgedydd" has several interesting articles, such as the following: The Gospel of Paul, by the Rev. D. M. Jenkins, Liverpool; Williams of Llanwrtyd and the Temperance Cause, by the Rev. D. Griffith, Bethel; Reminiscences of Remarkable Meetings in 1859; Ritualism in Relation to Church Service, by the Rev. W. L. Evans, Penybontfawr; The Sunday School Corner; Practical Rules for Holy Living; The Cultivation of Religious Feelings; Events of the Month; Denominational Information, Reports, Poems, &c., &c.

Dr. Horton in his pamphlet shows that Popery, and we do not draw a line between Popery and Ritualism, because the latter is a branch of the former, reduces every nation into a pitiable state

religiously and politically, and that its policy is an obstruction to its development. Protestant Britain presents a remarkable contrast to the Britain of Popery in the middle ages, and the same fact is observable in regard to other nations, for while Protestant nations progress, those under Popish rule seems stagnated and in bondage. It is the story of Popery in every age that it deprives people of their liberty; it takes away the right of private judgment, and reduces the human mind to a mere tool in the hands of the priest, who alone is possessed of authority and the qualification to teach in religious as well as other matters; and, therefore, the will and conscience are placed in the church's keeping, who alone has sense to guide and lead. Ritualism tends unmistakably in the same direction as its history has already proved.—Dysgedydd.

The "Ceninen" for March, the St. David number, has the usual quota of instructive articles by leading Welsh writers: The Rev. Owen Jones, B. A., by the Rev. William James, D. D.; Thomas Gee, by the Rev. Aaron Davies; The Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach), by the Rev. Richard Morgan; Dewi Wyn o Essyllt, by Brynfab and Carnelian; Roger Williams, by Waldo; Mynyddog, by the Rev. Silyn Evans; Price of Cwmllynfell, by the Rev. Ben Davies; the Rev. D. S. Davies, by Dr. Pan Jones; The Right Rev. Archdeacon Griffiths, B. D., by the Rev. J. Morgan; Goleufryn, Charles of Bala, St. David (Poems). &c., &c.

Dr. Pan Jones in his continued article on the Rev. D. S. Davies proceeds with the story of the founding of the Welsh settlement in Patagonia. He tells of the unfortunate voyage of the "Rush," and its discouraging effects on immigration into that country, and recites the troubles and reverses of D. S. D. on the "Electric Spark," whose voy-

age was another streak of bad luck. After the affair of the "Rush," D. S. D. undertook to re-inspire confidence in the Patagonian movement by raising and organizing another party of adventurers numbering about 42, who hired the ship called "Electric Spark." The fate of the "Rush" having had such a bad effect on the project, it was thought advisable to take D. S. D. with them as a mascot, his return voyage being paid by the party on board. The members of this expedition had filled the ship with tools and implements of all kinds, and house furniture, and all the conveniences of life. The "Electric Spark" sailed out with only five hands, members of the party volunteering to act as seamen, and assist in every possible way. They sailed south, and after an uncomfortable trip they were driven among the rocks, but by dint of incessant labor, managed to keep it floating, and finally landed, where they were treated by the natives with great kindness and hospitality. The news of the shipwreck reached the States and Wales, and it was noised abroad that D. S. D. and others had perished. Funeral sermons were preached, and obituaries of the supposed departed appeared in Welsh periodicals and newspapers. When more favorable and correcter reports reached Wales, a considerable sum of money was subscribed to assist the shipwrecked party; but it has ever been a mystery where the money went, for only an insignificant sum came into the hands of the unfortunate voyagers. As Dr. Pan Jones says, "it got stuck somewhere either in New York or Buenos Ayres."

In "My Scrap Book of the French Revolution," Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer begins the volume with reminiscences of Thomas Waters Griffith, her husband's uncle, who wrote several books concerning the early history of Baltimore and Maryland, and left behind him a manuscript volume of his

personal reminiscences. With that portion of it which contains a narrative of his residence in France during the Reign of Terror and the rule of the Directory, Mrs. Latimer begins her volume. He was born in Baltimore in 1767, and died in the same city in 1834. He passed eight years in France during the stormy days of the French Revolution

Students of Celtic literature and language, whether Welsh or others, will hear with interest of a movement just started in Brittany with the view of rescuing the native tongue from further disuse. Between Breton and Welsh there is still a marked and obvious similarity—so marked, indeed, that the Roman Catholic Church, in its efforts to introduce in Wales a race of Welsh-speaking clergy, selects its students for this purpose from Brittany, in the belief that they will more readily master Welsh than English students. For Welshmen the situation is one of considerable interest. The relation of Breton to French is roughly what the relation of Welsh to English used to be in official matters. Thanks to Mr. Acland, Welsh is now recognised to a far larger extent than formerly, and its inclusion in the curricula of the Welsh national colleges and schools will greatly strengthen and safeguard its position for the future. Some such concession is now being sought for Breton. Moreover a literary body somewhat akin to the Welsh bardic Gorsedd is to be established in Brittany to preserve the language by popular methods similar to those employed in Wales, and quite lately introduced into Ireland and the Scottish Highlands. The extension of the modern Celtic revival to Brittany will be watched with interest in Wales, and if it has the assistance of enthusiastic Celtic students like M. Henri Gaidoz and M. Anatole Le Braz, it ought not to be less successful there than it has been on this side of the Channel.

SCIENTIFIC

An Italian medical journal states, according to "The New York Medical Journal," that while water will not quench the flame of burning petroleum in a limited space, milk accomplishes the object by forming an emulsion with the oil, disturbing its cohesion, and thus attenuating the combustible element.

Some experiments have been tried by Dr. Noel Paton, of Edinburgh. Dr. Paton has made a very thorough investigation into the life history of the salmon, the nature of the pigments, which color the flesh, and the changes in its condition during migration. He concludes that when the salmon enters the river it ceases to feed, and relies on its own muscular tissue; but it is a curious fact, however, that salmon rises to the fly, which would tend to militate against this view.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN IN GERMAN SCHOOLS.

A resolution has just been passed by the City Council of Wurtzberg, Bavaria, which is worthy of emulation. According to this resolution, the teeth of poor pupils of public schools of the city are to be examined and cared for free of cost, provided their parents give their consent. It is intended to treat diseases of the ear and throat in a like manner, should the first experiment prove successful. It is probable that with slight expense the teeth of the children may be attended to so that if the latter live they will not suffer from dyspepsia owing to improper mastication.

The city councillors of Ulm, Germany, have decided to utilize the spire of their magnificent cathedral as a meteorological observatory. The spire is one of

the highest buildings in the world. The instruments will be supplied by the Royal Observatory at Stuttgart, and the registrations will be made by the watchmen of the cathedral under the direction of Dr. Schimpf, a meteorologist. Next to the Eiffel Tower in Paris, the cathedral spire of Ulm will be the highest artificial post of meteorological observation in the world.

NO DOCTORS NEEDED IN TURKEY.

It is not generally known that medical science has made no progress whatever in Turkey, and that the poorer classes of that country have no skill at all in the treatment of disease. The popular belief among these people is that disease is God's will, and that to attempt to cure disease would be to interfere with the Divine judgment. Missionaries have frequently found cases of people ill with smallpox entirely neglected in order that the Divine will should have its own way. The so-called cures that are practiced show an equally unenlightened spirit.

Drs. Lange and Melzing, of Vienna, have succeeded in taking photographs of the mucous membrane of the stomach in the living subject. A stomach tube some 60 centimeters long, and with a diameter of 11 millimeters, is provided with an electric light at its lower end, and at the upper end is a camera. The stomach is first emptied of its contents, and after being washed is distended with air. Then fifty pictures or more can be taken in rapid succession in from ten to fifteen minutes. The apparatus can be turned on its axis so that all parts of the mucous membrane can be photographed. The photographs are naturally very minute, but they

can, of course, be enlarged to any extent.

Letters have recently appeared in The London "Lancet," in reference to the colors of newly born negro children. Several medical men have given the result of their experiments, and the evidence shows that the children are of the color of a light quadroon. It is recorded, in a paper published in The Journal of the Anthropological Institute, of the natives of the Warri district of the Niger Coast Protectorate that when pure negroes are born they are pink like young rats, but at the end of three or four months they become black. From this it would seem that atmospheric conditions seem to be necessary to produce the full black colored negro.

It was long ago pointed out that certain constituents of expired air are intensely powerful nerve poisons. These considerations should surely make us look on rebreathed air and sewer gas not as mere carriers of accidental poisons such as influenza and pneumonia and the like but as poisons per se, and I wish to be allowed to record a few very imperfect observations made by myself during some years past chiefly on the subject of rebreathed air, with certain inferences which I think tend, however feebly and imperfectly, to show that the poisons we expire have per se very definite effects on tissue metabolism, and need not a mere perfunctory admixture with fresh air but very large and very continuous dilution before they are rendered innocuous.—Appleton's P. S. Monthly.

The plague microbe is most persistent. A Swiss paper gives the following facts: In 1660, the Dutch city of Haarlem was devastated by the plague. Whole families perished, and among them a family of the name of Cloux, the members of which were buried in the Haarlem church. Thirty or forty

years ago it was found that the masonry of the tomb was out of repair, and the vault was entirely rebuilt. The masons in charge of the work remained in the vault an entire day, and, strange to say, notwithstanding the fact that two centuries had passed since the epidemic, all these workmen were attacked with the infectious glandular swelling called "bubo," and had to undergo treatment at the hospital. There were no symptoms, however, of the plague proper, and all recovered. It is impossible to give the reason for such a remarkable manifestation of the vitality of germs.

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ELECTRICITY AS A THAWING AGENT.

If the statistics were gathered of the number of houses that are burned down every winter, as the result of attempts to thaw out frozen pipes by the perilous methods ordinarily practiced by the householder, the results would be decidedly sensational. To Prof. R. W. Wood, of the University of Wisconsin, great credit is due for showing that a frozen water pipe may be thawed out by the expedient of running through it an electric current of the proper strength.

In the present case a stretch of 300 feet of pipe between a house and the street main was solidly frozen. One wire was attached to the pipe in the cellar, and the other to a faucet across the street. The flow of the current was down the service pipe, along the main, and by way of the frozen pipe to the connection in the cellar. It was only necessary to heat the pipe to sixty degrees, and it is stated that within twenty minutes there was a full head of water in the cellar. The apparatus employed was planned by Prof. Jackson, and is being used with great success, two houses at a time being relieved thereby from their water famine.

POISONOUS CLOTHING.

A number of laborers employed on the street cleaning force of Birmingham, England, were provided with new overalls and overcoats. The men were employed one day in cleaning away snow, and some seventy of them began to experience a severe itching of the skin and a general irritation, and this outbreak was soon traced to the clothing, says The Druggist Circular. Owing to its deliquescent nature, chloride of zinc is not a substance one would expect to find used as a filler of clothing, but it was found that the fabric contained a liberal amount of this salt, and on account of moisture present in the air on the day referred to, it was freely dissolved, for the solution had reached the skin. About one-half of those who were made ill by the clothing soon recovered, but the remainder received injuries of a very painful character. It has also been found that a sample of flannelette was examined, and it was found to be loaded with zinc chloride.

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WAS WAGNER CRAZY?

There was one passage of Wagner to which I gave ear recently, which was supposed to represent, through the medium of music, a scene in a forest. I closed my eyes, and did my generous best to find some suggestion of woodland sounds. There was neither note nor chord it all of it, so far as my ear could discover, which told of rustling leaf or bird song, or any other of the great or little voices of the woods. It might have been a train crashing through a trestle, or a foundry in full swing, or some great accident where there tearing and rending of giant timbers and a frightful loss of life; there were collision and crash and shriek, but not one inference of a forest sort was to be drawn from it. Indeed, beyond any of the above even, it suggested the

clamorous, dangerous wards of a lunatic asylum.

Recurring for one last thought to my theory that Wagner was a pure maniac, who raved in his so-called operas, let me say that it is a fact well known, and as I hold significant, that whereas there is a brigade of musicians, all lunatics, detained in German mad-houses, every last man of them, when questioned on that point—and they were questioned—professed himself a loyal adherent and admirer of Wagner. Not one of these lunatic musicians failed to hail Wagner as the king of opera, and his works as the very ultimate of melody. There you are; in music, as in other matters, one may say, "Like master, like man." Wagner was a lunatic, and every lunatic of musical pretension naturally flocks to his flag.—Dr. W. J. O'Sullivan.

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ORIGIN OF THE THIMBLE.

A thimble was originally a thumbbell, because it was worn on the thumbs, as sailors still wear their thimbles. It is a Dutch invention, and in 1884, in Amsterdam, the bi-centennial of the thimble was celebrated with a great deal of formality. This very valuable addition to my lady's work basket was first made by a goldsmith named Nicholas van Benschoten. And it may further interest Colonial dames to know that the first thimble made was presented in 1684 to Ann van Wedy, the second wife of Killiaen van Rensselaer.

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Professor Saintsbury recently expounded the theory that "a man to exercise great influence should be born not too far before the end of a century, nor too far from the beginning of a century." Sir Walter Scott's success he traced in part to the fact that his birth in 1771 brought him within the charmed period. Two other points in Scott's were his broad patriotism, and the fact that he united with his literary

genius character in the best sense. Although Scotland had fortunately no deficiency in men of genius, said Professor Saintsbury, these had not always been men of character.

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AN ELECTRIC REVIVAL.

After noting the fact that English cities are awakening to the advantages of electric traction, but that, having fallen behind hand in this matter, they are obliged to look abroad, especially to this country, for equipment. "The Railway and Engineering Review" says: "It does seem rather strange that the nation which has always taken such a leading part in the development of electricity in experimental and theoretical ways should at this time be found so far in the rear in the practical application of electricity to what in this country is one of the best developed uses—that of the street railway. It was only a few years ago that electrical students in the United States had to send to England for all their text-books, and now we have the spectacle of English engineers sending to the United States for machinery designed according to the ideas of those former students."

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A KILLING SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The murder of the innocents of the nineteenth century is a march to untimely graves, not by order of a wrathful king, but under what is claimed to be the finest free-school system in the world. Go into any public school and you will see girls pallid as day-lilies, and boys with flat chests and the waxen skin that has been named the school complexion. Every incentive and stimulus is held out: dread of blame, love of praise, prizes, medals, badges, the coveted flourish in the newspapers—the

strain never slackens. Watch the long lines filing past, each pupil carrying books—three, four, five—to be studied at night in hot rooms by fierce, sight-destroying lights. Time was when spectacles went with age. They are no sign of age now. Many must wear glasses to help eyes worn prematurely old by night work.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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ABOUT BACTERIA.

Most bacteria appear, under the microscope, as extremely small, often apparently homogeneous bodies of various shapes, round, oblong, rod-shaped, etc. They frequently exhibit active movements, which are due to the presence of excessively fine cilia. They multiply with extraordinary rapidity by transverse fission, but may also produce internally special resting-cells or spores. These latter are thick walled, and often capable of enduring an astonishing degree of heat without injury. Organic decomposition is mainly due to the activity of bacteria, and it is unnecessary to dwell upon the various forms of disease germs, nearly all of which are bacteria. Without them, the decomposition of dead organic matter would practically cease, and it would remain inert and useless as food for the higher plants.—Campbell.

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Newfoundland has at times a peculiar visitor, which is thus described: "The occasional grounding of an immense iceberg a short distance from the shore produces an astonishing local climatic change during its stay, preventing the ripening of crops and garden fruits, but presenting at sunset magnificent prismatic or iridescent effects."



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Welshmen are found in the choirs of all the most musical churches in London.

When Aberystwyth folk write to their friends in the Welsh Metropolis, they write the address "Cardiff, South Wales." Cardiff contains one-tenth of the whole population of Wales—Aberystwyth included.

Among the Welsh industries which have died out is that of the manufacture of japanned ware. Once Pontypool was celebrated for the manufacture of such ware, peculiar to its kind, and named "Pontypool japan." Rope-making seems also to be dying out.

Some of the public houses in Wales bear curious names. One is called "Labor in Vain"—a motto represented by a picture of a negro being vigorously washed. Another is called "Pass By," an insincere title, which has a more straightforward neighbor in the "Slip In."

It is a mistake to say that the devil always finds work for idle hands to do. During the strike the members of the Aberavon Congregational Chapel had neither money nor work, so they filled up the time by excavating the side of the hill and preparing the foundations for their new chapel. This was done free of cost, and the contractors' expenses saved.

Teetotalism is now accounted a virtue even on hotel prospectuses. One of the

directors of the Park Hotel (Pontypridd) Company (Limited) is a licensed victualler, and a footnote in reference to him on the first page of the prospectus says.—"This gentleman is a total abstainer, and the fact of his being so will ensure that the comfort of abstainers frequenting the hotel will be properly regarded."

Taking everything together, and not looking too far ahead it is a wonder Wales is not put under the hammer and knocked down to the highest bidder. Here is an advertisement we cut out of the "Financial Times" lately: "For sale, a watershed in Wales, ample for the supply of London, intermediate towns, and the whole South of England.—Apply to R. Price, 18 Walbrook, E. C."

Poetic imagery is apt to run riot at times. At a students' cymanfa down line one embryonic Chrysostom described Snowdon as "a magnificent stud in God's white shirt;" another spoke of a mother's tears being dried with the towel of sympathy;" and a third, in portraying a mother's grief, told the affrighted audience that "her tears flowed so copiously as to have been enough to quench the flames of hell."

It is said that the custom of tying rags and bits of clothing to the branches of a tree growing near a holy well is still observed at three wells in Glamorganshire, namely, Ffynon Cae Moch, Ffynnon Marcros, and Ffynnon Pen Rhys. The full significance of the custom is given in the following votive

formula of an Irishman:—"To St. Columbkille I offer up this button, a bit o' the waistband o' my own breeches, an' a taste o' my wife's petticoat, in remembrance of us havin' made this holy station; an' may they rise up in glory to prove it for us in the last day."

We think it was silly of the South Wales daily papers to publish eight columns about a foot-ball match, but there can be no question that foot-ball matches are of interest to a class of people who have very few interests, and it is a great thing to get them to buy newspapers. Besides, the Cardiff papers were laughed at for making so much of the foot-ball match, and it is by this sort of laughter that newspapers are taught moderation.

Sir Hubert Parry considers that the two most musical divisions in Great Britain are (1) the western portion of Yorkshire, and (2) Wales and the border counties, especially Gloucestershire and Worcestershire. Sir Hubert ranks Wales as higher even than Yorkshire. "The Welsh," he says, "are a very imaginative and spiritual people—visionary and poetic to a high degree. In some respects they are exclusive, and very fond of their own particular compositions and choral exercises, but their taste is undoubtedly good and refined."

A Cardiff Calvinistic Methodist, speaking of the two principal Welsh and English chapels belonging to his denomination in Cardiff, said that Pembroke Terrace Chapel was attended by Englishmen who preferred worshipping in Welsh, and Clinton Street by Welshmen who preferred worshipping in English. The other Saturday night a Calvinistic Methodist minister arrived at a Monmouthshire railway station. He was at once hailed by a deacon, who asked him (in Welsh) if he was coming to preach at the English chapel. "No."

was the answer (given in English); "I am going to preach with the Welsh."

The "Westminster Gazette" man who peeped in at the recent London Elstedd-fod held in the Queen's Hall was very favorably impressed with what he saw and heard. From an outsider's point of view, his comments are exceptionally interesting. He writes:—"The attractiveness of the institution is easy enough to understand. In its joint appeal to the artistic and sporting instincts there is nothing quite like it. Unite as here the attractions of an exciting foot-ball match and a high-class concert, and no wonder the product appeals peculiarly to a race so sporting and so artistic as the Welsh."

The interpreter at the Carnarvon Assizes recently created a roar of laughter by rendering the question, "Was the old man mentally capable?" into good idiomatic Welsh thus, "A oedd yr hen greadur yn llawn llathen?" This recalls an amusing instance of misconception which occurred at the Carnarvonshire Assizes many years ago. An old man who was a witness was asked the distance between two points, when he replied, "Ergyd careg glas hogyn." This was rendered, "A blue boy's stone throw." The Court laughed, and the interpreter assumed another hue—scarlet.

Reference made lately in the press to the health and longevity of Welsh farmers reminds a correspondent of a description published, in 1821, of one who had been farmer, innkeeper, glover, and professional angler, but in his eightieth year was guide to some of the picturesque localities in Wales. The description is unique:—"He is a little, slender man, about 5 ft. 4 in. in height, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, hopped and skipped about the room with all the vivacity and agility of a school boy. * * * He was dressed

in a blue coat with yellow buttons, a pair of old boots, and a cocked hat, and feathers of enormous size." Pugh, in his "*Cambria Depicta*," gave his portrait and a copy of his bill, which had the following note:—

"Mark, traveller, what rarely meets thy view:

Thy guide, a giddy Boy, of eighty-two."

A certain amount of romantic interest attaches to inn signs painted by artists who have afterwards become famous, and there is no more interesting story than that of the sign of the Royal Oak, painted by David Cox, the celebrated landscape painter, in 1847, and given to the landlord of the inn at Bettws-y-Coed, where the painter spent so much of his time. For nearly twenty years the picture hung in front of the inn, and was then taken down, framed, and glazed, and hung in the hall. Meanwhile the landlord had died. Trade declined, and at length the landlady was obliged to sell up the place. One thousand pounds were offered for the painting, but the freeholder of the property intervened, and claimed it as a fixture. The matter was referred to the Bangor District Court for decision, and the judge held that it was a fixture, and, therefore, could not be sold by the inn-keeper.

There seems to be a general agreement in Wales that Bala and Trevecca Calvinistic Methodist Colleges should be amalgamated at Aberystwyth. But the students, it is contended, cannot get along without working on Sundays, and it is said that Aberystwyth is not a good place to get Sunday engagement from! This objection is a very poor one. Aberystwyth is certain to become the great educational centre of Wales, and more colleges than one will surely be built there. Aberystwyth is not like Cardiff or Bangor on the extreme edge of the Principality. What would Cardiff give to be situated where Aberys-

twyth is? The Aberystwyth College has more than four hundred students, and in a few years will have a thousand if the governing bodies do not get frightened at the rapid success.

It is hardly safe to put down every Williams as a Welshman. Mrs. Latimer in "*My Scrap Book of the French Revolution*" relates the story of the Rev. Eleazar William, who was brought when a boy to Ticonderago, and was adopted by an Indian with white blood in his veins, named Thomas Williams. This Thomas Williams was Indo-Welsh. Eleazar was converted to Protestantism, and became a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and resided at Green Bay, Wisconsin. In 1841 Prince de Joinville made inquiries and showed him papers proving that Mr. Williams was a French Prince. A certain Frenchman by name Bellenger made a statement on his deathbed that he had brought the dauphin son of Louis XVI. from France, and placed him among Indians in North America.

Joseph Levering Jones, Philadelphia, Pa., descends, on his father side, from the early Welsh settlers of that State and city, his father was a brother to the father of the late Hon. Horatio Gates Jones, who presided over the Welsh Society of that city for thirty years, up to March, 1893. On his mother side the lineage of the Leverings is traced back to honorable people in the sixteenth century, in Cambridgeshire, England, the Leverings purchased land on the borders of the Schuylkill in 1691, the present town of Roxborough being originally and until recent years known as Leverington. Mr. Jones is at the head of one of the most successful firms of counselors of the city, and is also a highly respected member of the distinguished Union League Club, at present honored as its Secretary. Mr. Jones presided over

the annual re-union meeting and tea party of the First Welsh Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia on March 9th.

It is said farm laborers in Wales are becoming so scarce that field operations are hindered. This is good news. Life on farms has been a rough, joyless, unilluminated life. It is doubtful whether the alternative before Welsh boys in towns is much better, but there are chances—opportunities in it, and men and women will suffer much for a chance that may never be worked out into reality. Much has often been said about the imaginary poverty of Wales. We have always protested that Wales is not poor. Her extended seaboard has always given her sons an outlet, and the slate quarries and collieries of the North, and the iron works and collieries of the South have afforded well-paid alternative employments for agricultural laborers. No, Wales is neither poor nor humble.

The Rev. Evan Price, Ebbw Vale, recently addressed a meeting in that district and said the people there were not strong in their enthusiasm for the Welsh language. He argued that language was not the greatest badge of nationality. If they were so unfortunate as to lose their language, he hoped as a nation they would not lose their characteristics. A famous Welshman once said that Wales has kept its language but lost the characteristics that went to make it a nation. On the other hand, the Irish had practically lost their language, and had adopted that of their conquerors, yet they had not lost an iota of their characteristics. The Welsh people are deluded by the members of the Cymru Fydd mutual admiration class in London and elsewhere. If Wales is to achieve freedom or any greatness it will not be by acting as burden bearers for ambitious

Welshmen who want to bless their dear country from places in Parliament.

Mr. Justice Darling continued to have difficulty about the Welsh language at Carnarvon, but we think he has given in. Welsh is the birthright of the people, and it is simply stupid to object to the people speaking it. Not to be able to speak English may be a mark of defective education, or old age, or narrow experience, but it is nonsense to penalise the speaking of Welsh. We know that knowledge of English is not as general as English judges would like to believe, for if English were more common in the rural districts of Wales there would be far more visitors, and the people would be better off. There are not a few Welsh patriots whose only claim to reputation is that they speak, somehow, their native language!

The miracle business at Holywell is in serious danger now that Father Beauclerk has gone away. Petitions are being signed to secure his return. The Nonconformists of Holywell are distressed that the town should suffer by the falling off in miracles, and the local governing body is prepared to do what is handsome by the holy well and the rest of it. The average number of signatures to the petition received daily has been five hundred, and the total number is twenty thousand. The last day for petitioning was March first. We suppose Father Beauclerk will not be allowed to return. The Roman Catholic Church does not believe in indispensable priests.

Bishop Edwards is doubtful of any Romish practices in the Church of England. Is he a blind leader? Lawlessness and disloyalty were alleged, he says, to exist in the Church at present. Caution and calmness were essential in

estimating the extent and the history of the present troubles. In agitations extreme men came to the front and professed to speak in the name of others whose convictions they often inadequately represented, and whose numbers they invariably exaggerated. This was abundantly true of the present situation. No school of thought in the Church ought to be held responsible for the utterances any anonymous productions of a few extreme men. They wanted discrimination, not indifference. In some cases practices inconsistent with the main body and essentials of the liturgy had crept in; hence complaints of lawlessness and disloyalty. Sir William Harcourt had called attention to those things. It was greatly to be regretted that he should have thought it necessary to accuse those in authority of deliberate connivance at illegality, of failing in plain and straightforward action; in short, of insincerity. Such language helped no good cause.

When the Bishopric of Llandaff was vacant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a number of the clergy in the diocese petitioned the Archbishop of Canterbury in favor of an Englishman being appointed as Bishop in preference to a Welshman. The reason they assigned for this strange and, apparently, anti-national request was that an Englishman, having no connections in the diocese, would be more likely to do justice all round than a Welshman, who would have so many kinsmen and friends around him to remember. This was, of course, before the days of Bishop Luxmore, of St. Asaph, for it is notorious that the income of the whole diocese of St. Asaph was divided in his time into two portions. Bishop Luxmore and his relatives took one-half the other half being divided amongst

the residue (being the very great majority) of the clergy.

Cardinal Vaughan, speaking anent Ritualism, and rejoicing as he spoke, having in detail shown that the Church of Rome had actually inserted herself, or, more correctly speaking, had been inserted in the Church of England by her traitorous allies, declared:—"All this speaks of a change and a movement towards the Church (of Rome), that would have appeared absolutely incredible at the beginning of this century." According to Cardinal Vaughan, the doctrine of Rome have taken the place of the thirty-nine articles; the real presence, the sacrifice of the mass offered for the living and the dead; regular auricular confession, extreme unction, purgatory, prayers for the dead, devotions to our Lady, etc., are all taught in the English Church with growing acceptance. He seems to know more about the Church of England than Bishop Edwards does.

A volume long-looked for and touching on Welsh place names, *inter alia*, is the important forthcoming work by Professor Rhys and Mr. Brynmor Jones, M. P., which we are finally informed will be published soon after Easter. On the 23rd inst. Mr. Brynmor Jones will read a paper before the Cymmrodorion Society on "Early Social Life in Wales," which is, we take it, a liberal excerpt of the promised book and a sign that it is practically finished. To judge from the inklings we have had of the work—its original contributions to the history of the Welsh people, its revival of the great Aryan puzzle, and its argument in general—it promises to afford much subject-matter for the critical students of "Cymru Fu." Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish it.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

Half a dozen, more or less, of our readers are laboring under the hallucination that our "Welsh Notes" are paragraphs from Holy Writ, and therefore infallible. They are worried to find that they are questionable as to their utter truthfulness. They are mere straws showing the direction in which the Welsh wind blows.

Envious English journals are pointing out that the unique distinction of being the only lady director of a British railway company is enjoyed by Mrs. M. D. Thomas, The Elms, Mumbles, who is on the board of the Mumbles Railway and Pier Company.

John Davies, of Kidwelly, Carmarthenshire, died 1693. An industrious translator of works from the French—technical, philosophical, and scientific. There is a list of thirty-six works said to have been translated by Davies, some of which went through several editions.

Mr. Alfred Thomas, M. P., in a speech delivered at Cardiff, said that "if they wanted a rallying cry—one that would call forth the greatest enthusiasm in the Liberal ranks—then he had no doubt whatever that that cry would be Disestablishment!"

Wales, as was remarked by Principal Viriamu Jones the other evening, has lost a potent voice in Parliament by the demise of Lord Herschell. He was a keen sympathiser with the demand of the Principality for the provision of educational facilities, and it was in recognition of the support he accorded the movement for the establishment of

the Welsh University that he was created one of its first honorary Doctors of Law.

John Dyer, poet, artist, and divine, died 1758. He was incumbent of Belchford and Coningsby, in Lincolnshire. He was born at Aberglasney, in Carmarthenshire, his father being a lawyer, and died quite young. Dyer became a landscape painter of repute; but by his poem, "Grongar Hill" he is best known, and will always be remembered.

Judge Darling made the mistake common to all new judges when they come to Wales for the first time. He seems to think that, because a Welshman can say "Yes" and "No" and "If you please," he can understand Browning or an English barrister. It won't take Judge Darling long to know better; Judge Ridley learnt his lesson in a week.

After a night's carouse, a Welsh bard in Montgomeryshire awoke one morning to find himself between the four white walls of a prison cell. Turning to the Muse for consolation, he wrote on the white wall:—

"Duw anwyl! B'le'r wy'n dihuo—pa
Pa ddwli bum wrtho? [ddiawl
Meddwl unwaith, eilwaith, O!
Mae rhywbeth wedi'm rhibo."

Thomas Idris Jones, Melincrythan, Neath, has received an acknowledgment from Baroness Patti Cederstrom of some lines on the occasion of her marriage. She wrote from the Grand Hotel du Quirinal, Rome:—"Pray accept my very best thanks for the charm-

ing verses you sent me on the occasion of my wedding. I can assure you that I appreciate the kind thought and attention."

Where is the purest Welsh spoken? Some say in North Wales, and others in the South, but the Vicar of Carnarvon, who has spent many years in both parts, declares that there is not much difference, because in North Wales they corrupt Welsh words for colloquial use, such as *afnats*" and *"ofnatsan*" for *"ofnadwy,"* and in South Wales the patois is enriched by the corruption of English words, such as *"starto,"* *"rito,"* &c. He admits, however, that the language of St. Clears district is beyond redemption.

Pritchard Morgan, M. P., it is reported, has been engaged by the Chinese authorities as administrator of the mineral and mercantile resources of the province of Szechuen. It may be explained that this is a province containing a population of 70 millions, with a superficial area of 166,000 square miles; and that experts in Chinese affairs have held it to be not only the richest but the most peaceful of all the provinces of the Chinese Empire.

That Merionethshire case of a man charged with stealing a penny seems to have awakened quite a lot of people, and they all agree with Mr. Justice Darling that it is a scandal that a judge, and a jury, and barristers and solicitors, and witnesses—but especially the judge—should have been brought into the county to try so trivial a case. For our part we prefer seeing the judges brought to Wales for penny cases than for murder cases and such like.

Among the curious epitaphs to be found in Welsh graveyards is the following inscribed on the gravestone of one John Morgan, who was killed on

the railway in the neighborhood of Oswestry:—

In crossing o'er the fatal spot,
John Morgan, he was slain;
But it was not by mortal hand,
But by a railway train.

Cadwallader Thomas, the bandmaster for 16 years of the Coldstream Guards, whose death is now announced at the age of 59, was a Welshman. He joined the band of the Coldstreams in 1853, and was a noted clarionet player. In 1866 he was promoted to sergeant, and in 1880, on the retirement of the late Fred Godfrey, he became bandmaster, from which post he retired about two years ago. For ten years also, down to 1880, he was bandmaster of the Duke of York's School.

The story of "Mary Jones," whose visit to Bala in order that she might procure for her own use a copy of the Holy Scriptures led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, is finding its way into a number of languages. A Spanish translation has been prepared by the Religious Tract Society, a new edition in French is in the press, from Calcutta there comes the news of an edition in Bengali, and from Tokio a very pretty edition has been received in Japanese.

The Rev. Allen J. Morton who departed this life February 13, 1899, at Kingston, Pa., was a native of the parish of Llangyriew, Montgomeryshire, N. W. He was baptized by the Rev. John Roberts, in 1852, and in the following year he went to South Wales, settling at Dowlais, where he commenced preaching. He was educated at Pontypool College, and was a co-student with Dr. Fred Evans; was ordained minister in 1861; was married in 1862; and emigrated into this country in 1863. During his career this side of the ocean, he was minister at Lans-

ford (where he was instrumental in building the Baptist Church), Upper Lehigh, Slatington, Pittsburg, Edwardsdale, Pa., and Parisville and Pomeroy, O. He died at his home in Kingston, Pa., in the 64th year of his age.

In a couple of cartoons contributed to the last issue of "Papyr Pawb," Mr. Dyer Davies very happily hits off the modern foot-ball craze in the Principality. On one side Shoni Jones ostentatiously displays his empty pockets to the figure of Patriotism, who appeals to her on behalf of the Daniel Owen and Prince Llewelyn memorial movements, while in the accompanying illustration the self-same Shoni is seen presenting a well-filled gold bag to the "W.F.U.," to the accompaniment of the loud hurrahs of a singing crowd.

The third number of the series of Welsh classics published by Mr. Isaac Foulkes, Liverpool, is devoted to "Alun," all of whose works in the free metres are included. By means of these useful little threepenny booklets the cream of Welsh literature will shortly be within reach of the humblest of our fellow-countrymen. This popular edition of "Alun" has been edited by Iolo Carnarvon, who supplies a large number of instructive annotations and a delightful memoir of the gifted author.

William D. Thomas, who died February 18, at Lansford, Pa., mourned by a wide circle of friends and neighbors, was a prominent and highly respected Welshman. Mr. Thomas had risen by force of character to a position of honor and influence among his fellow-men, and very deservedly, as he was a really honorable man, a lover of his race, a patriotic Welshman and American. He was a native of Pembroke County S. W., where he was born of humble parents in 1842. The family

soon moved to the Neath Valley, settling near Aberpergwm. There his mother died, and his father soon followed at Hirwain, a few miles east. A mere lad he was compelled to become dependent on his own efforts for a livelihood. He emigrated to this country in 1866, settling at Jackson, Ill. From there he came to Upper Lehigh, Pa., and soon to Lansford, where he resided to the time of his death, following the occupation of a mining contractor. He was for a time a Justice of the Peace, Chairman of the Electric Light Co., and a member of the School Board, and always took lively and affectionate interest and part in Eisteddfodic movements, in Welsh literature, especially poetry, as well as in the welfare of his fellowmen. He was in a high sense, a worthy citizen and a generous man, an honor and a benefit to any community. To mourn their great loss, he left a widow and a large family, all of whom he had well cared for and educated. He had a large number of friends and admirers who heard of his death with sorrow.

The University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, and Bala College, have each had a thousand pounds left by the late Mr. William Roberts, architect, Manchester. The Aberystwyth College students are increasing in number so rapidly that a large sum will soon have to be spent in providing additional accommodation. The work grows every session, and the success of the students is more than maintained.

Mayor Samuel M. Jones, of Toledo, is enlivening things with another of his vigorous and stirring campaigns. Some people call him eccentric, but he is a man of strong personality and of extraordinary ability. Besides being a wealthy manufacturer, with great business responsibilities, he is a musician, a social reformer and all-around philan-

thropist. Two years ago he made his first campaign for Mayor, and he enlivened it with music of his own production. He composed a song, "Divide up the Day." Mrs. Jones set it to music, and it was a campaign hit. This year he is a candidate for re-election, and he has a new song, "Industrial Freedom," which goes to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia."

Mayor Jones was born in Wales in 1846, and came to the United States with his parents when three years old. His parents were very poor, and it was necessary for the son, when old enough, to go out to work, and he says: "I bear upon my body to-day the marks of the injustice and wrong of child labor." When 18 years old he heard of the Pennsylvania oil fields, and went to Titusville, which place he reached with fifteen cents in his pocket. He found work, seized the opportunities that were presented, and in 1870 became himself an oil producer. In 1886 he came to Ohio and entered the Lima field, and since then has followed the business successfully in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana.

Besides the writings of "John Jones, Llangollen," mentioned in the Welsh catalogue of the Cardiff Free Library, there is extant by the same author a commentary on Matthew, with a revised translation, and another on the 1st Corinthians, and also a small work on the whole of the New Testament, under the title of "The Teachers' Testament" (*Testament yr Athraw*). Copies of these works are in the possession of the Rev. William Evans, M. A., Pembroke Dock, who has also a copy of the first volume of a serial called "Y Golygydd," which appeared in 1846, edited by the same author. We are told this periodical lived for three years. Who has copies of the second and third volumes, and also of his "Seren Foreu,"

a nice little serial for children? "Jones Llangollen" was a remarkable man. Justice has not been done to his memory. He certainly has a distinct place in Welsh literature.

Beriah Gwynfe Evans is still busy looking up materials for his new book on the history of Welsh Nonconformity, and it is of course no secret that one of the objects in view is to show that the place and importance of the Methodist revival of the last century has been somewhat over-estimated. This being so, the suggested title of the new volume, "Datguddio'r Diwygiad" ("The Revival Revealed") is a happy one. Mr. Evans, in the course of an interview published by the Carnarvon "Herald," claims to have unearthed original manuscripts of the greatest importance, the existence of which, or at least the contents previous writers appear to have had no knowledge. He acknowledges the value of the assistance he has received at the hands of the authorities of the Trevecca C. M. College, and adds:—"The Trevecca collection of MSS. is invaluable, and the authorities have performed a public duty in arranging, cataloguing and indexing the MSS. It has taken a man the greater part of three years to arrange and index them. The public have no conception of the wealth of material for history which lies practically forgotten, not only at Trevecca, but elsewhere.

M. J. H. Davies, B. A., Cwrtmawr, a brother of Mrs. T. E. Ellis, is about to publish a new edition of the works of Tudor Aled, which will be included in the *Cymmrodorion* series. Mr. Davies is well qualified for the work, being a cultured Welsh scholar, and currently reported to possess the largest private collection extant of old and modern editions of Welsh books.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

A clergyman once went to visit a Glamorganshire farmer of the old type who was on his death-bed, and, after a few preliminary remarks, the vicar said that if his neighbor had anything on his mind, he hoped he would confide in him, and thus die in peace. "Well, sir," said the farmer, "if I had to live my life over again, I'd fish more with bait and less with flies."

A Swansea minister relates an incident which occurred in connection with a Swansea Episcopal church, which was communicated to him by a most reliable person. It was as follows:—"A baptism recently took place in the church of ———, and during the application of the water, the infant cried. As soon as the ceremony was over, Sister ——— approached the mother of the babe, and said, "I'm glad the baby cried when the water was applied to it, for that was a sign the devil was coming out of it."

The natives of some parts of India believe that the spirits of the departed retain the tastes which distinguished them while in the flesh. Rev. Dr. J. P. Jones, a missionary at Madura, writes that some time since an Englishman died in that vicinity, and the natives built a shrine in the jungle, near the place of his decease, and offered for years, in true sobriety, whisky and cheroots to appease his thirsty and unsatisfied spirit. If he actually consumed these luxuries offered to the sahib's spirit we are not informed.

A NEW VERSION.

A little girl told her mamma the story of Adam and Eve. "Dod, He made Adam, and He put him in a big garden, an' Adam He was so lonesome; 'n' then He putted him to sleep. He did, 'n' then he took out his brains, 'n' made a woman of the brains, 'n' then Adam he wasn't lonesome no more."

SHE IS CAPTAIN.

The boatwomen of China have no need to agitate for women's rights—they possess them. The boatwoman, whether she be a single woman or a wife or a widow, is the head of the house—that is to say, of the boat. If she is married, the husband takes the useful but subordinate place of deck-hand or bow oarsman. She does the steering, makes bargains with the passengers, collects the money, buys supplies, and in general lords it over everything.

CLERICAL INSURANCE.

The "Church Gazette" tells a curious story of a clergyman's cow:—A certain clergyman bought a cow, and, being a cautious man, insured it. A few weeks afterwards the cow, being tired of the monotony of its life, committed suicide. Comforting himself with the thoughts of the insurance, the parson wrote to the office, when he found, to his dismay, that the policy was only for a fire risk. He thereupon wrote to a keeper of

hounds that he had a carcase to dispose of at a low price. Unfortunately, there were two individuals of the same name, and the letter was delivered to the wrong one, who happened to be an undertaker. The body was fetched, and soon after a bill was sent in: "To fetching away and decently interring the body of one cow, 7s. 6d."

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WHAT THE CUBANS WANT.

Ye can't make a Cuban undherstand that freedom means th' same thing as a pinitinchry sintince. Whin we thry to get him to wurruk he'll say: "Why shud I? I have'nt committed anny crime." That's goin' to be th' trouble. Th' first thing we know we'll have another war in Cuba whin we begin distributin' good jobs, twelve hours a day, wan sivinty-five. Th' Cubians ain't civilized in our way, I sometimes think I've got a touch iv Cuban blood in me own veins.—Dooley.

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A MUSICAL CRITIC.

Dr. Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, entered a London Church one night, and standing in a back pew, joined in the singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn. Next to him stood a workingman who was singing lustily in tune. The bishop sang lustily also, but not in tune. The workingman stood the discord as long as he could, and then, nudging the bishop, said, in a whisper: "Here, dry up mister; you're spoiling the show."

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THE BEST LITERATURE.

Th' only books I seen was th' kind that has the' life iv th' pope on th' outside an' a set iv dominos on th' inside. They 're good readin'! Now-thin' cud be better for a man whin he's tired out afther a day's wurruk thin to

go to his library an' take down wan iv th' great wurrks iv lithratchoor on' play a game iv dominos f'r th' dhrinks out iv it. Anny other kind iv r-read-ing, barrin' the newspapers, which will niver hurt anny onedycated man, is deshructive iv morals.—Dooley.

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YANKEE SCIENCE.

That story about the petrified forest brings to mind the experience of an Englishman who went out in search of petrified trees in America. He met a native ranger of the woods, and asked to be directed to some fine specimens. "Petrified trees," said the Yankee, "are not worth mentioning. There's a petrified man on the top of that hill." "What! what!" exclaimed the enraptured tourist. "Yaas, a petrified man. He went out hunting one day, and while aiming at a bird in the air got petrified on the spot, and his gun got petrified, and the bird in the air got petrified, and there they are still in the same position." "No, no," said the tourist, "the law of gravitation would have interfered." "Ah, stranger, that's little you know of this section. The law of grevytation got petrified too."

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BLIND HYMN-WRITER.

A woman of 70, a gentle, sightless soul, who is the most popular song writer the English language has known, lives in Brooklyn. She is Fanny Crosby, the blind poetess, who has written over 4,000 songs and hymns, among them the most successful of the Moody and Sankey songs. Three generations have sung Miss Crosby's hymns, which are heard daily in church or chapel. The most familiar of them are "Pass me not, O gentle Savior," "Jesus is Calling," "Rescue the Perishing," "Blessed Assurance," "Saved by Grace," "All the Way My

Savior leads me," and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," the last named being Miss Crosby's own favorite.

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A TEACHER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

The attention of those who are interested in educational matters is invited to the life work of Johann Jakob Haberle, an industrious teacher of the good old school. During his life he kept a diary of the number of punishments inflicted by him on pupils. He records that during 51 years he distributed "911,517 strokes with a stick, 240,100 birch rod smites, 136,715 hand smacks, 10,986 blows with a ruler, 10,235 slaps on the face, 8,000 boxes on the ears, 115,800 on the head, and that he set some 13,000 tasks from the Bible, so that it was necessary to purchase a new copy, through wear and tear, every two years. Seven hundred and seventy-seven times did Johann make his children kneel on dried peas, while 5,001 times he stood them in his corners with rulers over their heads."—*Kansas City Journal*.

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ALL AMERICAN CHILDREN.

"Do you not have trouble with so many nationalities?" the spectator asked of the principal of a large school in the crowded tenement part of the city. "Oh, we hang the flag over the school platform," was the answer, "and have the regular exercise of saluting it, and the children become very patriotic indeed. They will not own, in most cases, that they are not Americans." "Yes," said the other teacher, "I often ask, 'Will the German children in the room stand up?' The Germans are more wedded to their fatherland, apparently, than other immigrants, for a few—though not by any means half—of them usually rise to this invitation. 'Now let the Italian chil-

dren stand,' generally brings no response at all, though the school is crowded with them in my district. But when I end up by saying, 'Will the American children stand up?' the whole school rises joyfully."—*Outlook*.

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TOBACCO IN ENGLAND, 1845.

When I was a lad, fully half the population of both sexes, rich as well as poor, the banker equally with the workingman, were snuff-takers. My first schoolmaster always carried his snuff loose in his waistcoat pocket, and innumerable were his dips into it with two fingers and a thumb in the course of the day, while the big gauffered frill which protruded from the bosom of his shirt was always thickly sprinkled with it. We used to notice that he never seemed to relish one of his huge pinches so much as immediately after having administered a sound castigation to some recalcitrant pupil.

On the other hand, there was little or no open air smoking, except in the case of laboring men going to or from their work. In this respect lucifer matches have something to answer for; but for them the practice of outdoor smoking would never have grown to its present enormous proportions.—*Chamber's Journal*.

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WORLD'S YOUNGEST LAWYER.

Undoubtedly the youngest lawyer in the world is Byron Howse Gilbert of Atchison, Kas., who at the age of seven years recently successfully passed a rigid examination before the Supreme judges of the Kansas court, and is the happy possessor of a certificate of admission to the bar, which, of course, will not take effect until he reaches the age of 21 years. Little Byron, it should be stated, is the son of a judge, and from whom, no doubt, he has in-

herited this wonderful taste for things appertaining to the law. His father took him to the court one day, and surprised the justices then sitting by asking them to examine him for admission, and though they tried to trip this boy lawyer, all their efforts were futile, and they had no option but to grant him the desired certificate. He has a desk in his father's office, and spends a couple of hours there every day after school.—Syracuse Standard.

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'T WAS NOT SO.

According to the Cornhill Magazine, a clergyman was walking through the outskirts of his parish one evening when he saw one of his parishioners whitewashing his cottage. Pleased at these somewhat novel signs of cleanliness he called out, "Well, Jones, I see you are making your house nice and smart." With a mysterious air Jones, who had recently taken the cottage, descended from the ladder and slowly walked to the hedge which separated the garden from the road. "That's not 'xactly the reason why I'm a-doing of this 'ere job," he whispered, "but the last two couples as lived in this 'ere cottage 'ad twins; so I says to my missus, I'll take an' whitewash the place so as there mayn't be no infection. Ye see, sir, as 'ow we got ten children already."

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A MARVELOUS X-RAY GIRL.

Miss Elfa, of Chicago, has a wonderful power of second sight. She can describe the contents of a purse without touching the purse itself, telling how many coins are in it, and what their value is. She turns her back to the street, and, with closed eyes, can

accurately describe every passer-by, mentioning the color and cut of each one's clothing and any physical peculiarity he or she may have. By looking at an invalid she can diagnose any disease, and suggest the proper remedies.

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MR. GLADSTONE ON RIDDLES.

Among the minor provisions which appertain to a good social equipment is generally ranked a good stock of entertaining stories. I put in a humble plea in the same line on behalf of riddles; subject, however, to this remark, that mediocrity is not to be tolerated in riddles. In order to be available as good current coin a riddle should possess in the highest possible degree these two qualifications: First, it should baffle the skill and knack of the best riddle guesser; secondly, when in the orthodox fashion it has been given up, and the secret is revealed, the answer should strike the hearer with a certain compunction for not having perceived what was so simple and appropriate. As a specimen of the good riddle I would offer: "What is all the world doing at once?" I do not happen even to have known it guessed. The answer is, "Growing older"—perfectly indisputable, and, when once known, very obvious.—Watchman.

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A commercial traveller who has been trying to open up business in Merionethshire says he can explain why the calendar which Mr. Justice Darling found awaiting him contained only one small case, and that a charge against a man for stealing a penny. He says it was the only penny in the county to steal.

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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THE WELSH BARONY.

By Joseph Levering Jones, Philadelphia, Pa

(Delivered at the Annual Reunion, March 9.)

It is a remarkable circumstance that more than two hundred years after the settlement of Philadelphia, in which Welshmen took so prominent and active a part, there should exist no edifice devoted especially to religious worship in the Welsh tongue, and owned by its congregation; and yet it need not occasion any surprise when we look at the development of our civilization here in Pennsylvania, and observe that fusion of English, Swedes, Welsh and Germans that made a settlement within its boundaries.

There are few races more tenacious of their language, and with more defined characteristics, than the Welsh; but the population in their old home was not large, and there were but a few thousand that originally, in the days of Penn, came into the new province which he founded, as settlers. The English immediately outnumbered them, and between 1700 and 1755, over one

hundred thousand Germans landed in the port of Philadelphia. The consequence was that the tide of immigration from Wales was overflowed by stronger tides of incoming peoples, and soon practically ceased. The English tongue was, from the beginning of the settlement, dominant, and the distinctive Welsh language gradually disappeared, to be kept alive only by the few new comers who brought with them the old tongue, generally retained by them until succeeding generation.

"The Welsh Barony," as it was called, of forty thousand acres, situated in the beautiful uplands beyond the Schuylkill, did not long remain under the control of its Welsh owners. It soon became subjected to the general laws of the province of Pennsylvania, and while its early proprietors indelibly stamped for all time the beautiful names of Haverford, and Merion, and Ardmore, and Bryn Mawr, upon it, those original

Welsh districts no longer distinctly reveal the presence of the Welsh race except in the name indicated, and in the historic memories of nearly two centuries ago. It may be said then, that it is no discredit that there is no edifice owned by people speaking the Welsh language in the city of Philadelphia, in which there is religious worship.

It is fortunate if the people from other nations coming to this country adopt a new allegiance, make themselves a part of a new destiny, and look forward with honest hopes and aspirations to the creation of homes for themselves and their children. It is fortunate if they bring with them the determination to identify themselves not only with the new institutions of which they become a part, but also determine to master the language which is spoken around them, which is to become their language, and in which they must think and speak, and which they must write if they would get all the benefits of the new civilizations they have sought, and of which they should become an essential part.

It is right, however, that the Welshman leaving the lovely valleys, the imposing mountains, the diverse and exquisite scenery, and the splendid history, interesting and heroic, associated with his own land—a part of that great commonwealth of England—should bring with him memories that may have grown up from childhood, and the deepest affections for the land of his birth. He who has felt no love of country

toward his native land, will not be likely to feel love of country towards the land of his adoption, and patriotism is a great virtue.—I may say it ought to be made a part of one's religion. Love of home, of country, and of God are safe, desirable and ennobling affections for every human being to possess; but however right that any one coming to our shores from the old world should bring and keep thoughts of that old world, of home, and friends, and associations, as sacred treasures to be sometimes unlocked and gazed upon, it is here where the foundations of a new home are to be established; a new career to be undertaken; a new tongue to be acquired, and the infinite possibilities of American life to be grasped and utilized to the utmost.

I venture to speak in this way because I feel a tender sentiment towards the land of some of my ancestors; because I know those sturdy, tenacious, dominant characteristics of the Welsh; because I know of their love of the memories and of the history of old Wales; because I know how deeply inbred is that Cymric blood which, in its strong racial characteristics and language has withstood many of the influences that have immediately surrounded it for two thousand years, and because I feel that it yields sometimes too slowly and reluctantly to the progressive ideas of modern times, and does not always take hold with willing energy of the advantages that are placed within its reach.

Still, if you ask me in what direction the descendants of the early Welsh settlers—those whose inhabitants are now firmly and for all time established here—can best exert their influence and power, I would say to aid the more complete establishment and the preservation of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. That, as I understand it, is the aim of your trustees. Their motive is not the preservation of the Welsh language in our midst—it is the motive of affording to those unaccustomed to English speech, and inheriting and using their natural tongue—the Welsh language—an opportunity to listen in that language to the inspired words of the Bible and to the guidance and admonitions of their own ministers. It is the duty of those who have found fortune and comfort in this new land to welcome their relatives and race from the old, assist them as rapidly as possible in the practical acquisition of the English language, and in the meantime see to it as a solemn obligation, that the opportunity of religious instruction from the pulpit is furnished to them here.

The Bible should be the great guide of human conduct. He who infects his mind with its noble passages, and keeps in touch with it in his daily life, can never escape from its influence and its power. Its injunctions become a part of his

moral nature, mingle his thoughts and his ambitions, and influencing him, exert an influence on all with whom he comes in contact.

The Welsh Church of Philadelphia must be maintained as long as there is a person in our city needing its ministrations, and that will be so long as there is any one that speaks and thinks in the Welsh as his natural language. I confess with regret that I have not taken the interest in this religious institution, which is being fostered, that it deserves from one who has a common ancestry with yourselves; but the example, the steady enthusiasm and labor of your trustees and pastor exert their influence upon me as they do upon you. The establishment and maintenance of a distinctive church is a great work. It is such a work in which they are engaged. It is a generous, an unselfish, a Christian effort. It will be crowned with success. So long as this church, in its special field, needs to exist, it will surely be upheld, and its history, when it is finally written, will be descriptive of one of those forces that quietly assisted in improving the character of the Welsh people, and took a modest but effective part in the advancement of the civilization of the noble city, in the foundation and early development of which Welshmen bore such a conspicuous part.

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF WALES.

 By Cambrensis.

There are titled names in Wales to-day hardly known outside the county they live in; titles which honor those who wear them more than they honor the titles; but lives there a Welshman who has not heard of Thomas Gee of Denbigh, and does not honor and revere his memory as that of a peer, a prince? We have a nobility in Wales that has been forced upon us as a people; landholders who have through the ages figured as our leaders in religion and politics; but the people of Wales have never recognized them but as invaders. The people have had their own nobility—often poor, despised, oppressed, but yet the true representatives of their rights and aspirations, and they form a peerage of their own, among whom we find Thomas Gee. Although they wear their own simple Christian names, they are dearer to the Welsh heart than princes and lords, and they deserve the title of dukes (leaders) far more richly than those who wear their names like mantles. Jones Llanddowror, Thomas Charles of Bala, Williams Pantycelyn, John Elias, Thomas Gee, &c., are the "Lords Spiritual" of Wales.

The true leaders of the Welsh are moral and spiritual. A lord temporal, a mere wordly leader can

never strike the imaginative heart of the Welsh as anything but mercenary and vain; and this accounts for the fact that the ideal leader of the people in Wales is touched with the spiritual. Thomas Gee was a man that served God in all his work. He possessed the true secret of genius, as described by Emerson, "which suffers no fiction; which exacts good faith, reality and a purpose; and first, last, midst and without end, honors every truth by use." His activity through life was an honest expression of his personality; his works were an expression of a whole nature which was far removed from the common motives of men; the many interests and extensive activities of his untiring life show the greatness and strength of his heart; his great spirit made Wales its bride, which he honored, loved and labored for incessantly. "The retrospect of his life swarms" not with lost opportunities, but with accomplished facts.

Falstaff's boast that he was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others points to a great truth. True power breeds power, and the greatness of a man is not to be judged by the amount of work he accomplishes himself, but by what he is the cause of accomplishing.

The Great Master lived a brief life, and labored in public but three years; but down through the ages He has filled millions of spirits with his own ideals, and has made them or rather is making them active in doing good. Thomas Gee was moved by this same spirit; by means of the multiplex powers of

Thomas Gee, son of a father of the same name, was born January 14, 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo. His father was an Englishman who came to Denbigh, in the early days of Welsh Methodism to carry on the printing business of the Rev. Thomas Jones; and his mother a Welshwoman, Mary Foulks.



Mr. Gee's favorite horse named "Degwm," as he was a very young foal when the Tithe Bailiffs visited Mr. Gee's farm, Eglwys Wen.

the press he was instrumental in educating and enlightening his country; mere fame was not his infirmity, for a higher purpose and a purer inspiration alone can account for "a consistent career," as Mr. Rendell, M. P., said at his funeral, "marked by every private and civic virtue." He was not magnificent branches and foliage alone, but a veritable royal oak, gnarled and deep rooted in the love of God and man.

A few years later Thomas Gee, the elder, having become owner, and devoting his energy to mastering the Welsh language, founded the Gee establishment, which has done immense service to Welsh literature. Our hero was first educated at a school kept by a Mrs. Williams, of Castle Hill, Denbigh, and later at Grove School, Wrexham, under a Mr. Jackson. When a mere lad, he returned to his father's office to learn

the printer's trade, attending in the afternoon a school superintended by Rev. John Roberts. In 1836, when just of age, he went to London, where he soon commenced to preach. During his sojournment in the metropolis, he was a fellow-student of the late Sir Hugh Owen at the Sunday School connected with the Welsh Methodists in the Boro. In 1842 he married Miss Hughes, of Plas Coch, who still survives; and five years ago they celebrated their golden wedding. To them were born five daughters and three sons; two of them are Thomas and Robert, solicitors, and the third, Howell, successor to his father in the publishing business. The daughters are Mrs. Matthews, Amlwch; Mrs. Humphreys Roberts, J. P., the Hollies, Denbigh; Mrs. R. H. Williams, Government Auditor; Mrs. Davies, Manchester; and the eldest daughter, Miss Gee, for years her father's constant companion in his public journeyings on political and religious missions. He died September 28, 1898, in his 84th year.

The Monday following was as fine a day as one may see in Wales. Providence, as one said, seemed to smile on the thousands who had arrived from far and near to pay their last tribute of love and respect to one who had been their brave guide and champion of their rights. Being a man of the people, all classes turned out to pay him the last honors. In that procession was high and low, some of the highest families, scores of professional men,

wealthy merchants, and a mighty number of farmers, tradesmen, artisans and others. The death of the great man, whose life had served them all, had touched them all. Two beautiful incidents were noticed during the funeral services at the church and the graveyard. As soon as the family had assembled at Capel Mawr, a ray of sunlight—the only such beam, and that of unusual brilliancy—shone through one of the windows right on to the plate on the casket. The plate was too bright to look on, and the wreaths were beautifully flooded with light; this and the incident of the choir of birds which sang sweetly on the oak tree over the open grave reminded the Bible-loving crowd of mourners of the words uttered by the descending Spirit over the Great Master.

Thomas Gee's life is crowded with instruction to the character student. His make-up was strong in every element. His love of right was overpowering; and his fidelity to duty was unchangeable. He was not a respecter of persons. His love of justice and purity is a perceptible element in all his activities. In the performance of duty on the lines of justice and purity his preserving strength was admirable. Once he took up a duty he persevered to work at it, slowly, continuously and faithfully like the proverbial "old ox." His steadiness was always reliable, and his principle always active. He simplified all into love of God and man; from God he had purity, which in relation

to man became general justice. He did not believe in castes—a layman was as good as a priest, and a farmer as good as a landlord. He had no patience with artificial distinctions among men. He was the consistent opponent of the Established Church, not that he was opposed to its religion, but because it was established on un-Christian principles being supported and bolstered up by artificial means. He might have entered the Church, and his ability and strength of character would have been an honor to the establishment; yet even in his young days he saw the false position the Church held, and he adhered to that early view until his death. There were no priests to him in the Christian dispensation; the servants of Christ are all laymen; the sacrificial priest is an anachronism and a relic; and the minister or preacher who aspired and professed any exceptional spiritual patronizing or mediating powers between God and man was regarded by him as a pretender. Although an ordained minister himself, he, as one of his biographers has said quaintly, never “neck-clothed himself like a butler,” coated himself like a clergyman, nor tolerated himself to be “Reverended.” To him Christ was the only priest and sacrifice, and all Christians are lay-brothers.

This intense love of man is seen in all the lines of his activity as a pioneer, publisher, journalist, preacher, reformer, patriot, champion of Welsh education, farmer's

friend, anti-tithier and nationalist. They were branches on the same tree—his love of God and his fellowman. His attitude in all these characters was perfectly consistent, and inspired by his love of justice to man. He was the life-long opponent of landlordism and State Churchism, which have been the most serious obstacles to progress in Wales. The landlords and the churchmen have continuously and stubbornly fought against the political, religious and educational emancipation of the people.

Throughout his life we meet with the same practical traits. He was thorough in everything. He has never been known to perform that contemptible feat of American politics, that of being perched on the fence—an interested neutralist. In every movement he was a pioneer. This is seen in the thorough way he took to the temperance question. The temperance pledge of 1830 allowed “beer,” but no “spirits.” To improve on this half-hearted reformation, Thomas Gee, then a mere boy, drew out an original pledge of his own, a pioneer pledge, including beer in the list of prohibited beverages; and kept it faithfully throughout life. The same independence, individualism and power of initiative are seen in him until his death. As a preacher and minister and also as a practical worker, devoting his services towards the development of the Sunday School system, his constant purpose was not to pose as a man of priestly importance, but as a useful

lay-assistant, helping as a brother and a co-laborer in Christ. This, probably, led him to assume the position he did regarding the question of the pastorate, thinking that a resident pastorate would tend to increase the authority of the minister. Although, practically, the pastor of Capel Mawr at Denbigh, he

This love of his fellowmen alone could account for the interest he took in all movements whose aims were to correct all abuses. All his activity was directed to enlighten, elevate, and emancipate his fellow-human beings; and all systems and institutions which interfered and obstructed the evolution of society



Front of Capel Mawr, Denbigh

declined to be reckoned as anything, except a layman serving his brethren. He gave his services as preacher and minister gratuitously, all his labors being a labor of love performed from a sense of duty. His hearty services bestowed on rural congregations, who could not afford to pay a preacher must have been a God-send; and his excursions on horseback to meet his pulpit announcements must have given him a spiritual reward beyond the power of any pecuniary considerations.

had him for an untiring opponent. He was the friend of education against all advocates of ignorance; he was the friend of the farmer and the agricultural laborer against landlords and feudal laws; he was the friend of the Nonconformist against the unchristian and unfair system of taxation by tithes; he turned his face strongly against every form of corruption, oppression and class legislation. He allowed his property to be sold rather than pay tithes, and he would not permit his landlord to

pay for him, for the reason that he would not countenance what he considered to be a rank injustice. To him the system of taxing a Nonconformist to furnish a Churchman with

sheet worthy to be called the national organ of the Welsh people, for it reached the most intelligent readers throughout the Principality, he made strong appeals on behalf of



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gee at the time of their golden wedding

Religion was an unmix'd abomination.

As a Welsh nationalist he met every question that touched the Welshman. In the general elections of 1847, 1852 and 1865, he stood for reform and progress. Through his paper, the "Baner," a

justice and political freedom. In 1868, this work was partially rewarded in the election of such men as the late Sir G. O. Morgan and Henry Richard, who were the heralds of a new era of Parliamentary representation in Wales. Prior to that year, the boroughs in Wales

were owned by the landlords and the aristocracy. Every member was elected by appointment, and the Church backed the landlord every time. Landlordism and ecclesiasticism dovetailed beautifully. Ever since 1868 both establishments have suffered considerably, and they are to continue to suffer until justice and equality shall reign where oppression and corruption held sway.

But our sketch would fail seriously if we did not turn the reader's attention to the supreme work of his life, his great and continuous service to the literature of his native land. A truly great man always will perceive the real want of his times. Mr. Gee found Wales, in some sense, in darkness, and as soon as he succeeded to his father's business, it came to his mind that the true "Candle or Light of Wales" would be a printing press, and he forthwith undertook the task (stupendous in Wales) of supplying his countrymen with standard works. Chief among these was the *Encyclopaedia Cambrensis* (*y Gwyddoniadur Cymreig*), through which universal knowledge was brought within reach of the uneducated and the non-English-reading Welshmen. This was issued at the enormous cost to the pioneer publisher of \$90,000. The first portion appeared in 1854, and was completed in 1879, and was edited by the Rev. Dr. Parry of Bala and Mr. Gee. A second and enlarged edition of this was published two or three years ago, in ten 8vo. volumes, ranging in price from

\$37 to \$60, and contained nearly 10,000 original articles. In the production of this great work, Mr. Gee was assisted by an army of contributors who furnished articles on all subjects relating to history, philosophy, science, theology, religion, literature, poetry, and especially Welsh history archaeology and general information; and as Mr. Gee has ventured to say in the Preface, "The bulk of the articles are better adapted to Welsh readers than anything to be found in similar books in any language," a statement which has been verified by thousands of readers. The articles on Wales and the Welsh are especially valuable, containing all the information that is worth attaining relating to Welsh history and affairs. It is a library in itself, and it has been a light to lighten the twelve counties of Wales, as well as Welshmen beyond "Offa's ditch." This larger Light of the Welsh (*Canwyll y Cymry*) can be seen in remote parts of the Principality; and even hundreds of poor Welshmen have lacked other things in order to secure a copy of this invaluable work. It has shed its elevating and civilizing light into cottages as well as palaces, and has done more to disseminate general knowledge than any other publication. Scores of other books have been issued from the Gee establishment, among which may be mentioned the "*Traethodydd*," which continues one of our best and most substantial monthlies.

By means of the Welsh national

he "Baner," Mr. Gee's in-
 had been strong and steady
 the years. He was not only
 or, but also acting editor,
 g through its pages his own
 m, his own advocacy of the
 f Wales, as well as his de-
 on of the many wrongs pol-
 d religious, inflicted upon
 e Baner Fawr and the Ban-
 (published on Wednesdays
 urdays, respectively) have
 iled in upholding the cause
 es versus landlordism and
 urchism, and its sacred flame
 otism was incessantly kept
 on its altar by the ever
 and ever faithful champion
 h right and Welsh honor.
 ose was to make the Baner
 al organ in support of na-
 astice and fair play; a na-
 agazine of information for
 ghtening of the whole people
 development of their life on
 d moral lines; he was not a
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 cate of the rights of man,
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 s and petted establishments;
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 ne dispensation and a pal-
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 civilization. His policy was
 Wales subject only to jus-
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 bondage of a devouring
 lism, and a privileged and a
 teous State Church. He op-
 ie political and the ecclesias-

tical systems, because they are ob-
 stacles to progress and emancipa-
 tion.

The great lesson of his life is that
 the spring of his activity was sub-
 jective not objective, viz., he did not
 work for fame but from a deep sense
 of duty. He was not attracted from
 the outside, but moved by the spirit
 within, like the prophets of old.
 Our public men are too often work-
 ing for personal and profitable ends;
 for fame, for honor, for position, for
 the visible and palpable things of
 this world, to be seen of men; but
 Thomas Gee was laboring to attain
 harmony between his soul and the
 will of God—his aim was godly, and
 the results were blessings for his
 countrymen. His whole life was
 from within outward; his public life
 was the natural outcome of his per-
 sonal and domestic life, and both
 were exemplary. His public life on
 all its beautiful and strong moral
 lines was the mere expansion of his
 loveable life in his family. He was
 conscientious before God, in the
 presence of his family, and before
 the public. His whole life was a
 river that flowed from the spring of
 devotion to God. His ideal was not
 devotion to the past, to dying and
 long dead issues, but to the living
 and progressive principles of to-day,
 the needs of the modern man. He
 helped to brush old effete and ob-
 structive systems and institutions
 out of the way to prepare the road
 for a more beneficent future. How
 well may it be said of him:

He gave his honors to the world again
 His blessed part to heaven and slept in
 peace.

LOVELY LAND OF WALES.

The land of gorse and heather;
 The land of musical rills,
 Which in storm and sunny weather
 With song and rythm thrills;
 The land of stately mountains:
 The land of verdent vales;
 The land of crystal fountains—
 The lovely land of Wales—
 Which on earth's heights and hollows,
 From dawn to sunset glow,
 The love of Welshmen follows
 Wherever Welshmen go.



ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

Tenth Paper Continued.

The annual meeting of 1840 was held in the Shakespeare Hotel, at the junction of William and Duane Streets, at that time the center of the residential portion of the city. The site is now occupied by the Newsboys' Lodging House, and was in the immediate vicinity of the old Sugar House, used as a prison during the Revolutionary War. The structure, an old frame dwelling, was once named Harmony Hall, and under that name had been a rendezvous of the Welsh residents of the city, anterior to the formation of the St. David's Society.

The anniversary was a cold, wet drizzly day, so that the presence of the General was hardly looked for.

But to the gratification of all he arrived early, appeared in remarkably good spirit, and was particularly social. He devoted his attention first to the invited guests and after the cloth was removed and he had opened the intellectual proceedings by a speech, he excused himself from the head of the table and circulated among the members of the Society—his many friends—around the board.

The old gentleman was a plain matter-of-fact man in his social civilities, throwing aside everything like distinction or formality; and on that particular occasion, he placed everybody more than usually at their ease, and contributed much to the sociability that prevailed.

I as chairman of the evening, then proceeded to announce the regular toasts, the first, "The Day," was responded to by an original song, composed by Mr. Taliesin Williams, a talented young poet who had recently arrived from the mother country, and sung by Mr. Solomon. Its music and its sentiment not only surprised but aroused the company to a pitch of enthusiasm that was maintained throughout the entire evening.

An original song was also the response to the second toast "Wales." That was composed by a young lady, Miss Maria James, the daughter of a Welsh muse, from whom she inherited a natural taste for music and poetry, which was only discovered by accident. She was engaged in a confidential position in the household of a wealthy family residing on the banks of the Hudson. A little brochure from her pen, entitled "The Broom," a homely subject beautifully treated, and marked with true poetic fire, was read to her employer. He took a liking to her genius, and appreciating the inspiration that moved her; gathered her poetic effusions and published them in a collection under her name. When this young lady heard that their fellow countrymen were about to celebrate St. David's Day, she sent the following verses set to music to one of the members of the Society. They were sung by Mr. John Morgan, the Recording Secretary.

"Land where the Leek in the green vales
is springing
The cowslip and harebell their beauties
display,
And yearly the notes of the sky-lark are
ringing,
To herald with music the opening of day.
And shall we forget it, the bond that
unites us,
Though fortune may frown, or prosperity
smile;
No, not when the fete of St. David invite us
Again to recall it, the fast-anchored isle.

"Visions of youth, as ye sparkle before us,
How dear to each bosom were tales of
thy fame,
When still as the shadows of eve would
come o'er us,
Our fathers delighted to dwell on thy
name.
The leek, the green leek in thy valleys
shall perish,
(The sun o'er thy mountains withholding
his smile.)
When the sons of St. David shall fail thee
to cherish
In fondest remembrance, the fast-
anchored isle."

Her patriotic offering was rapturously received, and fully appreciated by the company.

The representatives from sister societies, and other invited guests, made eloquent addresses in response, to the "Standard Toasts" assigned them; felicitous in expression, but necessarily brief, as the banquets of St. David's were always brought to a close at midnight.

The address of Rev. William Rowlands, D. D., attracted the closest attention. The Doctor was a pulpit orator of distinguished reputation, both in the Welsh and English languages. He was, however, more

fervid and eloquent in his native tongue. In personal appearance, he had a Websterian head, and, in fact, in build and action he bore throughout a striking resemblance to the great American orator, except that he was of slightly shorter stature. When confronted with a large and appreciative audience it aroused all his intellectual powers, then the great similarity between the two men was marked.

His lofty expression and freedom of thought made him very popular in the English pulpits of the city, which he was often invited to fill; notably those of the Presbyterian churches.

The sentiment to which Dr. Rowlands responded on that St. David's Day was "The Language, Literature and Religious Institutions of Wales;" one especially adapted to his sympathies, and exciting the brilliancy of his rhetoric. He closed his remarks as follows:

"In adverting to the religious institutions of Wales you have touched a string which I have no doubt has vibrated through the hearts of many here, with the most pleasant sensations and excited feelings of grateful recollections. The sensation in my own bosom was that of a delightful reminiscence; it recalled to my mind the times when I have made one of ten thousand, yea of thirty thousand, standing on the verdant sward of Gwyllt Walia's smiling dales, in a religious association, with all eyes concentrated on the man of God, as one while listening with almost

breathless attention, and another exulting in the extacies of animated feeling, such feeling as a Welshman alone can understand.

"But I shall not trespass any further on your patience, except to add that my earnest wishes with regard to my co-patriots, the Cymry, is that their present high standing in this country for integrity, inoffensiveness, and obedience to the established laws of the United States, may be well-sustained—their mode of carrying on their national festival be such, as will reflect honor upon them as the representatives of Cambria—tend to unite them more firmly to each other, and secure the approbation of those high personages, who from time to time sanction this meeting with their presence. And last, though by no means least, that the honorable eminence my fellow countrymen have already attained, as being, comparatively, among the most religious people on the face of the globe, may be maintained and perpetuated, verifying the prophetic stanza of their immortal bard Taliesin:

"Eu Ner a folant," &c.

They will praise their God.

I offer the following sentiment: "The memory of a poor Welsh preacher, the pre-eminent Roger Williams, of Rhode Island, the first propagator and undaunted champion of religious liberty on the shores of America."

The inclemency of the weather forbidding General Lewis to remain until the end of the banquet, he,

when the regular toasts were disposed of, withdrew, offering ere he did so the following volunteered sentiment: "Wales—Nor time, nor distance, shall ever erase her from the remembrance of her grateful descendants."

I would like to give the names and substance of the addresses of all the speakers on that notable occasion, but space will not permit.

In future papers, however, or perhaps an appendix, I will make personal mention of some who have notably aided the Society in its efforts to elevate the people of

Wales resident here in the eyes of their fellow Americans from other nationalities.

In concluding this description of the doings of the Society during the administration of General Lewis, I can gladly pay a well-deserved compliment to all the officers of the Society, those in the original Board, and those who succeeded them. The management of its affairs and its finances were conducted with a liberal economy, and without the loss of a dollar. This is all that need be said respecting this feature of the Society's history.



SIGNS OF THE COMING STORM.

A Tale of '59.

By E. R. Evans, Carnarvon.

(Concluded from last number.)

"We do not call the building a church, but the people who congregate together are the church."

"Ho," sarcastically. "Fine church, indeed, to be made up of such folk as you."

Huw pocketed the affront but the hot blood rushed to his face, and he would have answered wrathfully had not old John, noticing the turn affairs were taking, meekly said, "Our church is getting numerous, sir, and we cannot find room for all our people in the little chapel, sir."

"And you want a new chapel, I suppose. Well, and what has that to

do with me? Do you expect me to build a chapel for you?"

"No, sir," replied the old man. "We thought, sir, you might give us a site."

"And what will you give me for a site? I don't suppose you can pay me for it."

"The Lord will pay you, sir, in His own good time, sir."

"And a jolly long time he will take to do it," replied the irreverent Squire, with a coarse laugh. "But let me see;" he thought for a moment, and then, addressing Huw,

said, "Young man, are you a member of this chapel?"

"I have the honor to be counted among them."

"And I hear that you are pretty prominent among the people. Are you not one of those who have dared to bring out a Parliamentary candidate against my nephew?"

"Well, sir, we have our political opinions," answered Huw, evasively. "I do not quite agree with those of the present member."

"And you dare to come to me to ask for a site for a chapel—you—you! What are you that you should dare oppose the rights of the landlord?"

Huw blushed again, but dared not answer, fearing he might compromise old John Jones.

The Squire calmed down, however, and proceeding, said, "I shall think of the matter on one condition, John Jones."

"Thank you, sir; thank you kindly, sir."

"And that condition is this. That you, and your chapel, church, society, or whatever you call yourself, shall take no part in this political intrigue, and promise that you will never oppose the heir of the Plas."

"We do not meddle in politics, sir."

"No, you don't, but this meddling youngster does, and he is one of you."

"Oh, I am sure, sir, that Huw meant no disrespect, sir."

"I'll answer for myself," replied Huw, bursting through the bonds of

policy, "I'll do what is right, Squire or no Squire. He has no right to be my dictator, to prescribe what views I shall hold, nor exact from me a subjection to his will. I'll have none of it." And with these words he left the room, leaving the Squire white with rage.

Old John Jones tried to assuage his landlord, but he utterly failed. The Squire turned upon him, and pointed to the door, saying, "Follow him, and don't expect anything from me. If that is the sort of spirit you encourage by your damnable Methodist cant, the sooner you all clear out the better."

Thus terminated the visit on which John Jones and Huw had built such high hopes. Thus was the cup dashed from their lips by the impetuosity of a daring youth, who however impolitic he may have been that day, laid the seed of a great revolution in Wales, which in after years brought forth fruit which are enjoyed to-day, but ripened with years of persecution and terrible suffering. The cruel, tyrannous abuse of the rights of property, perseveringly practised, brought, by degrees, a dangerous gleam into the eyes of Young Dissent, before which territorial potentates recoiled.

CHAPTER IV.

The story of the visit sped throughout the countryside with such rapidity and additions thereto that Huw found himself a hero, and an object of pity at the same time. There was not one that doubted the

honesty of the lad's convictions, but many there were who feared the result. His boldness had inspired others, and for the first time in the history of the Principality there arose an insurrection against squire-

traditional reverence felt in the great house, whose enormous influence, legitimate and illegitimate, was exercised sometimes very unscrupulously; and the struggle began to tell.

"Do you know, Huw," said Jenny



• • • And addressing them in broken Welsh, said, "Well, John, and what has brought thee here so early?"

archy, and a stronger detestation of the tactics of the Church party. Men began to think their souls were their own, and many secretly, others boldly, prepared to meet what was generally felt was to be a long fought battle.

Election day arrived; the battle was fought with energy and spirit, but there was after all a kind of

to him one day, as they walked together to a great preaching meeting, for the small chapel house had by this time become totally useless, and the services were held in the open air. "Do you know, I have a kind of feeling here" pointing to her head, "that we are going to have trouble."

"Let them do their worst, my darling, we are in God's hands."

"Yes," was the reply, "but what if the Squire should turn my dear old father and mother from the farm. They say a good many farmers have been threatened."

"So I have heard; but then, my Jenny, they can live with us."

"But what if the Squire should turn against you, too, Huw?"

"Well, I am independent of him, at any rate."

"Yes, but his arm is long, and he can smite in many ways."

"Don't meet trouble half way, my love. Here we are at the meeting."

And so they were. The whole population for miles around had flocked together, suspending all business and labor, and were standing around the improvised platform on which the ministers and the elders sat. A beautiful spot had been selected. An open glade, surrounded by rich woodland scenery, with the green sward sloping up gradually from the "pulpit" was thronged with people. Every heart accessible to impression; every eye fixed expectantly; every soul yearning for the Gospel.

There they were, half a dozen or more of the chosen preachers of the land—men of rare qualifications for their glorious work—unrivalled masters of sacred eloquence—earnest, self-denying, and devoted. They were men of stately and commanding presence, high, broad foreheads, and princely mien. Yes, here were a few of the leaders, who, a few years hence would victoriously lead the

sons of Wales from their thralldom to liberty. God bless them!

One of them, an old veteran, with long silver locks, eloquently held forth upon the sufficiency of God's salvation with an inexpressible charm, but by and bye he dealt with the ire of the Deity, made a pathetic appeal, followed it with a solemn warning, and an awful description of the terrible fate of the lost. The effect was indescribable. Hundreds, if not thousands, of eyes were riveted upon him. The eyes of strong men swam in tears, and loud and passionate sobs were heard on all sides. Over there, old Thomas, Tymawr, was screaming "God help me;" Dafydd, the drunkard, was crying so that you might have washed him in his own tears. Dear old John Jones was shouting "Diolch iddo," and swinging his arms around in the height of his excitement, whilst Huw stood mute with both hands grasping the arm of Jenny, and eyes fixed intently upon the inspired orator.

Such were a few of the outward and visible effects of that great sermon, but who can estimate its final results!

The morrow was the polling day. God had triumphed at the meeting; landlordism and the devil were victorious at the hustings on the very same spot the following day.

Need we describe the contest—the hard, unequal fight? Hardly. A few tenants of the great Squire ventured to follow the dictates of their own conscience; a considerable number

more abstained, unwilling to go counter to the wishes of their landlord, and unable conscientiously to support him. The result was defeat, but not a glorious victory for the other side.

The Squire was wild. Why! the world was gone mad, thought he, to dare oppose the representatives of the Squire who for two or more centuries had held undisputed sway over the consciences of electors. "The people actually think their souls are their own," said he, that night. "Such atrocious folly must be punished. It is revolutionary and blasphemous. D——them."

His vengeance was swift, as swift as terrible. Several tenants, the objects of his wrath, were forthwith turned off the farms—aye, even without the customary notices. The rents of others were raised, and the first persecution began.

John Jones, of course, did not escape. It was the morning fixed for the wedding of Huw and Jenny. The young man came there happy and light-hearted. On one side of the hearth sat the old man with head bent, and on the other the good wife shedding bitter tears over the well-worn Bible. "Oh! Huw!" screamed Jenny, as she ran to his arms, and buried her head in his breast.

"What is it, my love? Why these tears when we are about to be made happy?"

"We've to go—to leave the dear old farm," sobbed the girl.

Then the truth burst upon him.

They were the victims of the landlord's cruel tyranny. They suffered in consequence of his action. However he bade them be of good cheer. "This cloud will pass by, sooner perhaps than you think. Come, cheer up," said he, with more hope than he felt.

But alas! the poor old man was crushed. Here, on the threshold of the grave as it were, he was thrust out from the homestead where his father and his grandfather, and his father before him, had lived and died, to starve in the face of a cruel world.

There was no wedding that day, it was indefinitely postponed. The shock was a heavy one, but, as if that was not sufficient, poor old Mary Jones, suffering as she did from heart disease, before the shades of night had fallen, struck with such a powerful blow, departed from a world of woe; and her spirit joined the angels in heaven.

Let us draw the curtain upon the sad scene. It is too sacred for worldly eyes to gaze upon. But even this scene was not all. Driven by the persecuting, tyrannical, oppressive landlord from his home, aye, even from the town, with his daughter and her lover with him, he, one night, died on the roadside on his way to the county town, but his body was taken back to Bala, where, a few days afterwards, thousands of his fellows came to pay their last respects to the memory of one who for years had been amongst their leaders.

With heavy hearts Huw and Jenny left their native town, having meanwhile joined their hands and hearts, and faced a country in the far west, where scores of their oppressed countrymen had already gone to found a free colony in Patagonia, far from the influence of squires and their merciless oppression. They shared the common prosperity in

that far-off land; and less than a decade afterwards, the spring which burst out in the Merionethshire mountains became a torrent of indignation throughout the land, sweeping clearly before it all those who had held the people in bondage, and preparing the way for a host of blessings which eventually Wales enjoyed.

(The End.)



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

The Ebenezer Prout article in the April number of the "London Musical Times," is a literary contribution of much merit, and will furnish inspiration to many a musical aspirant. When at eighteen years of age he knew nothing of theory, and an array of "consecutive fifths" in one of his attempts at "arranging some tunes," gave him an introduction to that theory.

The Eisteddfod could be much improved by adapting the performing incident concerning his winning of the ten-pounds prize, offered for the best composition for a string quartet by the Society of British Musicians, in 1862. One of the judges was the big-hearted Dr. Joseph Joachim, who planned the performance in public, of the best quartet, before announcing the name of the winner. Fancy the feelings of young

Prout, when he heard his own composition played by four artists in the presence of a musical audience, and of seeing the president opening a sealed envelope, and asking, "Is Mr. Prout here?" Of course he was there, and "as Father Willis would say:—'He was there—all there!'" It would be a feature of interest and pleasure to adopt this plan of singing the prize glee, anthem or choral on the Eisteddfod stage, thus honoring worthily the composer. A prize won in such a manner would be highly significant, and a worthy recognition of merit. But in order to attain to so much excellence, Eisteddfod committees must reform themselves most effectively.

During April, Mr. Ben Davies sang twice in Chicago, once in the "Creation," given by the Apollo Club, under the energetic leadership

of Mr. Harrison M. Wild, and again at the Mendelssohn Club Concert. On both occasions we had additional proofs, if any were needed, of how finished an artist Mr. Davies is—no gush, no bombast, no violent twisting of the text to please pit nor gallery gods—but an idealistic rendition of the simple but sublime melodies of the immortal Haydn. Mr. Davies was particularly pleased with the orchestral accompaniments. We are to thank Mr. Wild for this, who patiently labored to tone the splendid Chicago orchestra into the spirit of an accompanying power, and into the submissiveness of temper necessary in accompanying the will, thought and feeling of such a song-interpreter as Mr. Ben Davies is. We are proud of having such a singer sent into the world by "Little Wales," but there is another true artist in every sense, which shines brightly in the sphere of artistic instruction, at present, and who reflects all possible honor upon his nation. I refer to Mr. James Sauvage of New York.

In the list of "Choral pieces for coming choral competitions," published in the London "School Music Review" for the choirs of Kendall, Macclesfield, Yorkshire, Carlisle, Northampton, &c., there are no prizes mentioned. Some prizes are awarded for excellence, but this is a secondary matter. How would such a plan suit our large-prized Eisteddfodic choirs? Would it be possible to hold an Eisteddfod for

art's sake, with nominal prizes given in recognition of true merit?

The following was published by the magazine mentioned:

"One of the prizes offered at a singing festival recently held in Wales was a pair of trousers. The 'Musical Herald' wants to know what would be done in such a case if the prize should have to be divided." This is dignity with a vengeance.

"Music," the "Magazine of Art, Science and Technic of Music," published monthly by the able and fearless critic, Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of Chicago, is doing royal service in the cause of music. We have no other publication like it. It is, in musical literature, and critical articles on par with the leading literary monthlies of New York and Boston. We cannot possibly estimate the moral and artistic worth of such writings. The frankness and directedness of Mr. Mathews's criticisms upon musicians and musical works are undisguised blessings in the present state of art.

The tagging on by his majesty the editor of the Sherry (N. Y.) account to my March notes has caused some to question when did I "pop down to Sherry?" It is not invidious to reply that I never knew anything about this Sherry, and only knew by reputation of another Sherry, alluded to in the doggerel—

"O Sherry, Sherry,

You make me merry."

It was pleasing to read of how Miss

Stockwell made my old friend Mr. Parson Price's "Nanny Frew" such a deserving success.

As a specimen of high-tone criticism, the following will amuse the reader:

According to history that is perhaps a trifle shaky on real facts, Solomon's Temple must have had several concerts that developed quite a body of sound, if not music. For example Josephus speaks of a performance in which 200,000 singers, 40,000 sistrums, 40,000 harps, and 200,000 trumpets took part. We dis-

like to intimate that Josephus was intentionally stretching the truth—but at least we can say that undoubtedly he was mistaken. You see 480,000 performers in one concert would fill up a stage as large as that in Studebaker Hall in the Fine Arts building—and crowd a little at that. We have a real admiration for the genius that can concoct such an enormous lie—but we realize that the gate-money couldn't possibly be enough to buy the beer for the trumpeters alone, to say nothing of the sopranos.



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

There were twelve of them in all, and as they obeyed the summons they trembled with fear, well knowing the mood in which the irate king would receive them. They brought with them the individual whom Einion had left in the tent out of which he went to Caradoc's assistance, and who had not been successful in his attempt to escape. As it was still quite dark the identity of the prisoner was revealed to them only as they passed the camp fire that burned near the royal tent, and the discovery was not calculated to diminish their fears.

For a time the king, incensed by

the state into which the camp had been thrown, and already suspecting the cause for the general alarm, paced like an enraged lion in front of his tent, unable to control himself sufficiently to question the guards—Nor was what they now tremblingly narrated to him of a soothing nature. The real character of the deception which had been practiced on them they discerned only after discovering that the man in their custody was not Einion; but it now enabled them to show the wrathful Gryffydd that they were less culpable than at first appeared. The king's disappointment was too

great at the traitor's escape to allow the occasion to pass without wreaking his vengeance on some one. Therefore, while yet in the heat of passion and while the narrative of the guards was yet unfinished he seized a javelin and hurled it through Einion's confederate, who proved to be a faithful member of Einion's command. It was a wonder also that he did not fall upon the guards; but after one or two more outbursts of wrath he surprised even those that knew him best by commanding that they be simply placed in custody to await his further pleasure, and seeing signs of approaching daylight he also gave orders that the army put itself in readiness to march.

He knew the nature of the country and of the fugitives too well to entertain any hope of overtaking them, else he would be only too glad to send a number of troops in pursuit of them, or even to convert the whole army into a searching party. The two were already secure among the hills, and fearing no immediate pursuit they sat down under a tree on an eminence about a mile from the camp and in full view of it.

"How fares your wound now?" asked Einion.

"I fear my flight will not be good for it," was Caradoc's reply. "It was certainly a happy thought of yours to take my place that I might leave the camp at my leisure in this monkish garb; otherwise it would have gone ill with me, for my

strength was not equal to a rapid flight."

"I hope Meiric has succeeded as well as we, for without his timely aid neither of us would have been able to escape, unless one of the chiefs, who managed that apparition so well would have volunteered to act as father confessor to me."

"Ha, ha, that apparition was a grand ideal. It is strange what marvels a few pieces of rotten wood arranged on a shield can perform."

"Ay, and superstition is worth something after all, if it be only that one might appeal to it in time of danger. Ha, ha, I would have given the estate that is mine no longer to give if I could have seen the faces of the guards when that friendly ghost appeared."

"It was a fortunate circumstance for you that it frightened them out of their wits. But what will you do now that your estate will be confiscated. Remember that I shall not forget that your devotion to me is the cause of your present plight; but after I have done all for you that I intend to do, where will you live and not be in danger of detection?"

"Where I have already spent a large share of my life. Nor shall I live in fear of being molested. Let me have that monkish garb."

It took but a moment for Einion to don the gown and cowl and to remove a false mustache, thus completely transforming his looks, and Caradoc viewing him in the

grey morning light suddenly exclaimed

"By St. David it is my friend, the hermit!"

"Ay, and I shall be as safe in my cave in the future as I have been in the past," was the reply.

Having thus shown that he and the hermit were one and the same Einion now explained how he had succeeded, being a bachelor, in dividing his time between Colsul Hall and the cave. Then watching the departure of the army through the trees he and Caradoc at length cast their eyes about them for a fit place in which to hide until such time as they might in safety float down the river Severn to Portascyth.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Visit to Powysland.

After a brief stay in the neighborhood of Rhuddlan, during which Gryffydd made a promise of allegiance to King Edward of England, the army was again disbanded, leaving the king and his court to enjoy a short interval of rest. Time, also, which is a good healer of wounds as well as of sorrows, at length enabled Trahaiarn to leave his room, but as the restoration of his strength did not keep pace with the healing of his wound, the surgeon suggested that a trip to Powysland would be advisable as soon as he was strong enough to take it. As a preparation for the journey the prince began to take frequent rides in the vicinity of the castle, accompanied some-

times by his squire, and sometimes by the princess. Nest was less pleased with the surgeon's advice than was Trahaiarn. Not that he relished the separation that it involved more than she did, but after an absence of two years or more he naturally wished to combine the pleasure of a visit to his parents with a change of climate. Not much was said on the subject, however, until the prince informed her one day as they rode together in the direction of Conway that he had decided to start for Powysland on the morrow.

"Must you start so soon?" said she. "Nay, must you go at all? Of course, I wish you to get well, and the sooner the better; but must you go so far to secure a change of air? I do not thank the surgeon for putting that idea into your head, for who is to go out riding with me when you are gone?"

"I was not aware that I am the only available young man in your father's court," said Trahaiarn with a smile.

"Nor am I the only young woman in Rhuddlan," retorted Nest, "but I am myself, and being myself I have the privilege of my own preferences."

"I shall miss your company as much as you will mine, so much so that I have half a mind to ask your father to let you be one of the party."

"You have not asked me yet whether I want to go or not. You men take too many things for granted."

"I thought that since you were

anxious to have me stay you would be equally pleased to accompany me since I have decided to go."

"Indeed! who would be so foolish as to want to follow a lover that must always have his own way?"

"Or stay with a sweetheart who is equally persistent in making her will supreme. But let us be serious now. I feel I must go to-morrow, although I regret the necessity, for heaven knows how much I shall miss you."

Continuing the conversation they at length returned to the castle. Upon entering her room the princess found Enid in a sadder mood than she remembered ever to have seen her, and though divining the cause of this change she asked with affected cheerfulness

"Has there been a storin, or are we to expect one soon that the sky has lost its brightness?"

"No, the sun is about to depart," was the prompt reply. "Heard you not that the prince leaves for Powys to-morrow? They say it a settled matter."

"Where the prince goes the squire must needs follow," said the princess, assuming a lightness of manner that she did not feel. "Hence as the thought of Trahaiarn's departure drives the sunshine from thy face, some one should weep for poor Cadwallader. Pray fetch me an onion, and let it be strong enough to open the flood-gates of my tears."

"If it please you, they say when the sky lights up suddenly it is but a sign of a speedy shower."

Enid was quick to see that Nest

felt less cheerful than she appeared; indeed when night came more than one silent tear dropped on Nest's pillow. To her the journey to the farther end of Powys seemed almost like going out of the world, and traveling was attended with so much risk that she imagined all sorts of calamities as likely to befall her lover. Nor was her maid less concerned about Cadwallader. Yet both tried to be light-hearted, as the prince and his escort of a score of men left the castle gate early the next morning. Trahaiarn and his squire also appeared more cheerful than their feelings warranted, and the occasional glances that they cast over their shoulders testified that their hearts were reluctant to part from the loved ones left behind. Could they have seen into the future, one of them at least would have been strongly tempted to postpone the journey indefinitely; as it was the small calvacade soon disappeared from the view of the anxious watchers in the castle.

The prince and his escort were fortunate to make the journey when the roads, which were usually very bad, were at their best. Their course for the most part lay through a thinly settled country, where not a little of the primeval wildness was yet untamed by the hand of man. Now they followed the banks of a river, anon they traversed a hill or mountain. Here they looked upon fields of golden grain ripe for the sickle; there they rode between tall trees or passed by a monastery or through a village. The latter in all

cases was a collection of rude dwellings built in the immediate vicinity of the scarcely more pretentious palace of a lord or chief, who held his estate subject to the king, and sublet it to free men and serfs. Of the modern towns which lie along the same route to-day there was little or no signs. A rude fortress occupied the spot where Denbigh Castle was built in a later age. Another frowned where Ruthin stands, and not far from it was the lime-stone block on which the famous Arthur beheaded his rival Huail, the brother of Gildas the historian. A more notable fortress than either of these stood farther south, and its remains are known to the historian as old Oswestry. At the time of which we are speaking it was called *Caer Ogyrfan*, after a hero co-existent with King Arthur. This important military post occupied an eminence of oblong form, and covered upwards of fifteen acres of fertile ground. It was surrounded by two ramparts with deep fosses. At the foot of the hill, and surrounding the whole, was another foss. This stronghold was well known to Trahaiarn, and into it in due time he rode with his escort. The garrison gave him a princely welcome both on his own account and by reason of his official relation to the king.

"By my faith, Madoc," jocularly remarked the prince to the commandant of the garrison, "I have taken thy fortress with but a handful of men, and without the loss of a single hair. Since we are masters of the

situation be kind enough to bring us something to eat and drink."

"Since we have permitted the wolves to enter our fold," was the laughing rejoinder as the newcomers threw themselves on the ground. "we must not begrudge them their fill of mutton."

"And of steaming mead and cwrw," suggested Trahaiarn with a wink at his men.

"Ay, and mead and cwrw if ye will," added the commander, "though the demand rather spoils the figure, for I have yet to learn of wolves that brew."

"It is easier for thee to change thy figure than for us to change our appetites," retorted the prince.

"Oh for me to change my opinion of their capacity," said Madoc. "By my faith, I do believe ye can beat us all eating; but when it comes to fighting I am not so sure of your proficiency."

This sally was greeted with a chorus of laughter, and served to turn the conversation into other channels, each soldier in turn contributing some reminiscence in his own military career, while the refreshments fast disappeared. At length Trahaiarn and his escort resumed their journey, arriving in the course of a few hours at a small town on the western bank of the Severn, thence following the river to the spot where Newton rose in a later day; after crossing the stream they rested a moment on the summit of a hill to admire the romantic scenery for which that locality was already

famous. Touched by the picturesque view which everywhere met their gaze, and especially by the fine cascade which, rushing with impetuosity over a shelving rock, wound at its base through a wild glen, each of the party tried to embody his sentiments in verse. As Trahaiarn, however, lay some claim to poetical proficiency, the others waived their claims in favor of his production, which translated ran thus:—

“Beneath a bright sky amidst visions of
beauty
And strains of sweet music, enraptured
we stand;
The sunbeams while speeding on missions
of duty..
Kiss flowers so enchanting and foliage
so grand;
Green hills like huge sentinels brave, nev-
er-sleeping.
Yon vale in its richness and loveliness
guard,
While beauteous cascades ever foaming
and leaping,
Add grace to the scene and inspire the
bard.”

Galloping forward the riders soon left the valley of the Severn miles behind them, and in the course of a few hours more the prince found himself in his childhood home. Like the houses of most of the princes and lords it was a clumsy dwelling with walls of woven branches, plastered on the inside, and with a thatched roof supported in the center of the hall by a row of long posts. The inside was as ungainly as the outside, there being scarcely any artistic display and but little furniture. What few ornaments there were decorated the room where the happy mother now received her valiant

son, whose unexpected arrival brought a glow of pleasure into her kind, beautiful face, despite his somewhat pale and fatigued appearance.

“I need not tell thee, my son,” said she, seating herself on a cushion beside him, “how exceedingly glad I am to see thee again alive, though it grieves me that thou art not in perfect health. When I heard of thy mishap I greatly feared thy wound would prove fatal, and if I inwardly cursed the base traitor who inflicted it I hope I may be forgiven.”

“You forget, dear mother,” was the reply, “that he who plays with dangerous weapons cannot expect always to escape injury. I received my wound in battle, and it might have been inflicted by another and deadlier hand.”

“True, but it was no common enmity that gave thee thy wound, but unbounded malice. Caradoc hates thee with all the malignity of a treacherous soul, because thou durst be Gryffydd’s friend.”

“That I know quite well, and he is as ill-pleased with his failure to slay me as I am with his escape. The king thought he had given him his death thrust in the hand to hand conflict in which they engaged; but by the aid of that arch-traitor, Einion ap Howel, he opened his eyes again in this world, finding that he had been more scared than hurt, and by the assistance of the same wily miscreant, and the secret connivance of a few malcontent chiefs he also cheated the executioner, when the king had both him and his fellow traitor in his absolute power.”

(To be continued.)

LOVE AND LIFE.

By D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

The doctor at the bedside sat,
 With finger on the wrist his message sent
 Up to the spirit's office, to find what
 Might be the patient's soul's intent
 That day
 Whether to yet remain or fly away

Wan, heedless, with glazed eye the patient told
 Of vanished hopes regarding a long stay;
 The spirit steadily relaxed his hold
 As tenant of the house of clay,
 And vied
 With ail the doctor and his potions tried

Bright angel—in came his betrothed, she took
 His hand and knelt beside the bed—
 Poured forth her soul thus with an upward look
 "God grant that I may suffer in his stead,"—
 A thrill
 He felt—he with and for his love lives still

Ah! when in abject low estate the race
 Suffered and died through leprosy of sin,
 Crushed by despair, behold with wondrous grace
 The Son of man pours freely for his kin
 His soul
 In agony, that love may make us whole

The genius of true love expresses best
 Itself through suffering, and thus it breathes
 Love and new life into its object's breast,—
 Shall we to whom the Lord his love bequeathes,
 In truth
 Not consecrate our lives to Him from youth?





FIELD OF LETTERS

THE AWARD.

Prize of \$5 for the best novelette exceeding 4,000 words, each competitor select his own subject as advertised in the March number of the "Cambridge Review." The first award was made to the author of "The Story of Cader Idris;" and the second award was made to the author of "The Two Years' Subscription to the Cambridge Review" to "Rhys Llewellyn" (A Romance). "The Tragedy of Idris" will appear in our June number.

Welsh-American Pulpit.—Edited by Vyrnwy Morgan. Introduced by Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D. Buckram, 611 pp. Rough Edges. Top. Complete Index. Price \$1.00. New York and London: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

Since the apostolic age produced a stronger race of men than the principality of Wales.

Welsh preachers are noted for the originality of their thought and

The men who have made the Welsh pulpits famous are remarkable for their poetic genius, their subtle analytical power, and their unusual oratorical

Preachers of irresistible power and the Welsh pulpit. They gathered in simple meeting houses devoid of the attractive features of the modern church. Yet such was the virility of their preaching that the meetings were filled to overflowing, the conversions were moved and thrilled by great sermons, and the pulpit took a large part in shaping the destiny of the people.

This volume of representative ser-

mons from the Welsh-American pulpit is prolific in those qualities which have made the older school of Welsh preachers famous. As Theodore L. Cuyler says in the introduction: "The fervid evangelical spirit of these men breathes through the pages of this volume. Their fire is the flame kindled by the Holy Spirit; their aim is to convert and quicken immortal souls." There are thirty-two live and original sermons covering a variety of topics and noteworthy for their forcefulness and originality. The live preacher who is always eager for fresh and attractive material on the fundamental and enduring principles of Christianity will find this book suggestive and invigorating. The sermons are preceded by an interesting and instructive lecture by the Author on, "Wales as it Was, and as It Is." The book contains excellent half-tone portraits and brief biographical sketches of the contributors.

FREDERICK EVANS, D. D. (Ednyfed), A Memorial, Edited by B. D. Thomas, D. D.: American Baptist Publication Society.

This is a volume of reminiscences by friends and admirers, and lovingly dedicated to his widow and children. "It has been prepared by loving hands to aid in keeping the memory of a loved one perennially green," as the Introduction states. The volume is composed of articles contributed by friends and admirers of the Rev. Fred. Evans, on the different phases of his life, which form a complete biography. The volume also contains many illustrations, and con-

cludes with the Rev. D. Pugh Griffiths' prize poem.

"Sleep, Oh, Sleep," a song by Prof. J. W. Parson Price to beautiful words by Eugene Field. This is the angels' lullaby song over the silent graves. The music harmonizes with the soothing sweetness of the words, and the song cannot fail to please and delight lovers of melodious music: W. A. Pond & Co., 124 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

It will always give us pleasure to commend such juvenile publications as "Cymru'r Plant" and "Trysorfa y Plant" to our young readers. Since the invention of printing, there never was better and purer literary provision made for the young. Such periodicals serve to show that as a nation we appreciate what is good and beautiful; and both the above mentioned monthlies help to educate our Welsh children.

"He Sleeps Upon Havana's Shore" is a song by Dan Rees, words by Thomas Killen, and published by D. O. Evans, Youngstown, O. It is the story of a gallant sailor who died in the late war with Spain. The pathetic words blend so naturally in the musical settings as to insure the popularity it has already attained. Price 50c. postpaid.

The contents of the "Dysgedydd" are as follows: The Age and the Church, by Principal L. Probert, D. D., Bangor; Plato's Republic, by the Rev. James Charles, Denbigh; Reminiscences of the Great Revival of 1859, by W. J. Parry, Bethesda; The Beginnings of the Congregational Cause in Blaenau Festiniog, by the Rev. Pryce Howell; Events of the Month; Sunday School Lessons, Obituaries, Poems, Reports, &c., &c.

"Cwrs y Byd" administers its knocks as usual. It compliments the Grand Old Man, the late Mr. Gladstone, as the

pseudoholy one who sowed the seeds of the papacy in the parish of Hawarden. Hawarden to-day is considered a hotbed of popery.

This game little periodical is also opposed to the partition of China by the so-called Christian nations. "What would the English say," he adds, "if the Japanese had put in claims to Liverpool, the Persians to Glasgow, the Turks to Southampton? That would be quite as reasonable as what is done now by the Powers."

"Cwrs" also takes a practical view of religious matters; and, truly, now, should not Christians be more practical? Christian profession is so generally naught but a thin veneer. "It seems that churches are quite satisfied with the bare accession of new members. They boast of their new members by the dozens and scores; all right, but what real good these churches and their additional members are doing in society? It would benefit these churches to inquire how many of these converts mean seriously to follow Christ and do as He did? Could you think, reader, of Christ choosing twelve landlords to be His disciples, or counting among His followers people who are too proud to associate with their poorer neighbors?"

A Memoir of the Rev. John Thomas, D. D., Liverpool, by Owen Thomas, M. A., and J. Machreth Rees: London, Alexander and Shephard, 27 Chancery Lane, W. C., 1898; J. C. Roberts 58 Howard Avenue, Utica, N. Y.

This is a volume of over 600 pages, giving the history of the life and labors of a notable preacher and minister. It is a complete biography with many illustrations, which add greatly to the value and interest of the volume, and its perusal will widen and deepen the reader's acquaintance with one of the leading preachers of his time. Price \$2.

In his "Notes" in the "Cronicl" for

April, Kenion gives an interesting sketch of soldier life and its attendant social evil in India, and the horrible way the Government panders to the lust of its red-coated servants in the East. It certainly would not hurt to have the British army Christianized. He also gives an insight into the Marriage law, which shows the effect of tradition and prejudice in England on popular measures. Landlordism and Churchism leave their impress upon everything. A Non-conformist couple may be wedded in a chapel without the presence of the Registrar, who nevertheless, gets paid. But the most curious provision is that which compels every chapel to furnish itself with an iron safe to keep the records, although the Church of England is allowed to use a wooden box or an ordinary drawer! Such action is perfectly ridiculous!

"Trysorfa y Plant" opens with a portrait and sketch of William Ivander Griffiths, an excellent Welshman who has done great service to his country in many ways. He was born in Aberavon, Glamorgan, S. W., in 1830. He is the son of Manuel Griffiths, Superintendent of Cwmavon Coal Mines and a leading Methodist. He has been a leader in tin manufacture; has superintended tin works in France and Italy. He has also taken great interest in literature, music and science. He has been a successful choirmaster, and was the founder of the Literary and Musical Festival at Workington, England. He has been throughout his life a leader in everything that is good and beneficent. "Trysorfa y Plant" is as beautiful and instructive as usual.

At the close of its report of the London Eisteddfod, the "Cerddor" reproduces the following favorable remarks from the "Telegraph," which has never been over-friendly with the Welsh:

"Provision was made in the program for competitions of various kinds; in prose, poetry, translations and elocution, as well as in vocal and instrumental music. But it was the 'divine art' which drew out the London Welsh in strong force, each evening, and not them only, but also a considerable admixture of English sympathizers. This was a very agreeable feature in the proceedings. Celt and Saxon met in friendly rivalry on ground which involved no disadvantage to the smaller nation. Each of the rivals has something to learn from the other, and if the Englishman may with advantage catch something of the Welshman's energy and enthusiasm, he of the British stock may benefit by taking to himself somewhat of the supplanting Saxon's restraint."

Contents of the "Ceninen:" Llan-sanan and its celebrities, by Spintner; Reminiscences of the Rev. John Elias, by Daniel Davies; The Bard in the Welsh Pulpit, by Fratri; The Rev. D. S. Davies, by Dr. Pan Jones; Parts of Wales (Carmarthenshire), by Watcyn Wyn; From Elba to Waterloo, by the Rev. Emrys Ap Iwan; Theology and its Limits by Principal Probert, D. D.; The Poet's Kingdom, by Anthropos; The Teivy Valley, by the Rev. D. Stanley Jones; Calvinistic Methodism and the Church in Wales, by the Rev. D. Jones, B. A.; Mission of the Church in Wales, by the Rev. G. Hartwell Jones, M. A.; Correspondence, Poems, &c., &c.

In his remarks anent the book "In His Footsteps," which has had a wonderful reception in England, the editor ascribes its remarkable sale not so much to its literary merits as to the practical truths it touches. It discusses the gigantic evils of modern society—the crushing power of monopolies, of organized selfishness, the liquor traffic, etc., which seem more and more to

work society like a machine. The rich wax richer and the poor poorer; boodle controls all the levers of the political machine; the church is largely incorporated with the world in the attainment of secular ends; the chief spring of action being selfishness; money making being the kingdom, the power and the glory of the present dispensation. Can it be true that sainted clergymen of the Church who spend much of their time contemplating holiness with uplifted eyes have vested interests in breweries and distilleries? Is society making for unrighteousness?—"Cronicle."

Contents of the "Trysorfa" for April: The Rev. Francis Jones, Abergele (with portrait); Dr. Dale of Birmingham: The Place of the Cross in the Words of Jesus, by the Rev. Wm. Glynne, B. A., Manchester; Diary and Letters of the Rev. Richard Jones, Llanfair Caereinion; John Chrysostom, by the Rev. John Davies, F. A. S., Pandy; Secret History of the Oxford Movement; The Methodists and Temperance; The Church's Relation with the Sunday School; Monthly Notes, &c., &c.

We need no apology for bringing the question of ritualism before our readers time after time. The question is a burning one, deserving of general attention; a question that will work itself to the front soon, and will predominate over all others in the near future. It is a small cloud, the size of a man's hand at present, but soon there will be a tempest. It is being understood more and more thoroughly every day, and it is realized that Britain depends on its solution. This is the question will move Parliament, will break up political

parties, will be discussed on every platform, and will absorb every other consideration. In the coming Armagedon, the Protestant Reformation will be completed and ratified. The Ritualists in a convention held under the leadership of Lord Halifax in London, threw down the gauntlet. They challenged and dared the law of England; they renounced the authority of Parliament and the Bishops. The "British Weekly" argues that the Nonconformists should help the evangelical party of the Church of England in this crisis. But how can the Nonconformists help the clericals whose hearts are filled with the spirit of Phariseism? The Church is about to be weighed. It is our duty as Nonconformists to be loyal to God's truth.—"Trysorfa."

There is more Welsh spoken in Wales to-day than ever before. It has been made more a matter of necessity in labor, education, law and ecclesiastical organization. The earliest statutory recognition of the Welsh language in civil affairs, was when Queen Victoria, ten days after her accession, June 30, 1837, signed a bill which sanctioned the substitution of Welsh for English in the words of declaration and contract which made marriage legal. It was a new departure; and the recognition has gone on ever since, so that now knowledge of Welsh is essential to obtain many Government appointments and in several matters affecting the State Church. No one claims that Welsh can ever become the language of commerce or of science. It is incapable of rendering such a service. It is deficient in technical terms. It is essentially the language of poetry, music and religion. Beyond these, it cannot go.—"Cambro-American-Pulpit."

SCIENTIFIC

Purchase at any drug store a pound of phosphate of ammonia. Dissolve it in water, making a strong solution, and then keep it in the laundry for constant use. While preparing to starch the clothes, pour a little of the solution into the bowl holding the starch, and the linen will come out of the wash fireproof. Any outside clothes washed with the solution will be fireproof.

During the recent religious fetes in Turkey the government sent police officers to all of the druggists' shops to seal up packages of potassium chlorate in order to prevent its use in the manufacture of explosives.

"The latest invention is a pipe line made of glass," says the Bradford "Era." "The glass manufacturing firm whose plant is located at Port Allegany, near Bradford, Pa., is preparing to make glass tubes that can be used for sending oil or gas across the country, for carrying off sewage, supplying cities with water, etc. The glass pipe does not corrode, it is impervious to electrolysis in underground conduits, and it is claimed is less likely to leak than iron pipe. An Ohio company is now putting in such a pipe line and a practical test of the system will soon be possible for a distance of one hundred miles."

According to "The Medical Sentinel," it has been ascertained by careful observation that certain families in a village of St. Ourn, France, enjoy absolute immunity from tuberculosis. They are gardeners of excellent habits who intermarry among themselves, and keep apart from the immigrant laborers. The latter suffer severely from the disease. It is considered probable that

hygienic conditions are not the sole cause of the difference, but that by a kind of natural selection a race immune from tuberculosis has been developed.

A successful process for the deodorization of petroleum is reported in the "Revue Scientifique." It is the invention of a French manufacturer, M. Tempere. Says the "Revue:" "M. Tempere uses acetate of amyl, a slightly inflammable substance that burns with a clear flame and without odor; its density is about the same as that of refined petroleum, with which it mixes intimately, and to which it communicates its own agreeable odor. A lamp filled with kerosene prepared by this process gives out no odor in burning: even the smoke that rises when it is blown out without lowering the wick is deodorized."—The Literary Digest.

Petit Bleu, of Brussels, recently had a curious experience in which it was shown that no one is indispensable in this world. The compositors having struck, the text accompanying the illustrations was written out on the typewriter; then the typewritten sheets and the copy for the pictures were pasted on large sheets of cardboard, and the whole was reduced by photography to the required size. From this negative a photo-engraving was made from which the paper was printed.

Fatalities on the street railroads of Chicago have decreased nearly eighty-five per cent. since the surface lines have equipped their cable and electric cars with fenders, in accordance with an ordinance. In the last two months only three persons were killed on the street railways of Chicago, whereas in

the same period of 1898 there were eight victims, and the average for half of last year was nine deaths each month. All the surface roads have not as yet fulfilled the requirement of the ordinance, and it is probable that the number of fatal accidents will be even smaller when every car is provided with a fender.

The function of poetry, as I understand it, is to pierce to what may be behind phenomena. I am not yet certain that spiritual truth is the most beautiful thing in the world. Behind phenomena I have found an inexorable irony. Phenomena themselves are often beautiful; but perhaps they are only accidentally connected with spiritual truth skin-deep, the complexion of this irony. I may ultimately find that irony includes beauty, and is greater than beauty. If poetry, aided by science, should find that truth is ugly, poetry will say so; but, as nothing is ugly to science perhaps poetry may learn a lesson.—Davidson.

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A WONDERFUL RAILWAY.

The most important incident of the season relative to the development of the far northern gold fields was the ceremony attending the running of the first train of the Yukon and White Pass route from Skagway to the summit of the pass. The affair was made the occasion of international interest, the Canadian officials and the officers of the railroad meeting at the summit and fraternizing amid speechmaking, banqueting, and the drinking of champagne. The banqueting hall was a long tent, and though the atmosphere outside was at a temperature of 45 degrees below zero, the cold did not in any manner cool the ardor of the hosts and their guests.

From a scenic standpoint a trip over

White Pass in a modern upholstered railway coach has no parallel; the rugged grandeur of the rocky defiles, the jutting crags around which the railroad winds, the tunnels through which it cuts, the hundreds of waterfalls thousands of feet below and above the snow-tipped summits straining to penetrate the sky, present a scene that thrills the senses. When it is considered that this road has been built in a non-producing country, a thousand miles from the nearest railroad—transcontinental or otherwise—a thousand miles from the nearest telegraph office, and four thousand miles from the base of supply, an idea of the achievement can be imagined. The construction of this mountain road has been compared with the building of the Trans-Andean line in Peru, but engineers familiar with the conditions confronting both undertakings declare that the White Pass line is the more interesting from an engineering point of view. Mr. H. M. McCartney, an engineer of ability, now living in Salt Lake City, says that the success attending the construction of the Alaska venture is indeed wonderful.—Scientific American.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND POISON.

If a dose of poison is swallowed through mistake, and the patient dies, even though the physician and the patient are expecting favorable results. does belief, you ask, cause this death? Even so; and as directly as if the poison had been intentionally taken. In such cases a few persons believe the poison swallowed by the patient to be harmless; but the vast majority of mankind, though they know nothing of this particular case and this special person, believe the arsenic, the strychnin, or whatever the drug used, to be poisonous, for it has been set down as a poison by mortal mind. The consequence

is that the result is controlled by the majority of opinions outside, not by the infinitesimal minority of opinions in the sick-chamber.

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A CRANNOG.

The remains of a "crannog" have been found on the river Clyde. It is the remains of a dwelling built on piles. It is fairly extensive, with a circumference of 184 feet. The piles are of oak, and show under the mud the distinct marks of such cuttings as a stone axe would make. The cross beams are of fir, birch, and hazel; in the refuse mound the pastoral character of the dwellers are shown, for there were bones of cattle and sheep. Many fire stones were found and also a whetstone. The most important discovery was undoubtedly a wooden canoe, 37 feet long, cut from a single oak tree. The crannog belongs to the neolithic age. The crannog is about a mile east of Dunbarton Castle. It is below high water mark.

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A REGULAR BEVERAGE.

Bonn on the Rhine has been investigating the liquor drinking habits of its small children. Out of two hundred and forty-seven children of the age of seven and eight years in the primary schools, there was not one who had not tasted beer or wine, and about one-quarter of them had tasted brandy. Beer or wine was drunk regularly every day by one-quarter of them. Eight per cent. received a daily glass of cognac from their parents to make them strong, and sixteen per cent would not drink milk because they said "it had no taste."

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THE BIGOTRY OF IGNORANCE.

I assert, and am prepared to defend the statement, that neither the Jew of the past nor the present deserves the

hatred or contempt of the Gentile; literature has lied them into undeserved disrepute, and I go further to say that the senseless antagonism of Christianity, as represented by so-called Christians, is enough to make Him that sitteth in the heavens laugh, were it not for the cruel, unjust condition that is produced by the bigotry of ignorance and the senselessness of superstition. The world is coming under the influence of that grand idea of a universal brotherhood. The tide may rise and fall, but the ships of human righteousness will cross the bar and discharge their freight for the enrichment of the world, and the low tide will see them harbored at the wharf.—B. Ussher.

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LIQUID AIR.

It is bewildering to dream of the possibilities of a source of power that costs nothing. Think of the ocean greyhound unencumbered with coal-bunkers, and sweltering boilers, and smoke-stacks, making her power as she sails, from the free sea air around her. Think of the boilerless locomotive running without a fire-box or fireman, or without need of water-tanks or coal-chutes, gathering from the air as it passes the power which turns its driving-wheels! With costless power, think how travel and freight rates must fall, bringing bread and meat more cheaply to our tables and cheaply manufactured clothing more cheaply to our backs. Think of the possibilities of aerial navigation with power which requires no heavy machinery, no storage-batteries, no coal.—McClure's Magazine.

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THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

A writer in "The Lancet," January 21, says that no one has come nearer than George Humphrey to an accurate conception of the secret of longevity. The

total number of aged persons whose life story was examined by him was close on 1,000, 74 of whom were centenarians. His conclusions were these: "1. That the primary factor in a long life consists in an inherited durability; the vital machinery is wound up to go for a given period, and but for accidents or in spite of them it will go till the time appointed. 2. That an important part of the primary inheritance is good digestive and nutritive power. 3. That temperance is necessary in the use of the nutritive functions both in eating and drinking, and in regard to all kinds of food and drink. 4. That an energetic temperament and active habits conduce to longevity."

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WHAT MRS. EDDY BELIEVES.

When she applies her own logic to practical life, the only kind of matter which she really thinks of as illusory is the body of man, the contents of the druggists' shops, and also, it appears, of the bakers'. Everything else for her is as real as for a child or savage. Thus the "earth's diurnal rotation" is, she informs us, "one of the everlasting facts;" and more remarkable still, while corn is merely an illusion of Mortal Mind, "the sweetness of the clover" and "the breath of the new-mown hay," which doctors "profanely" say produce hay fever, are in reality nothing less than the actual "smile of God." Let me present her followers with one more jewel from her casket of divine truth. The unreality of the material senses, she is contending, is proved by our

every-day experience. Here, she tells us, is an overwhelming example of the fact. When the so-called material eye looks out on a wet day it sees no sign or hint of anything but an eternal down-pour. "But the barometer—that little prophet of storm and sunshine—denying the testimony of the senses, points to fine weather in the midst of moist clouds and drenching rain.

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HE SAW IT.

Two hundred years ago Cyrano de Bergerac appears to have anticipated in his writings one of the most important inventions of modern times—the electric light; although, of course, he could not have known of it. Still, however, the coincidence is interesting. He says, "The old landlord brought in crystals full of glowworms to light the parlor, but seeing those fiery little insects lose much of their light when they are not fresh gathered, these, which were ten days old, had hardly any at all. My spirit stayed not until the company should complain of it, but went up to his chamber and came immediately back again with two bowls of fire so sparkling that all wondered he burnt not his fingers. "These incombustible tapers," said he, "will serve us better than your wick of worms. They are rays of the sun which I have purged from their heats otherwise the corrosive quality of their fire would have dazzled and offended your eyes. I have fixed their light and inclosed it within these transparent bowls."





Hugh Jones, who became Bishop of Llandaff in 1566, was the first Welshman to become bishop of the diocese in almost 300 years.

A meeting of land agitators in North Wales the other day was wound up by the singing of "The Land of my Fathers."

Captain Jones, commander of the "Mayflower," the ship which carried the Pilgrim fathers across the ocean in 1620, to their home in the west, was a Welshman.

The period between the years 1100 and 1282, the era preceding "Llewelyn ein Llyw Olaf," and the conquest of Wales, is, according to Mrs Ellis Grffith in the "Cymmrodor," the brightest in the annals of Wales.

Ancient Welshmen looked upon the bagpipes with the same horror as their descendants look upon the street hurdy-gurdy nowadays. Dafydd ap Gwilym said of the bagpipes:—

"Ni luniwyd ei pharwyden,
Na'i chreglais ond i Sals hen "

The preachers of the Corff are bewailing the gradual but sure disappearance of a cherished perquisite—"Baco'r achos"—from the houses where they put up on their travels. The lot of the proffwyd is indeed getting a hard one.

It would be interesting to learn in how many instances have public-houses put

their names to places of worship. We have, for instance, Capel y Plough in Brecon, belonging to the Independents; Capel y Star, in North Pembrokeshire, a Baptist conventicle, and Capel New Inn, Carmarthenshire, the centre of a Calvinistic Methodist sphere of influence.

Carmarthen, according to "Watcyn Wyn" in the "Geninen," is noted for its churches, its chapels, its schools, its colleges, its fairs, its markets, its castle (which has been turned into a prison), and its bridge. According to the editor of the "Journal," the town is noted for its particular type of street arab, who speaks a jargon which is neither English nor Welsh, nor yet good Irish.

According to a writer in the "Tyst," the Roman Catholic cause at St. David's grows less by degrees, and is now beautifully small, owing, it is said, to the departure of the founder to Haverfordwest. The number attending the Roman Catholic Chapel at present is stated to be six. It surprises one to learn there are so many in a place where the best preacher in the Welsh Church so frequently holds forth.

The following figures of the maximum attendances at the National Eisteddfodau of the past were given at a committee meeting of the Cardiff National Eisteddfod. The highest number on a single day at Cardiff in 1883 was 20,000, Newport 18,000, Pontypridd 14,000, Swansea 20,000, while at Llanelly

the attendance taken all through exceeded those at any previous gathering.

Cadrawd the other day suggested several explanations of the meaning of Crumllyn. It is almost certain (writes J. M., Aberdare) that the original name was Crwmglyn, from Crwm and Glyn. The Welsh crwm always meant "crooked" or "bent," and glyn a narrow vale or glen, and no name could better describe the place, viz., "a crooked, narrow glen." By dropping the "g," which is often done, the word would be Crwmllyn.

A gentleman has offered the Liverpool National Eisteddfod Committee a crown of gold to be awarded in addition to the money prize in the Crown competition. At previous Eisteddfodau the bardic crowns awarded were silver crowns, and the offer of a crown of gold will, it is calculated, be the means of inducing some of the leading Welsh poets to compete.

"The Shepherd" (Y Bugail) has been chosen as the subject of the poem for the chair prize at next year's National Eisteddfod at Liverpool. For the Crown poem competitors are to be asked to write on "Williams, Pantycelyn." In respect of both those classes, the wording adopted by the committee is "for the best piece of poetry in any measure," so that the awdl and the prydddest will be eligible for either chair or crown.

The first sod has been cut for the Victoria Promenade in commemoration of her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee at Llangollen. This promenade along the banks of the river Dee will be opened during the coming summer. Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.P., stated, at the inauguration of the project, that the promenade would stretch along one of the finest reaches of river scenery in

the United Kingdom, and was a very fitting memorial of her Majesty's Jubilee.

Under the editorship of Robertus, who is now stationed in the Rhondda, a Welsh quarterly, entitled the "Wawr," has been started in Treorky Welsh Wesleyan Circuit. The editor contributes to the first number an inspiring article on the many phases of the work in the circuit, while Orlando writes in a sanguine spirit of the share to be taken by Treorky in the Million Guinea scheme. The quarterly has an attractive appearance, and one may hope that its appearance indicates the dawn of an era of prosperity for the cause in the Rhondda.

A subscriber writes to us complaining of the way the "Cambrian" indulges in a little fun occasionally. He says he has "to hide the 'Cambrian' from Welsh maidens who delight in scanning its 'Welsh Notes,' for something to laugh at." We are glad to find that there are a little sunshine and laughter in its pages. We never intended the "Notes" to be "Death Notices."

Surprise has often been expressed that those who are engaged in teaching in Wales, and especially those engaged in the public educational movements of the Principality, do not take the trouble to learn Welsh, and so be enabled to get at Welsh life and thought at first hand. It is said that Principal Bebb, of Lampetr is getting on well with his Welsh studies. Principal Reichel was able years ago to make a Welsh speech, and Mrs. Viriamu Jones has for some time found leisure to take lessons in Welsh.

One of the features of the ninety-fifth birthday gathering of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London recently, was the magnificent birthday cake of the society, which occupied a

prominent position on the platform, and was cut by Miss Evaline Charles-Edwards, a little girl who is the great-great-grand-daughter of the Rev. Thomas Charles, the founder of the society. It is interesting to know that, through the efforts of the society, the Bible can now be had in 320 languages, and that 151,000,000 Testaments and Bibles have been issued.

A unique Welsh book has just been published by Messrs. Davis and Evans, of Bala, bearing the title "Praying and Public Prayers." There is not another such book in the Welsh language. The volume contains a number of excellent articles on prayer and public worship written by Principal T. Charles Edwards and others. Following these are some forty prayers delivered by so many well known Free Church ministers of Wales. It might be thought that one and all pray alike, but this volume, for which the Rev. D. Cunllo Davies is responsible, furnishes very striking evidence to the contrary.

The release of the collier charged with murder at Merthyr now adds another to the list of undiscovered criminals in the iron districts. One of the most singular of these cases was early in the century at Cyfarthfa, where the wife of a gamekeeper disappeared under peculiar circumstances. The gamekeeper stated that she left home early one morning to visit her relations in the country, and never returned. Mr. William Crawshay, grandfather of the present Mr. Crawshay, was told of this, and of the suspicions of the woman's friends, and had a strict search made, even to the getting of detectives and bloodhounds from London, but without success. The gamekeeper lived to be a very old man, and died in receipt of parish relief.

"Y Gymraes," the only periodical for women now published in Wales, gives in its April number a very readable

sketch of a Welsh lady who has for some years past been working in connection with the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission Society in India. This is Mrs. Hensley, nee Miss Lloydie Hughes, whose uncle, the Rev. Hugh Roberts, Rhydymain, was for years a missionary of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists on the Khassia Hills. Miss Hughes was married last January to the Rev. Ernest Arthur Hensley, M. A., and with her husband will shortly return to India to take up her residence at Lucknow.

It appears that lager beer has been manufactured for years at Wrexham, and that, while excessive railway rates have prevented the beer coming on the London market, it found its way into the Soudan so long ago that when our troops marched into Khartoum the other day an old bottle was found in Gordon's palace grounds. The fact that an English (no, Welsh) lager beer can find its way to Khartoum, but cannot profitably reach London, is a comment (says the "Globe") on the way in which we encourage our home trade. This is not the way to make our Empire lager.

One of the historic landmarks of Merthyr Tydvil, is about to be cleared away by the urban council. It is the Ynysgau Arch, at the bottom of Castle Street, a few hundred yards from the Castle Hotel. At the time of the great riots in 1831 an old woman lived in the little house over the arch, and was picturesquely occupied in knitting when the Highlanders began firing on the mob. Unfortunately, a bullet struck the old lady, and she tumbled down, knitting and all, and was recorded in local history as one of the victims, who are supposed to have been nearly fifty in number.

The first annual St. David's dinner in Calcutta was held at the Saturday Club,

7 Wood Street, on the 1st of March, 1899. The fine ballroom of the Club presented a very charming appearance. The walls were festooned with flags and banners intermingled with patriotic inscriptions as follows: "Cymru am Byth," "Gwyl Sant Dewi," "Cymru, Cynro, a Chymraeg," "Y Ddraig Goch a Ddyry Gychwyn." By the joint efforts of Mrs. Jenkins and Miss Pugh, the tables were tastefully decorated with choice flowers and ferns sent from all parts of the country. In spite of the short notice, which prevented several from joining the festivities, over sixty ladies and gentlemen assembled to do honor to our patron saint.

Llansannan, the locality where the commemorative column recording the lives of five eminent Welshmen, natives of the place is erected, has been prolific in famous men. Among them may be reckoned Meirig Llwyd, an ancestor to Edward Lluyd, the archaeologist, Gruffydd Hiraethog, Tudor Aled, the bard, William Salesbury, Iorwerth Glan Aled, Henry and William Rees, the distinguished Dissenting ministers; Sion Tudur, chief bard of the Caerwys Elsteddfod in 1568, and many others. The column, which is the production of Mr. Goscombe Jones, A.R.A., is said to be a beautiful piece of workmanship. The names and deeds of the five men commemorated have been inscribed in letters of gold, and above them stands a fair goddess—Ceridwen's image, presumably—in the act of crowning her favorites with a wreath of immortelles.

Middleton has left on record the contempt of Englishmen for Welshmen, or perhaps Frenchmen, in the phrase "Welsh ambassador," as applied to the

cuckoo, either because Welshmen came down in the spring from the hills of Wales during the months of the cuckoo's appearance to raid or to work in the fields, or because under "Welsh" we are to understand French and foreigners generally, as the cuckoo was observed reaching Great Britain from France. Among the famous fools in Great Britain are cited the "cuckoo-penners" of Somerset, who believed they could prolong the summer by caging cuckoos.—"Bird Gods."

Welshmen have not yet fully realised the metamorphosis that is imminent in Breconshire and Radnorshire if the London Welsh Water Scheme gets through. The proposed dam on the Yrfon, about a mile above the village of Llanynis, will create a lake about six miles, with two branches to the north from three-quarters to a mile and a half in length, having an area of 2,850 acres, and containing 51,000 million gallons. Most of us are acquainted with Lake Tegid, Bala, the largest natural lake in Wales, but this reservoir in the Yrfon Valley will be about three times larger, and—perish the thought!—in this reservoir will be submerged those two delightful spas, Llangamarch and Llanwrtyd. The good folk of Llanwrtyd are in despair, and offer to the scheme a most strenuous opposition. "Is it not possible," writes one of them in a recent communication, "to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of the many thousands that visit Llanwrtyd annually?" What makes the proposal still more unpalatable is the fact that the submersion of Llanwrtyd is understood to be not essential to the carrying out of the scheme.



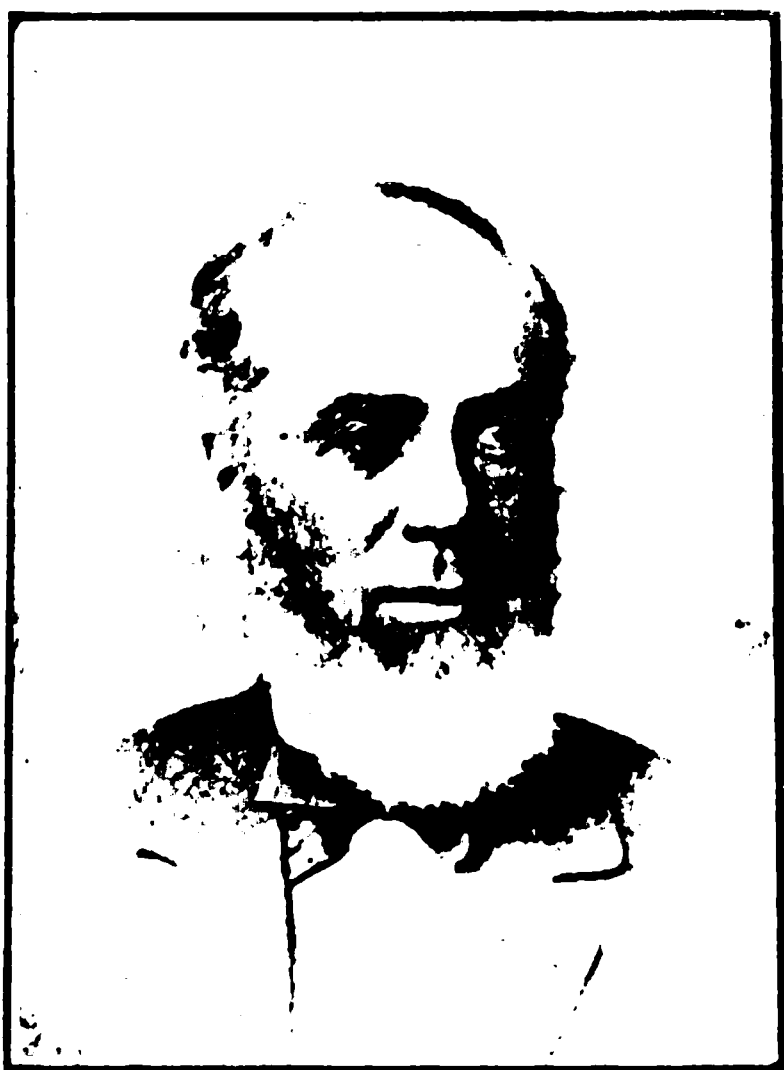
PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

RICHARD P. HOWELL.

The late Richard P Howell, a prominent citizen of Racine, Wis., was the son of Daniel and Sarah Howell, who lived in Pennant, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, where on the 3rd day of September, 1831, he was born. There

and collector in his native parish; Thomas, the sixth son, is a citizen of our own city, and Moses, the seventh son, died in Cardiff, Wales, in 1881.

The early years of Richard P. Howell, who was the second son, were spent at home with his father on the farm and in the flannel manufactory. During



Richard P. Howell.

were seven sons and two daughters in this family. One sister died in infancy; the other was drowned when she was about 2½ years old. The seven sons attained prominence in their respective avocations. Daniel, the oldest, has been a government official at the old home for many years. Samuel, the third son, came to this country and died in Cincinnati, O. David, the fourth son, is in Aberystwyth, Wales, and is one of the leading merchants of that interesting city. Abraham, the fifth son, is clerk

this time also he attended the schools of the parish. When he was about 23 years of age he came to this country, arriving at Racine July 4, 1854. From this time on he experienced the toil and the trials of a young man in a new strange land. First of all the patriotic spirit which is manifested on our national day stirred him, and he resolved to become a true American patriot. With this determination he spent the first few months on a farm, binding the golden sheaves in the primitive Yankee

style. During these months he came into touch with the pioneer's life as he turned our wild prairies into productive farms. Then he became an apprentice and learned the carpenter's trade. In this he came into contact with the enterprising spirit of the men who delighted to see the Indian huts replaced by the palatial homes of modern civilization. On account of the panic of 1857, when business became so depressed, that there was but little work for the carpenters to do, he, instead of waiting for something to turn up in his particular trade, adapted himself to the circumstances, and took what chances there were by working in the J. I. Case's manufactory. In less than two years Mr. Case made him contractor to build separators, as a member of the firm of Howell & Owen.

Until 1875 Mr. Howell was engaged in this business. At that time he was afflicted with rheumatism, and it made him an invalid. With a view of regaining his health he crossed the ocean several times, and tried the noted baths at Bath, Buxton, and other places. In all he crossed nine times. Not being successful he tried the waters of Hot Springs, Arkansas, since when his health was much improved.

Mr. Howell was called upon to fill many honorable positions. For six years he was a member of the Board of Supervisors, for five years was a member of the board of education, and 1882 was elected assemblyman from the First District. For many years he was a trustee of the Taylor Orphan Asylum, and its secretary. He was connected with the First National Bank for many years, and a director for years. He was also a member of the Masonic fraternity, and one of the oldest members of the Welsh Presbyterian church, of which he served as treasurer and trustee.

Much of his time during the past fifteen years was devoted to the care

of trust funds, and the administration of numerous estates. In every official capacity in which he served Mr. Howell discharged his duty with credit to himself and satisfaction to his constituents. His business career was a successful one, and the confidence and respect of the entire community was accorded him. He ever manifested an interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the community, was a man of unblemished character, and his life was distinguished by integrity, honor and fairness in all of his relations with his fellow men.

In the year 1861, on the 25th day of September, at Milwaukee, he was married to Miss Ann Thomas. Two sons were born to them, one of whom died at the age of four years. Last winter his health was impaired by the grippe, and on the night of the 30th of March, 1899, his noble spirit returned quietly and most peacefully to God, who gave it. Besides his wife and son, there survive three brothers, one of whom, Thomas Howell, is president of the Board of Education.

April 3 the funeral services took place at the family residence, 720 Park Ave., in the presence of a large concourse of relatives, friends and neighbors, the Rev. R. T. Roberts officiating who preached an eloquent sermon upon the life and character of the deceased.

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MR. AND MRS. CADWALADR JONES, GOMER, OHIO.

The late Cadwaladr Jones was born February 1, 1813, at Drwsnantuchaf, Llanuwchllyn, North Wales, where his ancestors had lived for many generations. When young, his parents moved to Nant y Dugod, Dinas Mawddwy, N. W., and at the age of 19, he with his sister Catherine, emigrated thence to Ebensburg, Pa. In a short time he left for Ohio; bought land in Gomer, and in 1846 was married by Dr. Chidlaw to

Miss Ann Rees of Llanbrynmair, N. W. Nine children were born to them, five of whom are still living, and two sons filling important positions.

Mr. Jones was a man of excellent abilities. He was a good scholar, according to the advantages of those days; taught school for years, and served with honor in several political offices in Putnam Co., O. He was brought up religiously from his youth, and was of unblemished character. In him were united the poet and the philosopher; his

children in the way of righteousness. She was known among her neighbors as a kind-hearted, hospitable wife, and always lived worthy of a true Christian. She survived her husband 13 years, and departed for the inheritance above February 19, 1894, at the age of 73. She was buried by the side of her husband in Tawelan Cemetery, Gomer, and below their respected names are the following stanzas engraved:—

Gwr a'i einoes goronai—wirionedd,
Yr unlaun a bleidlai;



Mr. and Mrs. Cadwaladr Jones.

conscientious devotion to duty won for him the confidence of all in his good judgment and integrity. He was deacon and treasurer of Gomer church for many years. After several months' illness he passed away quietly September 19, 1881, in his 68th year.

Mrs. Jones was born in Llanbrynmair, North Wales, in 1821, and when 19 years old she emigrated to America. Before her marriage she and her three sisters lived in Cincinnati. They were excellent young women, and very devoted to the Welsh Congregational Church. Mrs. Jones possessed a clear mind, sound judgment, and a tender conscience. She was a very practical woman, and could express herself fluently on many topics. She took pains to bring up her bright

Mor gadarn trwm ergydial
Yn erbyn byd ar ben bai.

Of home she was the light and life,
A thoughtful mother, faithful wife;
In all she acted just and wise,
And left a name that never dies.

Portland, Ore. R. Mawddwy Jones.

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REV. E. C. EVANS, D. D.

By Rev. W. D. Williams, D. D.

The Rev. Dr. Evans, pastor of Emmanuel Congregational Church, Montreal, died March 27, 1899, at the age of 50 years and 11 months. Born at Ffynon Las, a small farm of two acres, Llangranog, Cardiganshire, S. W., he

early exhibited scholarly tastes and marked ability. When quite young he became a pupil teacher in one of the common schools of his native parish, and gave promise of distinction in that service. But when about twenty-one years of age he decided to seek and make for himself a place in the United States. He came to Richville, N. Y., in 1869.

The writer first met him in Oberlin, O., in 1871, where, together with other young Welshmen, the Revs. Griffiths, Hughes, Jenkins and Phillips, he was a student. Of the group he was the tallest, a youth of attractive bearing, an excellent scholar, aspiring and popular. There was not, among the hundreds, one student who gave larger promise, but he was fragile.

After a time, and in order to be nearer cherished friends in Northern New York, he retired from Oberlin, and entered Middlebury College, Vermont. Immediately his worth was recognized, and he graduated valedictorian of his class in 1876. His alma mater, in addition to degrees given him in course, conferred upon him, in 1892, the doctorate in divinity. His theological course was pursued in Yale and Oberlin, and he was graduated from the latter seminary.

It is the writer's impression that he began to preach in Capel y Wig, where, as a lad, he publicly confessed Christ, and united with his people; but his pastorates were Norwood, N. Y.; Brainard and St Paul, Minn.; Indianapolis; Springfield, Mo.; and Emmanuel, Montreal, whose unanimous call he accepted in 1895. Wherever he served he was greatly beloved. Invariably his helpfulness was felt by all the Congregational churches over a wide area. While carefully watching over his own, and feeding them bountifully, his care was great for all the churches. He was a leader, and, wherever known his leadership inspired confidence. There has not

appeared in the Congregational ministry of the United States during the past twenty-five years or more, a Welshman who combined in himself so well the scholar, preacher, pastor and leader. But he was never robust, and the frailty of his tall form was a frequent menace. He battled much against the possible inroads of consumption, and to his constant vigil is due the enormous work he accomplished despite a weak constitution.

Rev. Dr. Evans was an excellent preacher. Nature endowed him with many of the qualities of an orator, and his heart was evidently engaged in his work. Pastoral duties were manifestly a pleasure to him. Mental excellence, blended with pronounced piety, characterized him everywhere. He was a true friend.

He leaves a widow, one son, and three daughters, and his departure is mourned by thousands. The supreme dispenser of events to man has seen fit to call him away when his day was at its noon. His work on earth is done; he "now rests from his labors here," to "serve Him day and night in His temple" above. Brave, beautiful soul! He loved his God, and he served his generation. We shall cherish his name, until we meet, and, like him, we shall awake after His likeness and be satisfied.

Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendship up,
Where partings are no more!

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THOMAS E. ELLIS, M. P.

Thomas E. Ellis, M. P. for Merioneth, North Wales, died at Cannes, South of France, April 5, in the 40th year of his age. His remains were brought to England the following Sunday, and finally buried at Cefnddwysarn, near Bala, April 11. He passed away comparative-

young man, with bright prospects before him.

Mr. Ellis' political career was interesting. He was no sooner in Parliament than he began to use his opportunities for serving his native land. The session of 1886 was short, but he obtained from the Government the publication of a rate education report for Wales; in 1887, he took up the tithe question; in 1888, he protested against the tithe sales at Llanefydd; and year in and year out never faltered in his effort to benefit his native country. His activity covered every Welsh grievance, and he was tireless in his labors in behalf of his countrymen. In fact, he sacrificed his life on the altar of his patriotism, and expended his strength at the early age of

Wednesday, April 11, the remains were interred in the Cefnddwysarn Cemetery on the Merionethshire hills. The spot within sight of the little farm house at Cynlas, which will henceforth be prominent in Welsh history as the birthplace of one of Cambria's greatest sons. The scenes witnessed will not easily be forgotten. Wales has seen many burials of larger proportions; Bala, however, has been the theatre of many a stirring event which looms large in the annals of Wales, but it is questionable whether within living memory there

has been seen in Wales a concourse so thoroughly national in character, so completely representative of every class and party, of every movement, social, political, and educational, than that which gathered to pay the last tribute to the son of Cynlas. Many hundreds arrived on Monday evening, and were eye-witnesses of the pathetic and simple ceremonial that attended the burial of the remains at Bala Chapel, and the next morning visitors were to be counted by thousands. Heavily-laden specials steamed into the little

town from an early hour from all portions of the Principality, and before 11 o'clock the streets were literally packed. Festiniog quarrymen were largely in evidence; so, too, were the country farmers, and even far-off Glamorganshire sent its deputation of colliers, and Pembrokeshire, in the extreme West its delegation. Educationalists were present by the hundred, political, temperance, and kindred societies, public bodies of every description, the landed proprietors, the magistrates—in fact, all aspects of the national life were here represented. In delightful contrast to the weather of the previous days, the climatic conditions were, on the whole, favorable. There had been a heavy fall of rain over night, but the rain clouds cleared soon after dawn, and the morning was bright and sunny, though the air was distinctly chilly. Cefnddwysarn Cemetery is three miles from Bala on the Corwen road.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pritchard, 7259 Coles Avenue, Windsor Park, Chicago, Ill., who celebrated their sixty-third marriage anniversary lately, claim to have been married longer than any couple now living in that city. Mr. Pritchard is 82 years old, and his wife 78. The celebration was attended by many of their grand and great-grandchildren, and a large number of friends.

Mr. Pritchard was born in the south, but his sympathy was with the Union, and two of his sons served in the Twenty-Eighth Wisconsin Regiment. One of them, Frank, died in the war. The surviving children are William, who lives at Atherton, Ind.; Albert G., whose home is in Cloverland; Silas, who resides at Seleville; and Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, Chicago. There are 20 grandchildren, and 11 great-grandchildren living.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

A WELSHMAN'S APPEAL TO THE LEGISLATORS OF AMERICA.

[The Rev. J. T. Griffiths, Lansford, Pa., sends us the following Appeal from among the literary remains of the Welsh patriot, Morgan John Rhys. Mr. Griffiths is possessed of a good deal of interesting material bearing on his life, which he is arranging with a view towards publishing a volume of his life and works.]

Citizens:

You stand in the place of God to make laws for man. Justice and mercy should be stamped on all your proceedings. You are not ignorant of the principles of good government. You well know that to be the best government in which all the inherent rights of human nature are inviolably secured, legal authority is maintained, and restricted to its objects. The power of the state is employed to promote the general happiness, and inequality itself tends to preserve equality of law, and partly of obligation among all the members of the community. Legislators of the United States, are you ignorant of the signs of the times? You cannot be. The proximity of West Indian Islands and the state of the negro under the French Government cannot escape your notice. But we have peace at home. Yes, sire! Where is the man barbarous and stupid enough to give the name of peace to the silence, the forced tranquillity of slavery? It is, indeed, peace; but it is the peace of the tomb. The silence of slaves is terrible. It is the

silence before a hurricane. The winds are yet hushed, but from the dark bosom of an immovable cloud darts the thunder the signal of the tempest which strikes at the moment the flash appears. The silence that force compels is the principal cause of the miseries of nations, and of the destruction of their oppressors. Absolute authority was never designed for mortals; the best natures will abuse it. It fills the mind of man with great and unreasonable conceit of himself; raises him to a belief that he is a superior species to the rest of mankind. So great is the danger that when a man can do what he will, he will do what he can. Slavery is productive of pride, luxury and licentiousness, and the dissoluteness of manners, which the unrestrained power of gratification produces in the slaveholder and managers, cannot fail sooner or later to involve in ruin the country where this abuse of reason and humanity is permitted.

Legislators! Will you wait until the cloud bursts on your heads? May the manes of a Franklin with his electrical rod prevent the shock; may the memory of those men who were martyrs to the cause of liberty inspire your souls to acts of righteousness and deeds of mercy. Proclaim the jubilee. You have no time to lose. If you are not expeditious the laurel will be taken from you, and repentance will come too late. Show yourselves, therefore, to be men, who have the interest of your country at heart, and the philosopher shall not complain that "the rulers of America"

are not worthy to be trusted with an empire, the most extensive that ever obtained a name in any age or quarter of the globe. I am, citizens,

Georgia, Feb., 1795. Philantropos.

—:o:—

A BOY'S ESSAY ON BREATH.

Breath is made of air; we breath with our lungs, and sometimes with our livers, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we sleep. If it wasn't for breath we should die whenever we sleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe; they should wait till they get out doors, for a lot of boys staying in a room makes carboncide, and carboncide is more poisonous than mad dogs, though not just the same way. It does not bite, but that's no matter so long as it kills you.

—o:o—

THREE QUEENS.

It is a noteworthy fact that the greatness of England has been so signally emphasized under the rule of her three Queens. In the days of Elizabeth were laid the foundations of that vast supremacy of the seas which has since never been disputed with us; in the time of Anne the victories of the British arms under the ever-glorious Marlborough maintained and magnified the proud position of the kingdom; and under Victoria the work of the empire has been brought to its present magnificent development.

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BENEFIT OF PEERAGE.

Every one may not know what the term "benefit of peerage" implies. A peer can demand a private audience of the sovereign to represent his views on matters of public welfare. For treason or felony he can demand to be tried by his peers. He cannot be outlawed in

any civil action, nor can he be arrested unless for an indictable offense, and he is exempt from serving on juries. He may sit with his hat on in courts of justice, and should he be liable to the last penalty of the law he can demand a silken cord instead of a hempen rope.

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FEEDING HENS ON NEWSPAPERS.

The latest and most novel use for old newspapers that has come to our notice has occurred lately when a gentleman stepped into this office and purchased 100 or more to feed his hens. He tears the paper into shreds and soaks it in sour milk until the whole mass becomes a pulp, when he feeds it to the hens and he claims that it adds greatly to their egg producing qualities. The newspaper is gradually extending its field of usefulness. From food for thought it has expanded until within its sphere is already included food for goats and hens.—Lisbon Patriot.

—o:o—

HIS LAST WORD.

A hospital surgeon was about to perform an operation on a poor peasant suffering from a cancer of the tongue. A number of medical students were in attendance. The surgeon warned the patient that the operation meant permanent loss of speech. "If you have a wish to express, do so now," he added. "It is the last word you will ever utter." The spectators waited in silence. For a moment the peasant bent his head; then, with a touching accent, he exclaimed, "Praise be to Jesus Christ." It was his last word.

—o:o—

OBEYING THE ROBIN'S WARNING.

In some parts of Warwickshire the tapping of a bird around the house is looked upon by the superstitious as a warning. A doctor was recently summoned in hot haste to a farmhouse not

many miles from Birmingham. He found an old man in bed, but in perfect health, and asked why he had been sent for.

"Why, sir," replied the daughter-in-law, "there coom a little robin about the door; we knowed it was a 'call,' and we thought it must be granfer, so we put un in bed and sent for you."—*London Telegraph.*

—:o:—

QUITE AS GOOD.

Gen. Otis, who commands in the Philippines, is a good soldier and at the same time one with tact enough to see when discipline should be given, and when the rod of authority should be restrained. A Kansas soldier writing home relates the following incident of the firing line: "Gen. Otis came along and once when the boys had ceased firing for a minute he said: 'Well, boys, how are you coming?' Only a few of the boys knew him, and one of them said: 'All right, pard, how's yourself?' Another of the boys who knew Gen. Otis told him to shut up, that the man was Gen. Otis. The general overheard him and said: 'That's all right, pard is as good as general to-night.'"

—:o:—

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

The editor of a paper in Nevada has taken to the hills in the hope of saving his life, as a result of his getting the report of a cattle show and a concert mixed up. The spicy article in question, when in his paper, read: "The concert given by six of Carson Sink Lake's most beautiful young ladies was highly appreciated. They sang in a most charming manner, winning the plaudits of the audience, who pronounced them the finest herd of short horns in the country. A few are of a rich brown color, but the majority are spotted brown and white. Several of the heifers are able-

bodied, clean-limbed animals, and promise to be good milkers."—*Exchange.*

—o:o—

TELEPHONING WHEN SNOWBOUND.

A special despatch from Gallatin, Tenn., of March 11, says: "J. T. Dunham, attorney, had an appointment to a lawsuit of Castilian Springs, eight miles from here, but the weather was so cold and the snow so deep that he would not make the trip, but remained at home and employed the telephone, through which he conducted the suit. Through his instructions the witnesses were examined and after all the evidence was in Mr. Dunham made his argument to the court over the telephone. A decision was quickly rendered in his favor."

—o:o—

A GREAT EVENT.

It is not too early, says the "Daily Telegraph," to predict that the leading event of 1901 will be a great national and Imperial celebration of the foundation by King Alfred—whose millenary occurs in that year—of the first English navy. So far the arrangements have taken no definite shape, but one of the proposals to be considered is a naval review at Spithead, eclipsing in grandeur and extent even the glorious assembly of battleships which took place in connection with the Diamond Jubilee celebrations.

—:c:—

Professor Manuel Garcia, who is still pursuing his profession as a teacher of singing, attained the age of ninety-four recently. His early years were spent in France, but the Revolution of 1848 drove him forth, and he has since lived in England. He was a brother of the famous Malibran, and sang with her in New York seventy-three years ago. His most famous pupil was the great Jenny Lind.

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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THE SURVIVAL OF THE STRONGEST AND THE SUBJUGATION OF THE WEAKEST.

By the Rev. W. R. Evans, Peniel, O.

Often in our study of scientific and social questions, we come upon the stereotype expression, "The survival of the fittest." But in order to obtain a concise and comprehensive view of an object or thing, we must view it from the reverse side or end. Any attribute or quality suggests its opposite. When we speak of strength, it is associated in our mind with weakness, though we may be unconscious of the fact. When we speak of up, it implies down. Likewise the "survival of the fittest," means the subjugation or extermination of the weakest. In the struggle for existence, the weak are crowded off the arena ultimately to perish. We read with a feeling of horror of the heathens of old murdering the weak and debilitated, and that for the mere crime of being weak. In this competitive age, the extermination is by slower process: the murder is not outright and speedy,

but the sum of the groans and agonies of the victims is not mitigated nor lessened.

Now the question is. Have the weak a right to exist? Have they any right that the strong should respect? Has the strong, in the struggle for existence, any right, by sheer force, to brush aside the weak, and regardless of their needs and rights, possess all the good things of life himself? This is the problem that social evolution presents to us for solution. If all men were born equal, the problem would be easily solved. We could then say to every man "Hoe your own row or starve." But all men are not born equal. Some have by birth inherited brain, energy, tact, and, health, others the reverse. The first are not to be praised nor the last blamed for their heritage. The strong engage much more of our attention than the weak. Yet the strong do not demand our care nor

deserve sympathy. Put potatoes in a cart and the biggest get on top but the smallest bear their weight.

The rostrum and the press often remind us that the worthy will find employment; skillful workers are always in demand; men of brain, tact, and energy are always needed. But what if a man be born without capacity for the development of those requisite qualities? What can he do? I have no sympathy for the indolent, the spendthrift, and voluntarily ignorant. But according to Scripture and our observation men are variously endowed. They have received one, two and five talents respectively. And any teacher of youth will agree with me that the one-talented boys are by far the most numerous. One may have brain but feeble body; such cannot compete in the race. Others have mind and body of ordinary strength, but lack energy, or will power, or tact, or forwardness, &c. Such may struggle as for life to get on top, and the reward will be impaired health and premature death. The road to eminence and wealth is strewn with the dead bodies of ambitious youth, struggling for supremacy.

One writer says: "Whatever your work I don't care what it is, and it makes very little difference what it is—become scientific in it, and you needn't worry over that horrible bugbear of the incompetent making a living. True every word, but we all know that a large portion of our race in every land, has not

the natural capacity to "become scientific," in anything. Should there not be work that the unscientific can do and earn an honest living? This is the great desideratum. Fifty years ago that class of laborers could readily find something to do. Now, with our multiplicity of machines and mechanical contrivances, steam and electricity as motive power, the unskilled laborer is brushed aside and the skilled alone are in demand.

Again we have observed that in the scramble for wealth and eminence, it is not as a rule the morally fittest that survive or get on top. The requisite qualifications for worldly success are ordinary strength of mind and body, energy, tact, shrewdness, agreeable disposition, cheek, and a conscience of the india rubber sort; one that will stretch when necessary to reach the almighty dollar. I do not mean in saying this that the wealthy are not as good, morally, as the poor. The poor lack the ability and opportunity that the rich possess. But I will say this, that a man has no particular use of his conscience nor of the Sermon on the Mount when he aims for the speedy acquisition of immense wealth or political aggrandizement. The qualifications needed are, not humility, self-denial, brotherly love and stern integrity, but shrewdness, williness, tact, smiling face, sweet and modulated speech, self-assertiveness and slumbering conscience. These are the traits that as a rule bring men to the top;

but there are exceptions, thank God.

We love to talk of the success and exaltation of those on top, but what of the downtrodden fellows below, that cannot in the nature of things arise to a much higher elevation? They are unskilled laborers, and by all possible efforts cannot be otherwise. What is to become of them? The more mechanical improvements and inventions we have the worst for these unfortunates. There is no good times in store for them. I do not know but that a civilization that is built on scientific

discoveries and mechanical inventions will in the end effect its own ruin if divorced from the principles taught and exemplified by the Carpenter of Nazareth. If the following injunctions were carried out the social question would be solved: "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of you please his neighbor, for his good to edification." (Rom. 15:12). "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."



IN AND ABOUT MONTEREY.

By Winifred L. Jones, Utica, N. Y.

Memory can never bring back more charming or more welcome pictures than the scenes of August, '95, when we spent a few weeks on the Pacific coast. A ride of about one hundred miles south from San Francisco brings one to Monterey and its neighboring summer resort, Pacific Grove. At the latter place we took up our abode. Certainly "beautiful for situation" is this little town, looking down from the hillside on the broad Pacific, and if it is not the "joy of the whole earth," it is the joy of many Californians. The stretch of sandy beach attracts many bathers, and the rocky cliffs,

against which the ocean dashes, have a fascination for all. A long point of land covered with rocks extends far out into the water and is known as "Lovers' Point." On any pleasant forenoon you may find many a comfortable nook among the rocks in which to settle down with your novel, but if you go there on some bright moonlight evening you will find that the lovers for whom the point is named are there in such force that the sign "Standing Room Only" really ought to be displayed.

The wonderful beauty and variety of the flowers in this region is almost

beyond description. Roses climbing to the roofs of the houses, fuchsias growing into small-sized trees, heliotrope in great clumps and the geranium in many varieties growing wild everywhere. A low hedge of calla lilies rather astonishes the Easterner. All about one sees the brilliant orange eschalschia, or California poppy—the State flower.

Of course we soon go over to Monterey, the quaint old Spanish town—and stroll through its sleepy, dirty, foreign looking streets. We look with interest on the old adobe houses, some even having the red tiled roofs of former times.

The old Mexican custom-house still stands, and on it rises the shaft from which floated the first American flag raised in California. There are a number of old dwellings with balconies extending around them, where the senoritas used to sit and watch and smile at the dashing young officers going about the town. Now all are deserted, for Monterey is a city of the past. It was formerly a port of entry, with a flourishing trade and a promising future, but it suffered from the rivalry of other cities, and it is now a struggling, dirty town, with its buildings fallen into decay.

Before we left we called on a pleasant little old Spanish lady, who had in front of her house a most magnificent climbing rose tree, forming an arbor from the gate to the door. The tree was full of great yellow roses, and when we

learned that it was under this tree that "The Spanish Cavalier," was written, we straightway went in and begged for some roses. The old lady understood no English and smilingly shook her head at our attempts to talk to her, but she gave us some of the largest roses from the topmost branch, and we went on our way rejoicing. Tradition saith that she is the lady to whom the Spanish cavalier sang with his guitar, and that when he left her he gave her a tiny branch of a rose tree, telling her that by the time it grew and bore flowers he would come back to her. But "man is ever faithless," and the old lady yet waits beside her rose tree, now full-grown for many a year.

The center of the social life of this part of the coast is the famous Hotel del Monte, known throughout the country for its magnificent grounds—said to be the finest in the United States. These cover over one hundred acres. Parks of pines and live oaks of extraordinary beauty, exquisite flower gardens, lake and field blending into the most charming views, all combine to make Del Monte famous the world over.

No one ever leaves this vicinity of Del Monte, Monterey and Pacific Grove without enjoying at least once the Peninsula drive—commonly called "the seventeen-mile drive." Of this drive, Charles Dudley Warner says: "This seabeach drive can scarcely be rivalled elsewhere, either for marine loveliness or variety of

coast scenery. It has points like the ocean drive at Newport, but is on altogether a grander scale and shows a more poetic union of shore and sea."

It was our pleasure to take this famous drive, and much we enjoyed it; but the feat of which we were most proud was our seventeen-mile walk over the same route. One morning a party of us started out, against the protests of friends and relatives, who were sure we "never could stand it," and would be "just tired to death." First through the pine woods for some distance, then out along the coast, past "Point Joe," a Chinese fishing village, where the odor was such that with grim, set faces we hurried on. Soon we came opposite the Seal Rocks, covered with many fighting, barking seals and hundreds of sea gulls. A little later we reach Cypress Point and all decide that it is time for lunch. So we sit down under one of these strange old cypress trees. They are indeed unique, this specimen of cypress having been found nowhere else. Gnarled and broken as they are, and twisted into the most uncouth shapes, they give to this lovely coast a strange fascination. We watch the dashing waves for awhile and even venture out to the farthest extremity of the "Loop" and feel the spray. Then the march

is resumed. It is indeed fairly exhilarating to walk in the bracing air along this ocean road. No one thinks of fatigue, and after a time we come to Pebbly Beach. Here not a grain of sand is to be seen, but little stones of all shapes and colors. Just before us is the curious Arch Rock, through which we see the landscape beyond. Far off in the distance, across Carmelo Bay, is the old, historic mission of San Carmelo, built in 1770. Here rest the bones of its founder, the sainted Father Junipero Serra, famed for his missionary labors among the Indians in the early days. The old brick building is crumbling away, and it is but seldom now that mass is said, but the memory of the good old place will live for many years.

At Pebbly Beach we leave the Pacific and turn our faces homeward across the peninsula. Occasionally we pass Chinese boys, who try to sell us the pretty polished abalone shells. It is hard to resist, but at last we do leave them.

With occasional stops for rest, we walk through the beauties of field and forest. Late in the afternoon we again reach the shore of the bay of Monterey. Soon afterward we arrive in Pacific Grove and triumphantly greet the doubting ones of the morning. "Tired? Not a bit! And we've had a glorious time!"

A TRAGEDY OF CADER IDRIS.

By T. Edmunds, South Poultney, Vt.

At the foot of Cader Idris—one of the most romantic mountains in romantic Wales—stands the pretty country seat of Albert Thorne, a wealthy London manufacturer. The house, a noble granite structure in Gothic style, rears its grand columns in the center of a park of splendid oaks, such as the “Land of Song” is noted for. Standing on a gentle slope, it is indeed a beautiful villa, and its trim and clean appearance, its well-kept lawns and surroundings are sufficient evidence of its master’s pride. The eminence of its position gives it a full and sweeping view of the beautiful valley “Cwm Hafod Oer” lying beneath, from it can be seen the quaint steeples of many quaint little churches in the adjoining villages, proudly holding up their heads, proclaiming the peaceful and pure moral atmosphere of little Wales.

Valley View is at present full of guests, the hunting season being at its height, but as we deal with only one of their number we will introduce him to the reader. Eric Ashley was a rising and popular young English barrister, a proud, well-built and handsome young man of twenty-eight, whose whole appearance plainly bespoke of pride and high self-esteem. He had been a classmate of Harry Thorne, only

son of the Thornes, at Oxford, and was now in Wales to spend his vacation at the home of his old schoolmate, and as he was a brilliant conversationalist, as well as a daring rider and sure shot, he was one of the favorites among both sexes at Valley View.

One day, (the third day of his visit) not being in a very sociable mood, he entered the park for a stroll, thinking to find solace in a cigar and his own undisturbed company. At the farther end of the park was the gamekeeper’s lodge, a pretty little ivy-covered cottage, snugly hidden by rows of ancient oaks, and save for the tell-tale path leading to it from the main park road, it could be passed even by a keen observer, without danger of detection. The lodge was inhabited by a sturdy young Welshman by the name of Ivor Parry, and his charming sister Blodwen, his genial little housekeeper, and as Eric approached that part of the park, Blodwen was blithely singing an old Welsh air, called “Serch Hudol,” (The Allurements of Love), and her clear ringing voice attracted his attention. Determined to see the fair singer, and to satisfy his curiosity, he directed his footsteps toward the door and boldly knocked. Blodwen tripped lightly to answer the sum-

mons, and blushing furiously at sight of Ashley, awaited for what he would say. He was struck dumb with her charming beauty, and, at first, knew not what to say, but power of speech soon returning, he politely asked for a glass of water—which, by the way, he did not at all need. After asking him in and seeing him seated she started for

the entrance to the park, returning from her simple shopping at the nearest village, and turning, he walked with her toward the lodge and went in. This time, her brother was at home, busily occupied in packing game for his master. After seating himself, Ashley opened conversation with Ivor, who was a bright intelligent young fellow;



* * * * The eminence of its position gives it a full and sweeping view of the beautiful valley "Cwm Hafod Oer" lying beneath. * * * *

the spring to draw fresh water, and soon returning, was pleased to see her visitor's thirst quenched. He thanked her for her kindness and talked with her about the weather, their picturesque surroundings, and light topics of the kind, and after an hour's pleasant chatting of this manner, he departed, expressing a wish, as he gazed into Blodwen's flushed face that thirst would again visit him on the morrow.

The day following he met her at

they talked of many things, but Ashley's eyes were closely following the pretty form of Blodwen, as she glided to and fro about the house, attending to her household duties, and anyone not so unsuspicious as Ivor, would at once perceive that she was more in his thoughts than the subjects they were discussing. Looking at his watch he was surprised to see how soon the afternoon had sped by, and as it was the dinner hour at Valley View, he took his

leave; on the way he began to seriously question himself, whether or not he was in love with this winning little Welsh maid? He half-believed he was, and, not to do him an injustice,—vain and shallow-hearted though he was,—he had, after his own peculiar fashion, grown very fond of Blodwen.

He contrived to meet her daily, and soon began to pour epithets of love into her willing ears. One evening in the soft twilight of the fading summer, they were seated together on a rustic bench, close to the lodge; the brown-thrush was joyously singing his anthem of praise in the neighboring hedge, while the blackbird, as if determined to conquer his sweet-toned rival, was filling the air with his own beautiful cadenzas. It was just such an evening that a pair of lovers might wish and all their surroundings seemed to have joined in concert to make them happy. "Are you sure that you love me, Blodwen?" asked Eric, clasping her plump little hands tightly with his own.

"Yes, Eric, with all my heart," was the soft response, as she looked steadfastly into his own brown eyes.

"Well enough to be my own darling little wife?"

"Yes, Eric."

"Have you told your brother of our courtship, Blodwen?" he asked.

"No, I think Ivor knows nothing about it," she replied, blushing, and feeling quite guilty at the mere thought; for the brother and sister

had always confided all their secrets to each other, and in this breach of trust, she felt as if she had stolen from her brother, something that rightly belonged to him.

"Good!" answered her lover, "and we may as well keep our secret to ourselves a little longer; when the proper time arrives, we will publicly announce it. What say you, little one?"

"As you say, Eric. You know what is best."

"Yes, darling, for in another short week, I must return to London, but it will only be for a few months, and perhaps I can manage to spend a day or two in Wales occasionally; besides, it will not be long before I shall return to take you away for good and all, to be my own precious little wife."

Poor girl! She felt a strange sinking sensation at her heart, at the bare thought of his leaving her, for, in the happiness of her first passionate love, it had never entered her mind that he must, sometime, return to his home and occupation, and it cast a dampening shadow over her spirits.—jolly little maid though she was. Neither of the pair said much more that evening, and they soon parted, with the usual good-night kiss the one to return to the splendors of Valley View, the other to the humbly furnished gamekeeper's lodge.

Another week soon sped by, and it was the last day of Ashley's vacation; the evening upon which, he and Blodwen must part with that

sad, heart-piercing word, farewell! They were again, occupants of the bench in their favorite trysting-place, but never before, had they both been so silent and gloomy; there appeared to be no change in their surroundings. Nature wore

all else, to see you take it so deep to heart. Cheer up, my love, like the brave little woman you are; it will be but a short time ere we will be united so that nothing but death can part us."

"I cannot help feeling depressed



* * * They were seated together on a rustic bench, close to the lodge * * *

her brightest smiles, the brown-thrush and the black-bird carolled as sweetly as ever, but this evening, they had not that cheering influence upon their two listeners in the park.

"Blodwen, dear," said Eric, "our parting is surely a cruel blow to us both; but it grieves me, more than

and sad, Eric, but I will try to be brave. Oh, how I shall miss you."

"That is right, darling, and we shall not be altogether estranged, you know. I will write to you regularly, twice a week, while you can, through the same means, let me know of everything concerning your sweet self. Ivor, the Thornes, and,

in fact, everything relating to my acquaintance in Wales. It will almost seem, dear, as if we were together at those times; but I had forgotten, I have a pretty little present for you to-night;" (slipping a beautiful ring on her finger.) "This shall be a token of my love for you, and also of our engagement."

"Oh! How beautiful! Thank you, Eric, it shall be a constant reminder of you in your absence."

"You will often think of me, Blodwen?"

"Every hour in the day, Eric, my thoughts shall be of you."

"Faithful little heart and you may rest assured that my constant thoughts will be of you; but come, darling, it is growing late, and every minute will but make the parting more cruel. Kiss me good-bye, little one, and keep up your courage, think of the happiness the future has yet in store for us."

Poor Blodwen, she was by this time sobbing pitifully and in the intervals between each sob, came, from the lowest depths of her true little heart, the sad, earnest words, "Good-bye, Eric, and may God guard you from harm." Tenderly kissing away her tears he arose to go, and the parting was over; but little they thought that they had parted, never on earth to meet again. Dejected and sad, she returned slowly toward the lodge, and, not caring to wait for her brother's return from his evening rounds, retired, but not to close her eyes in

sleep. All night long she was a prey to her own dismal thoughts, and in the morning she looked pale, worn and haggard. She saw her lover conveyed to the railroad station for the early London-bound train. He waved his handkerchief to her, and she answered with a sad wave of her hand. Now, that he was gone, she made a courageous attempt to appear bright and face the duties of life, (remembering his parting words, like a brave little woman. In this she was fairly successful at first, receiving his love-laden epistles, regularly, and promptly answering them in her quaint, pleasant manner, filled to the brim with her longing and simple gossip.

But, alas! for poor Blodwen, after one short month his letters began to lose their punctuality, and very soon, ceased altogether; her lover had forgotten her in the busy, never-ceasing twirls of London society. His conscience smote him at first for his unfaithfulness, but his vain, cold heart had many tactics to overcome that weak and depressed accuser—his conscience. As for Blodwen, she faded like a frost-bitten rose, the bloom had left her cheeks, her songs were all forgotten, her activity gone forever; she moved about like one in a dream, and answered all questions with a husked, heart-broken voice. This pitiful change was soon noticed by Ivor, and half-suspecting the cause, he entreated her to confess, which she did, making a clean breast

of the whole affair, but never guessing how deep her brother's heart was pierced with the same cruel shaft that had blighted her hopes and shattered her health. Ivor swore a terrible oath to himself that, should he ever meet his sister's deceiver, he would revenge her wrongs—aye, even to the death.

Thinking that change of air and scenes would benefit her, and help her to forget the sorrowful past, Ivor induced her to visit relatives in Denbighshire, where she stayed for only a few weeks; returning still more sad and broken-hearted. The poor girl was by this time but a deplorable shadow of her former self, once so gay and light-hearted.

At about this time, Harry Thorne was thrown from his horse, meeting with an accident which the doctors pronounced fatal, and Eric Ashley was telegraphed for, at the dying man's request. Upon his arrival he carefully avoided the park and the gamekeeper's lodge, as if they were forbidden grounds; and neither Ivor nor his sister knew of his presence. The wounded man died soon after Ashley's arrival, but he stayed for a few days after the funeral, and in the afternoon of the day before his intended departure, he walked alone up the mountain to procure some species of rare fern growing there, intending them for a botanist friend in London. Not being thoroughly acquainted with the mountain paths he lost his way, and darkness soon falling he knew not what way to turn; in his predica-

ment, he roamed blindly about, not realizing the dangers of precipices and natural pitfalls of the mountain, until he slipped and felt himself, for a moment, sliding through space and dropping heavily on his feet in a deep crevice in the rocks. He was not hurt, however, although badly frightened and a little dazed, and upon lighting a match he perceived at a glance that he was imprisoned without hope for release, unless some one would find him and assist him from without. A dismal place, indeed, to pass a long autumn night, with the dried, skeletons of some wild animals rattling beneath his feet, and nothing, save the screechings of owls and his own cries, to break the monotonous stillness. He shouted lustily for help, thinking that some poachers might hear him and come to his rescue. While Ashley was thus entrapped, Ivor, the gamekeeper, was slowly climbing the mountain-side on the lookout for his natural enemies—the poachers, and hearing a faint cry from far up the mountain, he hastened forward, believing that he was on their tracks, and burning to capture them, for they had of late been very bold and troublesome. Little he knew, as he hurried on his tedious climb, that he was to meet with a foe far more hateful to him than a poacher, and as he drew close enough to plainly distinguished the cry of "help," he thought he would make an easy capture. After some difficulty he located the spot from whence came

the cries, and being well acquainted with the treacherous hole where Ashley was confined; he knew at once that some one was a prisoner at the bottom, so, bending over the edge, he asked, "Who is there?"

"A stranger," came the answer, "will you kindly help me out?"

"Aye, that I will, and thankful for the opportunity," replied Ivor, recognizing Ashley's voice. He trembled with excitement, anger and hate, for at last he had met with his darling sister's deceiver, and revenge—sweet revenge—were almost within his grasp. He soon had Ashley safe on terra firma, and oh! the contrast between two countenances as the barrister recognized his deliverer. The one was filled with guilt and consternation, while the other wore a deep-set, determined expression, that was fearful to behold. Ashley was on the point of offering his thanks, when Ivor, divining his purpose, abruptly checked him with the words:

"Keep your smooth-tongued thanks, you vile deceiver of my innocent sister; for this meeting with you is recompense enough for my trouble."

"What do you mean, man, with your insulting speeches?" asked Ashley, becoming more collected; for at heart he was not a coward. "Are you hurt?"

"No."

"Good! Then I mean this: To-night I will revenge my sister's wrongs; you must fight me to the death, or suffer yourself to be shot

down like a dog. Have you a pistol?"

"I have."

"Loaded?"

"Loaded!"

"Then we will fight; we are each others equal with pistols, and we will decide upon a plan of action, which shall be as fair for one as the other."

"See here, man, I am not afraid to fight you; but let it be to-morrow, with seconds and proper attendants."

"It must be here to-night, and with no others to interfere," and there was a dangerous gleam in his eyes; which plainly affirmed that he would have no alternative.

"On this bleak mountain top?" protested Ashley.

"And why not here? To these very slopes, dear to a Welshman's heart, did my valiant forefathers retire, outnumbered and pursued like the hunted deer, by your cursed nation. Here among these very cliffs, did the ancient bards and minstrels of my people, sing their sweet melancholy lays, over their lost liberty—wrenched away from them through massacres and foul deeds, by your noble race—and here, on this very spot,—sweetly-remembered by Wales for its connection with patriotism and heroic deeds—shall I, to-night, revenge my sister's wrongs. Will you fight?"

"I will!"

"Then we will mark out a proper distance and you will count three!

Trust me that I will do nothing dishonorable, and I will trust you."

Both men faced each other and Ashley's clear voice, firmly counted, one, two, three!

Crack! Simultaneously on the given signal, both pistols rang out together, and rent the still evening air, were echoed and re-echoed by the mountain cliffs sounding as if two large bodies of musketry had opened fire on each other. Both fell, pierced through the heart by those cruel, unerring messengers of death—each other's bullet. The gamekeeper had reaped his revenge, and paid for it with his own life, while Ashley's folly had already cost two lives. The inmates of Valley View, becoming very anxious about the non-appearance of their guest, and fearing some harm had befallen him, sent out searching parties and great was their consternation upon finding him and the gamekeeper lying dead but a few yards away from each other. It could be easily perceived that there had been trouble of some kind; but no one could offer an explanation to the sad mystery except that, perhaps Ashley had been mistaken by Ivor for a poacher, and in return had mistaken the gamekeeper for a foot-pad; that Ashley had refused to halt on Ivor's command, and fired in self-defense and that Ivor in duty bound had on the same instant drawn and shot Ashley. No

one could furnish a more plausible answer, so, sadly and silently, they were carried down the mountain; Ashley to the sad, mourning house of his host, and Ivor to the little lodge in the park.

Would to Heaven that we could close our pitiful tale without adding to the terrible scene already described; but no, we have yet to reveal the most heart-rending part of our story. The silent bearers of poor Ivor's dead body, upon entering the lodge were confronted with a sight that struck terror to the stoutest heart. It was the body of poor Blodiwen, lying white and motionless in a pool of blood, her right hand firmly clutching one of her brother's heavy pistols. Stretched upon the table lay a London daily paper bearing the date of the previous day, while above one of its most conspicuous columns, in large letters was the announcement—as one of the coming events of London swelldom—the wedding of her faithless lover to a wealthy English heiress. Here, then, with the dead body of heart-broken Blodwen was the clue to the mountain mystery, the denouncement of Ashley's inconstancy, a proof of Ivor's deep brotherly affection, and the key to the motive of her own terrible deed.

So ends our sad and tragic tale of peaceful Cader Idris!

MUSICAL MODES.

 By Andantino.

Ancient philosophy was one part observation and three parts conjecture—a strange mixture of fact and fable. Fables were the cods wherein popular truths were enwrapped for better preservation and transmission, for long before people appreciate and comprehend truth and reality, fable serves as the next best thing. We are often disposed to look with pity on those childish ages of the world when all nations of the earth were studying their primers, as it were, taking a child-like view of the realities of life; in fact, the only view they could take of things, with their undeveloped mental powers. Human nature being fundamentally identical, has through the ages shown general instincts which prove it to be one, while under varied conditions and under the constant influence of separate environments, it has branched out into different families with instincts and mental traits peculiar to themselves. Characteristics, good or bad, are not developed in an age—the good or bad qualities we inherit are the results of a long series of lives. This is true of music as well as any other faculty—it is not a genius that can be planted at once but is the slow and gradual outgrowth of the soil. Music, as well as tobacco, cotton, oranges,

palm trees, etc., has its geography; and there are nations in whose hearts music is indigenous and needs little cultivation. Therefore, every nation has a music and a song of its own. If nations had remained separate, the music of each would be distinct, and its song would unfailingly express the sum total of its state of development; each national song would have its own peculiar key and mode. Since nations have subjugated each other or been subjected to each other, mixing their civilizations and blending their national peculiarities their music also has become as regards its key and mode equally affected; but yet in proportion to conditions. The subject nation may dominate the governing nation in philosophy, art, music, etc., as Greece did in the case of Rome; and it seems that the negro race in America has affected its music greatly. The pathos of slavery and the resulting struggle for emancipation, has touched the national heart so deeply and beautifully that the best national music has sprung from that crisis, and the national experience has been wonderfully enriched.

There is much truth in the statement that “the character of the music of any nation is the thermometer of its physical sensitiveness and

moral sentiments." The kind of civilization a nation has inherited, the vicissitudes of its growth, the character of its experiences, the struggles it has gone through, its conquests and triumphs, its failures and disappointments, the government it has lived under, its conditions, its environments, its fears and hopes, its religion, its politics, its aspirations, etc., etc., all have contributed through the ages to affect and modify the key and quality of its music. Music is the vocal expression of the national character. We may expect Chinese music to be antiquated; the African, simple and undeveloped; French, merry and frivolous; Italian, mellifluous with spurts of barbarity; German, philosophic and mystical; Irish and Welsh, romantic with strong touches of melancholy; English, matter of fact, worldly, unemotional, commercial, colonizing, Britannia-rule-the-wave kind of music; and the American, a pathetic, emancipating, Great West, double-expansion, Spain-smashing, and world-subverting for humanity's sake sort of music. Therefore, we easily see the appropriateness of Leibnitz's definition that "music is a calculation which the soul makes unconsciously;" music is the sum total of a nation's experience expressed in its vocality.

Taking a general view of national music, we may expect that of successful and conquering nations to be somewhat Phrygian, in the major key, suitable to gaiety and

pleasure, while the tone of a subject nation, of independent spirit, should be Dorian, in the minor key; serious, grave, melancholy. The Dorian is pre-eminently and peculiarly Welsh, and there is no nation which can sing the minor key with such consummate feeling. A professor was once teaching a class of English students who after several attempts to sing a minor passage, called his Welsh pupil, to render it, which he did satisfactorily. Often, after that, the professor would request our Welsh singer to render minor passages for the edification and delectation of his pupils.

Ancients tell us that this Dorian, serious, solemn, melancholy, minor mode was suitable to religion, and Plato in his "Republic" proposes to make use of it for spiritual purposes. We may be permitted to add here, that the Welsh have made excessive use of this Dorian, this solemn and melancholy mode in their religious gatherings. This kind of grave, slow and melancholy music is sung almost exclusively, and this solemn mode has so dominated the Welsh religious mind for the last hundred years, that really the national spirit has been injured and its aspirations dulled. If we believe in the theory of the sonorous fluid of music, we must accept the conclusion that the Welsh spirit has been long ago thoroughly saturated with melancholy and despondency, because we as a people have sung nothing except slow and solemn music at our religious meet-

ings for generations For over a century, Welsh mothers have rocked their children to sleep singing to them sad and solemn tunes. Such a thorough change has been wrought in the national spirit that a solemn church tune is fast becoming our national anthem. There seems, however, to be a change in the wind and our ideals which for the last hundred years have been exclusively religious, are again becoming more national; we have turned thoughts more to secular questions, education, politics and the affairs of this world.

This melancholia in music influenced our preachers; they read, prayed and preached in the minor key; they read the lightest passages, even the Songs of Solomon, in the same solemn and melancholy tone, and even described the joys of heaven with tears in their voices. This has certainly helped to make the Welsh spirit depressed and despondent, and we really and conscientiously believe that it is time to apply a remedy which we shall later on specify.

Just to illustrate this point we will tell this little story. A friend of ours, now an old man, told us that the popular hymn tune of fifty years ago "*Ni bydd diwedd Byth ar swn y delyn aur, etc.*," always fills him with feelings of displeasure. It came about in this wise: Over fifty-five years ago when a small boy, he very often attended prayer meetings in a log church in the

State of —, and when pretty near dead for sleep they would keep repeating the "*Ni bydd diwedd, etc.*" until the grand but melancholy old tune became to him an instrument of torture. There is reason to believe that such experiences have filled thousands of Welsh hearts with gloomy thoughts for the rest of their lives.

Analysis of the influence of the major and minor keys on the mind will give us the following facts: The major inspires thoughts of the present, the actual and the practical; the minor conveys the spirit to the past or on to the future. Therefore, the minor mode is qualified to absent the mind from duties of to-day to dream over years that are past, or to expect happiness in the far distant future—in the life to come. So we may expect that the fluid of depressing music constantly charging souls would wean them from the affairs of this life, creating in them a lack of interest in secular duties. The revival of education and politics in Wales is beginning to counteract this evil; and by adopting a suggestion as old as Plato, we may, accelerate the reformation. Plato said "That no change could be made in music without a similar one being made in the state." The evil that has been wrought by over-indulgence in melancholy music can only be remedied by the general adoption of brighter tunes. Above all, we should avoid using, except very seldom, those melodies

which recall our despondent ex- the clouds which have so long cast
periences, for that is the only means their gloomy shadows over our na-
by which we may hope to disperse tional life.



TO SUNBEAM H——.

By J. Mills Davies, Los Angeles, Cal.

Pretty little Sunbeam, with your eyes so blue
And your winsome smile—we all love you;
Stately little lady, if no secret, pray
Tell me, what have you been doing to-day?

“In the kindergarten, making pretty things,
Paper squares and crosses, hearts and rings;
Then I dressed my dolly, and she looks quite gay,
That is how I spent my time to-day.”

Happy days of childhood! memory brings to me,
Scenes of long ago, so full of glee;
When no cares beset me, and my heart was light,
Playing with my toys from morn 'till night.



THE MASTER OF THE MIND.

By G. James Jones, LL. D. (Llew o'r Llain.)

Writers on ethics very early began to speculate as to the number of the cardinal virtues. The list given by Plato is the most celebrated. Aristotle built upon that list, expanding it considerably. Yet in a foot note on page 341 of his Manual of Ethics, Professor Mackenzie of Cardiff University, Wales, says that: “It might be held that Plato and Aristotle were really engaged on distinct problems. Plato sought to give an account of the

cardinal virtues, i. e., the general elements involved in all virtues; whereas Aristotle sought to give a list of special virtues, exhibited not in all virtuous activities, but in particular kinds of virtuous activity.” Yet he states further that that interpretation does not seem to him tenable. The Platonic list is as follows; Wisdom, (Prudence,) Courage, (Fortitude,) Temperance, (Self-restraint,) Justice, (Righteousness.) That constitutes Plato's conception

of man's sphere of moral activities. That conception is broad and comprehensive. Reducing that conception in all that it implies to actual experience is more than any philosopher has accomplished. Aristotle objected to placing the essence of virtue in an intellectual activity, thus making virtue and knowledge one; hence destroying the pathological element associated by nature with every moral act. He claimed that it is not reason, but the sensations, passions, and natural bias of the soul are the first ground of virtue; that there is an instinct in the soul striving unconsciously after the good before it is sought with the full moral insight. Exercise, he said, renders man acquainted with the good, and not perfect knowledge. Whether we look at the Platonic view, and put the emphasis on the intellect, or at the more elaborately discussed theory of Aristotle, and put the stress on the affections, as those affections are expressed in actions, there is still a something painfully wanting in man's moral furnishings for the attainment of virtue. There is no incentive to right use of intellect or moral exercise other than a supposed love for an undefined good. These great teachers gave us the best they had. To their credit let it be said of them that they have led us to great elevations, but human possibilities, intellectual or spiritual, are not seen from mountain tops of Greek philosophy, but from the mountain top where Christ

was crucified. From that eminence men see within themselves the faculties and powers never dreamt of by Plato and Aristotle; they feel within themselves ocean currents swelling majestically, as they seek new shores of usefulness upon which to spend themselves that were never felt by Greek philosophers, or are felt by materialistic teachers of to-day; visions of grandeur open before them that are not seen by other eyes; a sound that is a discordant jingle in other ears is a most captivating music in theirs; a consciousness of being in harmony with the purposes of the Eternal sweetly resting in their soul with the conviction that to fill out the full measure of their possibility a principle not hinted at by philosophers, either ancient or modern, must sway its influence upon them or within them, and that is holiness. I do not use the word holiness to mean that delusion under the influence of which some persons think themselves above and beyond the guilt and power of sin, but I use it in the sense Paul used it, meaning wholesomeness—the resetting of broken moral powers. Philosophers as such contemplate the mental and ethical possibilities of man, but Christ looks at him in all his possibilities, and by means of the Gospel offers a force or a grace other and higher than all powers indigenous to his nature. Perfection of character is not the evolution of intellectual or ethical virtues, but the accomplished work of the Spirit.

Looking his followers in the eye, the Master said: Unless your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God. (Matt. 5:xxii.) A qualification other and superior to all moral excellence is required at the start in the candidate for citizenship in the kingdom of Christ. With the philosophers the disciples looked for the highest good in a perfect order of civil affairs. They may have differed as to what constituted that perfect order. The philosophers minimized the individual and magnified the state. The disciples minimized humanity and magnified the Jew. The restoration of the kingdom to Israel was the Judean ideal. That was the order of things for which they labored, longed and prayed. When the question was directly put to Jesus he simply said: "It is not for you to know the times and the seasons which the Father hath set within his own authority." He cut off further argument by introducing a nobler theme. "But ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you." (Acts 1-8.) Without that power then, whatever else one may have, it is impossible to fill out the full meaning of life. That power is not the evolution of "the natural instinct in the soul striving unconsciously after the good before it is sought with the full moral insight," but the gift of God. It is a power let fall from the throne. He who accepts that power understands the wonderful meaning

of the cross of Christ, and his own mission in the world. The presence and influence of men and women of such spiritual endowments render the world better, its burdens lighter, its beauties more enchanting.

The science of psychology regards the intellect as one of the three fundamental faculties of the soul; the other two are the sensibility and the will. To the intellect is given the power to know; to the sensibility the power to feel; to the will the power to choose. The intellect, like the arm, the finger or the foot, follows the law of growth. It is hard to say why the intellect of one man attains a greater degree of development than the intellect of another as it is to say why the body of one man grows to six feet or more while the body of another reaches four feet or less; one turning the balance at 285 pounds or over while the other weighs 100 pounds or under; one very tall and slim, the other very short and thick, while others again find themselves between the two extremes. Yet bigness is not greatness. The intellect of one man develops along certain lines while the intellect of another finds conquests in other fields. One man may become the master of many sciences and be regarded by the world as a truly great man, and yet unless he is endowed with "the power" he is still short of his possibilities. He is like a traveler climbing up the mountain side with every upward step seeing more and more of the

beautiful landscape laying below, but before reaching the summit ceasing to ascend, the more enchanting views beyond are hid from his gaze. There are beauties, natural and moral, forever hid from the vision of mere intellect. It is a daring assertion, but I believe that the most important words in the world bearing on the science of psychology are written by a man named Luke: "Then opened He their mind." (Luke 24-45.) Christ is the master of the intellect. His touch is the touch of light. The ignorant in the fundamental truths of religion is intellectually below his possibility notwithstanding other attainments. Every one ought to use every available means for the cultivation of the intellect, but let him know that in that intellect are sanctums locked, and that the locked sanctums can be opened only by the touch of the Master. The truly enlightened sees, not only natural, moral and ethical beauty, but also spiritual visions. He sees what others do not see, and hears and feels

what others do not hear and feel. Possibly, the three men who have interpreted most correctly the spirit and mission of "a government of the people by the people, and for the people" are Washington, Lincoln and McKinley, not that other Presidents were blind to the moral mission in the world of this great government, for they were not. These three men were carried by the Spirit to the mountain top; they saw with clearer visions; hence they have attempted and accomplished greater and higher things. Each of them represents an epoch; each epoch represents the nation rising up to to a new and a higher life, pulling other nations up with it. What Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were to the theocracy of old, Washington, Lincoln and McKi ley are to the new world. The master touch of Jesus alone enables men to see highest possibilities and gives them power to do highest duty. Men so touched and endowed are the true leaders and benefactors of the race.



AN OLD FASHIONED GARDEN.

 By T. C. Davis.

Wandering down the leafy cloister that leads to it, our truant fancy strays into the olden, golden days and resting on a rustic seat, 'neath the dreamy boughs of a sighing willow, we enjoy a snatch of that lost and delicious leisure of the olden time.

The stalwart chestnuts link their sinewy arms and seem like files of infantry surrounding this mimic paradise, but here and there are openings through which the marauding children enter and pilfer the over-burdened trees of their luscious fruit.

In one corner a patch of ground had been prepared for the cultivation of vegetables and garden stuffs, and the plants, uncared for, flourish in neglected abundance. Dreamy-winged, the wanton winds tangle the silken tresses of the lissome corn, whipping them out in flossy ravelings of gold, and over yonder the pumpkin drags its lazy length along and knocks to gain admission to the ground.

The grass outspreads like an em-

erald cloth, whereon the dew and sun fashion their embroideries of bloom. The meek-eyed violets shine like stars and mingle contentedly with the mimic emblems of the sun. Where the shadows are deepest the fiery lilies burn like torches lit for a carnival. At the foot of the garden a pilgrim brook lingers, and his reedy plaints breaks on the soul like the far, faint music of a dream. The rich, regal roses part their crimson lips and æwitchingly breathe stories in perfume, until our senses are drugged with the siren songs, and drowsily we dream and find the long-forgotten yesterday.

It is here the bucolic swains stroll in the lush, June twilights to gather flowers and listen to the silver-throated nightingale pour forth his passionate harmonies. The fires burn low where sunk the sun, and already the violet twilight thrills with the lyrics of the minstrel crickets.

Retracing our steps we reach the old mansion, now tottering to decay—

Upon whose walls the graceful ivy climbs
 And wraps with green the ancient ruin gray;
 Romance it is, and these crisp leaves her rhymes
 Writ on the granite page of yesterday.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

All this I have heard and more. He is still hatching mischief, for the sun has set but twice since he paid thy uncle Bleddyn a secret visit."

"I expected to learn that he was again plotting against the king, for he has the persistence of a blood hound, but I was scarcely prepared to hear that he has shown his face in Cibwyr Hall after all his treachery. It must be that the rumors I have heard from time to time charging Gryffydd's half-brothers with secret complicity in the murderous attempts that have been made upon the king's life are founded on fact. Ambition and displeasures might easily breed treachery."

"There are certainly strong grounds for suspicion, and thou wilt do well to sound thy uncle when thou payest a visit to his hall."

"I shall not fail to do so. And now let us change the subject. I am sorry my father is not here. I hope he will return from Dyved before I leave."

"It is somewhat early for thee to speak of leaving, having just arrived. Nor will I part with thee until thou hast a more rugged and healthy look than thou hast at present."

"Your good fare and motherly solicitude, together with this pure air will soon mend my looks."

Dinner being now ready, Trahaiarn and his men partook of a bountiful repast, and the prince's mother noted with satisfaction that his appetite bid fair to rival that of any of his men. Nor was her delight diminished when he told her in confidence soon after of his relations to Nest.

During his first week at home he made frequent excursions to neighboring estates. Then he went as far as Cibwyr, where Bleddyn ap Cynvyn then resided, and found his uncles playing a game resembling the modern chess with his brother Rhiwallon. Suspending the game the players rose to greet the prince, and expressed their pleasure at seeing him fully recovered after his late encounter with Caradocap Gryffydd. This gave Trahaiarn an opportunity to turn the conversation into a channel which would serve his chief purpose in making the visit.

"I hear that the traitor has honored you with a visit recently," said the prince, addressing Bleddyn.

Bleddyn glanced somewhat embarrassed at his brother, and feeling that he must say something, replied,

"Ay, the cunning knave has been trying to buy one of my slaves. He thinks Dicus ap Engan Goch would make a most admirable hostler, and

was as anxious to press me into a sale as—as thou art to wed Gryffydd's daughter, if reports are true."

"Methinks his visit has a deeper intent," was the reply. "He is not in need of a hostler so much as a horse to speed him to his purpose. Think you it seemly for the descendants of Rhodri Mawr to associate with a man who has to my personal knowledge thrice attempted your brother's death?"

"Gryffydd's enemies are not of necessity ours," said Rhiwallon; "nor are we bound to make his quarrel ours, seeing that he cares no more for us than for the aliens who hover about his possessions. If he thought it contrary to his dignity to treat us as brothers, he might at least have rewarded our services as allies, for I doubt if Gwynedd would ever have been his without our assistance."

"Then Caradoc's mission was rather to make you a slave of his ambition than to buy one of your slaves," sarcastically remarked Trahaiarn.

"Rhiwallon said not that," Bleddyn hastened to reply; "nor shouldst thou draw conclusions that are unjust from his words. What he says about Gryffydd is true, and I might add that his late successes have spoiled him more than his enemies. He had better not carry his head too high, for 'pride goeth before a fall,' as the old saying is. Rhiwallon and I, however, shall never lift a hand to hasten his downfall."

"There are others who would readily do that, as there are other ways

to injure a man than by lifting the hand," insinuated the prince.

"Ha, ha, thou art a suspicious dog," said Bleddyn. "How soon young dogs learn the tricks of old ones. But let us talk on more agreeable subjects. A piece of good beef and a cup of steaming mead, for instance, for here comes Ivan to announce that dinner is ready."

Trahaiarn and his men willingly shared in the hospitality of Cibwyr Hall, as they were very hungry after their morning ride; yet the prince was a little more reserved than was his wont to be on such occasions, owing to an increasing conviction that Caradoc's murderous plots would be aided rather than checked by his uncles. Nor did he hide this conviction from his mother on his return home in the evening.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Trahaiarn Falls Into a Trap.

After spending a few more weeks in his ancestral home Trahaiarn, now in the full enjoyment of health and strength, decided to return to Rhuddlan Castle. The morning he and his men started on their journey was all that heart could wish. The sun smiled upon them from a cloudless sky, the breath of autumn fanned their bronzed faces, and where the virgin forests did not attract them with their charms, visions of ripened fruits and harvest fields in which the reapers were at work presented themselves to their view. Occasionally the song of fair maid-

ens as they followed the sickles, binding the golden grain, delighted their ears; and sometimes the rich voice of some lusty swain as he engaged in some light work amused them. Nor was there a lack of musical attempts among themselves, when the country through which they passed possessed no engaging attractions.

Thus while they pursued their journey northward the morning gradually wore away, and noon found them dismounting before the hall of one of the king's most loyal chieftains. Outwardly the hall was no more attractive than many others; but the true hospitality of its owner made it peculiarly attractive to the prince and his escort. The chief had known Trahaiarn from childhood, and the two were no sooner seated together in the hall than they were plunged into reminiscences of former days.

"Dost thou ever think of the day when thou didst win thy first prize in archery?" asked the host with beaming face. "Ha, ha, well do I remember Howell ap David's discomfiture when thine arrows stole the championship from him. Thou wast only a beardless lad, then; but thou wast old enough to show of what mettle the Princes of Powys are made."

"Whatever skill I displayed," was the reply, "did not surpass your own in playing with the two-handed sword. Had the valiant Caradoc a few hundred such you the Cleddyv Deuddwrn of Britain would never have had to pay homage to

the short sword of Rome. St. David! what blows you dealt! What visions of cloven foes delighted my youthful fancies while witnessing your marvelous feats. It was the height of my ambition to be able to wield the two-handed sword as you did."

"Thine efforts, if reports be true, have often since done credit to thy ambition; and yet, old as I am, I would be strongly tempted to pit my strength and skill against thine did occasion present itself. If I do say it, I have ere this cleaved in twain as strong a foe as thou wouldst be."

"You speak as though you half suspected the time would come when we shall meet each other as foes."

"No, I meant not that; my words must have belied my meaning. I meant to say that I would not be afraid to compete with thee in the games, and my reference to what I had done was in proof of what I might yet do in the matter of handling the two-handed sword. Foes, indeed! I could as easily imagine St. David turning traitor to his country which he so passionately loved while in the flesh as you and I being at enmity with each other."

"We will not discuss further possibilities, then, for discussion may breed what we would most gladly avoid. We will discuss what promises to be an excellent dinner instead. By the way, if your mead equals that of my Uncle Bleddyn's, I shall not be averse to spending the

rest of the day with you, for if I have a weakness for anything it is for good, steaming mead."

"There thou hast touched upon a subject which of all things would be most likely to result in a quarrel. Good mead is what this hall has never been without, and if thou findest this not more to thy taste than any thing thy uncle ever produced, I shall have a poor opinion of your judgment. As for thy leaving my humble abode to-day, that is out of the question. I do not have the honor of thy company so often that I shall dismiss thee before I have a chance to look thee over, especially now that thou art betrothed to the fair daughter of Gryffydd ap Llewelyn. And now that I have mentioned the matter, I must tell thee that I commend thy taste, for in my opinion she outshines the other daughters of Cambria as the sun does the stars. I do not say this to flatter thee, or to make thee blush, which I observe thou art disposed to do; but because I know whereof I speak. And were I not afraid it would make thee vain I might commend her taste in the choice of—I came near saying—the future King of Cambria."

Trahaiarn's men would have been greatly amused at this dialogue had they heard it; but as they occupied the part of the hall devoted to inferiors, what passed between their master and the host on the other side of the screen that divided the room, escaped their attention. The

hum of their own voices, also, especially after the excellent fare of the hall had put them in good humor, was such as to prevent any one from understanding what was said in the chief's department had he been disposed to listen. The prince and his entertainer, on the other hand, were so accustomed to the loud and confused voices of their retainers, and so interested in their own thoughts and affairs that they talked together as in absolute privacy. Thus the afternoon glided almost imperceptibly into evening. Although Trahaiarn's reference to spending the remainder of the day with his old friends was made more in jest than in earnest, he at length yielded to the importunities of the host, and before sunset it was understood that they would not leave the hall until daybreak next morning.

When the hour for starting arrived Trahaiarn bade his host good-bye, and accompanied by his men, who were in the best of spirits, he rode away with moderate speed. It was yet quite early in the day when they reached Llanidloes, where they found the flannel market already the center of a lively trade. Each of the numerous traders vied with his neighbors in trying to attract customers, of whom the number was constantly increasing, and the jangle of voices increased accordingly.

"Come this way, good people, if ye want a bargain," cried a burly fellow in a voice of thunder. "Here

you can buy the best goods for the least money. Welsh flannel; the best in the market!"

"Ay, go to him if you want to be cheated," shouted a female voice immediately to the right of him. "His flannel is so thin that you can see Cadair Idris through it with your eyes shut. If you have money to throw away I advise you to go to him. But if you want a flannel of the softest and most durable texture come and examine this. It is softer than the tongue of a love-sick swain, and thicker than the veil that hides a maiden's thoughts."

"So fine an article should certainly find a buyer," said Trahaiarn, coming to a halt in front of the woman. "What will you take for the whole piece? Come now, here is the one great chance of your life."

"One yard costs as much as another," was the prompt reply. "If a little of a good thing is worth a good price, surely much is equally valuable. Nor are our chiefs so poor that they cannot pay a fair price for the best flannel in the market. Give me three pence a yard, Sir Knight, and you can have the whole roll. I will not sell it for a half-penny less."

So saying the woman handed the flannel to him for inspection, and while he examined it she enlarged still further on its merits.

"Did you weave this fabric?" asked the prince handing back the goods to her.

"Had you been a resident of these parts a mere glance at the flannel would answer your question. There be those who are considered good judges that declare that only one woman in Powys can weave a fabric like that."

"Ah! then your husband must be among them," said Trahaiarn, with a smile. "But I fear he is not as good a judge of flannel as he was of your looks when he married you."

"I would sooner trust his judgment of flannel than yours of good looks," was the angry reply.

"I can buy a better article for less money in Flint," continued Trahaiarn, inwardly amused. "What think you Cadwallader?"

"I think we can find not only better flannel, but fairer maids nearer home," was the aggravating reply.

"They must be fair indeed if thou be a sample of the men they fall in love with," sneered the woman. "There is no maiden in Powys but would rather have a gate post for a husband than have thee. Wert thou turned loose in the woods our men would take thee for an ape."

This sally greatly amused the crowd which had gathered around the woman's stand, and Trahaiarn and his men resumed their journey amidst much merriment at Cadwallader's expense.

"By my faith," said the latter crestfallen, "you led me into that predicament."

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

In this city, as well as lately in the cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, we are now enjoying the triumph of common sense, and of the common people, over much lack of sense, and over faddism, and many other isms in connection with the performance of operatic works. For the last eight weeks, and the triumph is still going on, we have English Opera by the Castle Square Opera Company, at Studebaker Hall, with crowded houses each time listening sweetly to, and learning patiently the power and pathos of the English words, rather than appearing owlishly wise in the empty sound of foreign languages. Heretofore we have had foretastes of a sure coming change from the condition of listening to foreign birds at \$1,000, \$1,500, and \$2,000 a night, and hearing the burden of a chorus of Italians grandmothers, when Carl Rosa, Theodore Thomas gave English Opera a number of years ago, and the Bostonians, &c., later on. Italian opera, to be sure, even now, will successfully bring out a brilliant array of dresses and diamonds, and, the clattering of tongues, lisping and otherwise. But we are much indebted to the Castle Square Opera Company for perseverance, talent, culture, enthusiasm, and success in teaching the American people that operatic singing is not less enjoy-

able and effective because we are enabled to understand the text. In addition to unqualified excellence in singing and acting, the price of admission is within reach of the middle classes—the great bulk of true lovers of music.

Of the splendid singing of Mr. Ben Davies in the "Creation" lately, Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, writes in the May 'Music:' "Mr. Ben Davies is one of those well-taught matter-of-fact English oratorio singers such as the English school knows so well how to turn out. It is a pleasure to hear him, because he is so well taught and so sure."

The writer had occasion, lately, to speak to, and question a large class of college students, and found them fearfully ignorant—no, "much neglected" in the matter of knowing a "wee little bit" about music, though all could sing lustily some hymn-tunes, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," (one verse only), and were anxious enough to get a whack at "Just One Girl," and "On the Banks of the Wabash." No student of literature can consistently and safely neglect the simple principles, and history of music and musicians. The educational world is out of joint unless music is part of its life. Music is essential to art. It is a blessing that the love of melody is universal, but the mission of music to, and in the soul, will not have its

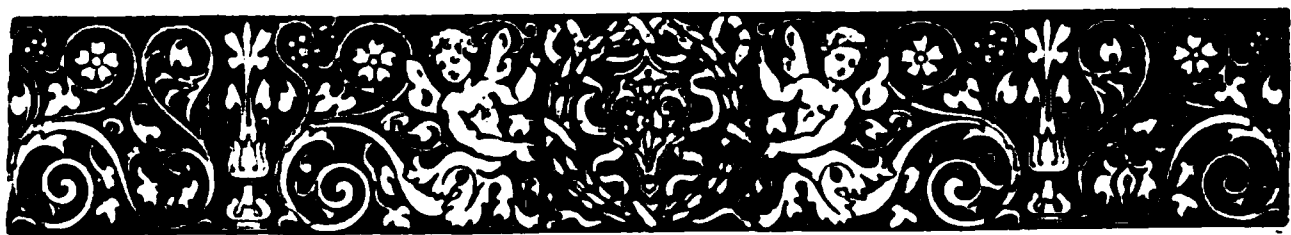
full sway until the intellectual make up is looked after in families, schools and universities.

In relation to the last paragraph, nothing can be more appropriate than the following quotation from the critic W. J. Henderson, of New York. "It has not yet dawned on the minds of most university authorities that music has a place in the general culture of our time. It is treated as a thing apart in all schemes for musical instruction in the colleges. The university is laboring to produce lovers of art, of literature, of philosophic thought. It is quite as much a part of its business to teach the young to comprehend and to enjoy the works of Mozart and Beethoven as to revel in the luxurious English of Coleridge or the more luxurious forms of Gothic architecture."

In a recent number of the "*Drych*," the sturdy Welshman, and the veteran correspondent, Mr. D. F. Lewis, of Cleveland, O., writes sensibly on the scarcity of Welsh melodies, if we are to judge in the matter from the ordinary concert and Eisteddfod programs.

We echo his complaint that there is too much singing of the same melodies, beautiful as they are, by singers good, bad, and indifferent. It requires much vocal culture and melodic appreciation to properly render these well-known effusions of the old Welsh harpers.

There is no scarcity of melodies, but much scarcity of quest for, and study of the more than one thousand national airs that enrich our Cambrian musical literature—several of them to be found in "Songs of Wales." Allow a personal reference. In my "Song and Poesy Evenings," I have sung to my own English version of the original words, "Erddygan Hun Gwenllian," "Dwfn yw'r Mor," &c., melodies which are perfect in form, permeated with that pathos which emanates from the heart of nature, and born out of the tragic incidents that characterizes so much of our history and traditions. But, these melodies among many others seem to be totally unknown to our Welsh singer. This question deserves a special article.



THE MINSTREL'S LONGING FOR WALES.

By Shenkin Shadrach, Wilksbarre, Pa.

O, Gwalia, there's something majestic
To me in the view of thy hills;
Enchanting, indeed, is the music,
That flows from thy silvery rills.
In fancy, I see, now before me,
Thy mountains and valleys, so gay;
And yonder the primroses dancing
In bloom to the breezes of May.

In Gwalia, the songs of her warblers
Ring out from the branches all day;
The stranger he listens, enraptured—
So rich and so sweet is their lay;
And heard are the notes of the cuckoo,
In April, in May and in June;—
Her quaint voice resounds through the valleys—
Enchanting, indeed, is her tune.

No wonder, wherever I wander,
My heart for thee doth ever long,
For nature hath made thee an Eden
Of beauty, of pleasure and song;
Oh! when I must part with my treasures,
With all that I cherish on earth,
My last wish shall be to be buried
In Gwalia, sweet land of my birth.



FIELD OF LETTERS

The "Cronicl" in an instructive article on the late Thomas E. Ellis, M. P. for Merioneth, says that there is cause to believe that he sacrificed his life in the cause of Wales. It was he, undoubtedly, more than any other Welsh member, that succeeded in forcing Mr. Gladstone to recognize the fact that the question of disestablishment in Wales was imperative; and even, his funeral proved the national truth that religious inequality should not exist in a civilized community. It can be said that Mr. Ellis hastened his early death by the untiring efforts he continually put forth, aided by the Welsh members, to force upon Parliament the rights and claims of Wales in opposition to Toryism and the Church on the question of education. His labors were incessant until the early hours of the morning, determined that Wales and the Welsh members should not be subservient and subject to the will of the Tories. On that memorable night, even under the incipient attack of his mortal disease, he stood bravely to his post, until finally compelled by his friends to go home.

The April number of "Cymru" contains several entertaining articles, among which are the following: Snowdon and its associates; The Rhondda Valley; The Earthquake in India; A Remarkable Welshwoman; Verses from Nature's Bible; Education in Wales under Victoria; with several illustrations, poems, etc., etc.

Mrs. Williams, Ty Capel, Llanfair yn Nghornwy, Anglesea, is a notable character. For half a century she has kept record of all the texts of the sermons

she has heard. She has several books filled with them. She has learned by rote Dr. Charles's "Hyfforddwr," and the Welsh C. M. Confession of Faith; but the marvel of her life is the fact that she has committed to memory the whole of the Bible, completing the remarkable task when about sixty years old. She has been through her life a busy and an industrious worker, combining in her personality the commendable traits of Mary and Martha.

In Welsh literary circles a question of some interest now being discussed is the publication of a Cofiant (Life and Works) of the late Mr. Tom Ellis. It is satisfactory to learn that the family at Cynlas have resolved themselves to arrange for a Cofiant worthy of the subject, and as the account of Mr. Ellis's life and work must necessarily embrace a period of great importance in the revival of Welsh nationalism, political, social and literary, the volume will be of permanent value. It is already settled that it shall include a fair selection of Mr. Ellis's public addresses, but the final selection of editor has not yet been made. In all probability, Professor O. M. Edwards will be invited to undertake the task.—Young Wales.

The "Dysgedydd" for May is an enjoyable number. The frontispiece is a portrait of the late Thomas E. Ellis; Some of the Conditions of a Minister's Success; A Chapter of Confessions, by the Rev. D. Adams, B. A., Liverpool; Along the Shores of the Mediterranean, by Prof. E. Anwyl, M. A.; The Church Member with the Dead Creed—Creed and Life; A Paper on Do-nothings and

s; "Dr. John Thomas's Memoir,"
 a Rev. H. M. Hughes, B. A., Car-
 Events of the Month—The Death
 m Ellis; The House of Commons
 Ritualism in the Church; Sunday
 papers; Tercenary of Oliver Crom-
 Reviews, Correspondence, Mis-
 Reports, &c., &c.

Britain to be despoiled of her Sab-
 by the worshipers of Mammon?
 proprietors of London dailies
 started Sunday issues of their pa-
 the "Telegraph" and the "Daily
 ' and as far as we can see, there
 difference between the Sunday and
 very day editions. The Sunday
 Easter, 700,000 of one, and 500,000
 e other were issued; and probably,
 were bought by the worldly-mind-
 ho read hardly anything but Sun-
 papers, and who care for nothing
 r. We are glad to find that a
 al boycott has been inaugurated
 st this form of Sunday desecra-
 and the religious classes are dis-
 to with-hold their support and
 nage. Many news-agencies have
 ed to take the Sunday editions for
 and public corporations, mer-
 s and business men have ex-
 ed their determination not to ad-
 e in them. So the Sunday "Tele-
 i" and "Mail" are doomed. The
 who own most of the London
 papers, care very little for the
 tian Sunday, it being in their es-
 ion a mere common working day;
 it is a matter of serious import-
 er the laboring classes are to be
 ved of their only day of rest.—
 edydd.

e May number of "Young Wales"
 gely devoted to the story of Tom
 lis's life and death. It opens with
 m by Sir Lewis Morris—In Memor-
 Thomas Ellis, M. P.; and followed
 series of articles. "Tom Ellis,"
 y W. Llewelyn Williams, M. A.;

(2) by Alfred Thomas, M. P.; (3) by
 Isambard Owen, M. D.; (4) by Albert
 Spicer, M. P.; (5) by Dr. Edward Jones,
 Dolgelley; (6) "College Reminiscences
 of Mr. Ellis," by Richard Jones; "Our
 Departed Leader," by the Editor; "At
 Westminster," by T. Arthemus Jones;
 "Another Plea for Welsh Particular-
 ism," by Henry Jones, Editor "Western
 Daily Mercury;" "Gwallter Mechain's
 Trophies," by Gwilym Hughes, Cardiff;
 "The Daughter of the Mill" (continued)
 by Annie Pierce.

D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., in his paper in
 the "Cerddor" on Music, hopes that the
 masses in Wales will devote themselves
 to the cultivation of instrumental mu-
 sic, as they have hitherto done in vocal
 music. It is very little help and patron-
 age, he says, we may expect from the
 rich. "The growth of musical taste,"
 as Sir Hubert Parry has said, "is not
 among the aristocracy, but among the
 people. Our rich are not a particularly
 musical class, and I do not expect much
 from them. Our great hopes are cen-
 tered among the middle classes, and it
 is a hopeful sign that wherever they
 are helped and instructed to form a
 judgment at all, they prefer what is se-
 rious and elevating to music of an in-
 ferior kind."

Contents of the "Trysorfa" as fol-
 lows: God as Creditor, and Man as
 Debtor, by the Rev. J. J. Roberts, Porth-
 madog; Recollections of the Rev. Hugh
 Hughes, Abergele; Dr. Dale of Birming-
 ham, by the Rev. R. H. Morgan, M. A.,
 Upper Bangor; The Welsh of South
 Africa, by Dyfed; Athanasius, by the
 Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., Bootle; The
 Calvinistic Methodists and Temperance,
 by the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, M. A.;
 Monthly Notes by the Editor; Reviews,
 &c., &c.

The Editor in his "Monthly Notes"
 devotes a little space to the Sisterhoods

in the Church of England. These Sisters seem to act as assistants to the priests. They enter the household first, and prepare with kindness the way for the welcoming of the priest. They distribute alms, and expect humbled souls in return. The way in which they are prepared and empowered to perform their work is as follows: Firstly, the bishop blesses a candle, and places it in her hand; then her garments are taken in hand by him, and blessed with signs of the cross—"Bless and sanctify these garments so that they be to thy hand-maid a defense, &c., and a protection from the attacks of the devil. It is a mystery, how mere blessed garments may keep out the wiles of the Devil, which are spiritual. Then the robe is given to the Sister, in which she is to appear before Christ! It is hard to abstain from making light of such childish and imbecile views of spiritual matters.—Trysorfa.

In "Cwrs y Byd" for May, "The Dividing Line Between Matter and Spirit" is continued; "Penrhiwgaled," a Welsh drama is drawing to a close; "The Way of the World," by the Editor, is as readable and original as usual; The Balloon Man; Order or Disorder; Smokers and Tobacco; Obituaries, Correspondence, poems, &c., &c.

Anent Rev. C. M. Sheldon's book, "In His Steps," which is so popular in England and Wales, "Cwrs" says that the book is very simple, and although we all profess to follow Christ, there is not one among his readers who has lived in obedience to Christ's command. Two men were one day discussing the contents of the book, and were becoming so interested in the argument, when one of them drew out his tobacco pouch and was preparing to fill his pipe, when his opponent asked him seriously if he thought Christ would have done that, that is, if Christ would have smoked?

Then "Cwrs" proceeds to say that Christianizing and civilizing pagans sounds beautifully on the ordinary ear, but most of it is perfect nonsense, when it is thought the way things go in Christian lands. Pagan countries are fast being ruined with rum and whisky. The English took India, and are fast destroying it with popular Western sins. Would Christ have done like this—and this? "Cwrs" thinks not!

We welcome the "Haul" (a Welsh Church organ), which has for its mottoes the old Welsh adage, "In the face of the sun and in the eye of light," and "God's Word uppermost." The April number contains the following articles: The late David Williams, B. D., Vicar of Llanelly, and Canon of St. David's; St. David and the British Church; The Church and the Reformation; God and Nature; Charity as a Part of Church life; The Nature of Sacrifice in the Holy Sacrament, etc., etc.

"Ll." in his remarks on the Blessed Sacrament in the March number, seems to take a peculiar position. He says, "The Church teaches that the Sacrament is a sacrifice," then he corrects himself by the statement that it is a "remembrance of Christ's sacrificial death." Then he makes the strange assertion that the Sacrament is a showing forth of the death of the Lord "not to the world, but to God." That is, certainly, not the Protestant view, and the Bible does not teach it. The writer halts between Popish and the Protestant opinions.

In the April number, "LL's" ritualistic views are controverted successfully, and it gives us pleasure to find the old Protestant position of the Church of England stated clearly and positively by the Rev. Evan Jones, Trefdraeth. It is astonishing the way the Ritualists are led away, and relapse into ceremonialism. They relapse so easily into a pre-

Christian state of mind, and rationalize about God's truths as if they were mere children. Take for instance the preposterous idea of the mass being a sacrifice—the pagan notion of God being influenced by the priest holding up a manufactured and a spurious imitation on behalf of the people. Having deceived themselves and their misguided and superstitious followers, the priests believe God is no wiser than themselves. It is monstrous in the face of the patent fact that the Bible teaches the truth that the death of Christ did away with the priest's work. With the death of Christ, all priesthoods disappeared, and the sooner that is believed the better for man's welfare.

Dr. Joseph Parry writes as follows of Prof. Marks Evans of Wilkesbarre, Pa., as a musical composer: "I am glad to find in my friend, Mr. Geo. Marks Evans, such proofs of progress and gifts as a composer. I have read with pleasure his 'Te Deum' and 'There is no Death,' and I discover in the former an able, varied, and devotional setting, constructive skill, a melodic vein, too scarce now-a-days, proper harmonic coloring, and with varied tempi and rhythmic elements in our tonal art. The same comments may be applied to his male chorus, 'There is no Death,' much of which I admire for its rhythmic swing, go and vigor."

Among the contents of "Cymru" for May, are the following articles: Rhondda Valley (with illustrations); Three Old Books; The College of Ffrwd Fal; A Journey Through the Snowdon District; Old Characters of Llangernyw, and an interesting miscellany. The editor relates some reminiscences of Tom Ellis. Now that the Editor has been appointed successor to Mr. Ellis,

we congratulate him heartily, hoping that he will represent "Cymru" with the same ability and affection as he has hitherto served her in a literary way. We are sure that every good Welshman will wish Mr. O. M. Edwards God speed on his political career. He is able, and he is willing to help Wales, and may other champions of the cause of our native land follow in his footsteps.

If there is one thing more than another that distinguishes the Welsh as interpreters of music, and helps to the belief that they have really musical natures as distinct from mere scholasticism in the art, it is their soulfulness—the absolutely unique way in which they enter into the spirit and design of what they sing. I remember discussing this with the late Sir Joseph Barnby, who impressed me with his enthusiasm for Welsh choruses. "They always seem to me," said he, "to sing as if they had but one mission in life, and that mission was to sing. It is the one thing that lifts Welsh choral singing into superiority—their intense earnestness." But the last year or two have revealed different views from other eminent musicians who have been called from England to adjudicate at the great "annual." It is dangerous ground to touch upon, but it is an interesting fact that the gentlemen who—I think I am right in saying so—were first to see no beauty in "intense earnestness" were Scotchmen, and however scholastically musical some may be, the Scotch as a nation are about as unmusical by nature and dramatically unmotional as a people can well be. And so there is room to doubt the wisdom of "decrying the intensity which has been the distinguishing mark of choral art in the Principality.—R. Gould Thorne in "Young Wales."

SCIENTIFIC

The best antidote for depression of spirits generally is work—work is all absorbing. The poor who drudge for a living seldom develop chronic diseases of the nerves and mind, despite the great hardships to which too many of them are subjected.

Vesuvius was recently covered with a heavy snow fall while the crater was in eruption. The sight was a very strange one; three streams of red hot lava moving at one time through the white snow.

A SWALLOW'S FLIGHT.

Some one, wishing to test the flight of a swallow, caught an untamed one that had its nest on a farm in Shropshire, England. It was taken in a cage to London, and then set free. Eighty minutes after its release it was back at its home, having traveled one hundred and forty-five miles at the rate of two a minute.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

If statistics are to be trusted, it is clear certain animals are being rapidly killed off by man, while others, if they are to maintain their ground at all against the slaughter to which their race is subjected, must increase at a rate which even sanguine naturalists may despair of seeing realised. When I read, for example, that in 1898 241,708 seals were captured (value £80,000) by steamers, and 30,000 additional by sailing vessels and shore fishermen, I begin to think of seals qualifying for the extinct category in a few years. In addition, in 1898, the Dundee fleet captured six right whales, 984 white whales, 591 walruses, 779 seals, and 80 bears. From

these 297 tons of oil and 112 cwt. of "bone" were obtained. Truly the sea is a kind of Alma Mater, in the best sense of that term, to adventurous man. But the slaughter of its tenants cannot proceed at this rate for ever.

IS POETRY PASSING?

The question, "Is poetry passing?" has received some attention lately. Mr. I. Zangwill, in a recent interview, is reported as expressing his belief that the need of poetry is not a need that the race can outgrow. The form may vary, but the substance will remain. He said: "I think poetry will survive as long as the language; that great poets will appear from time to time. The separate form is capable of such exquisite use that it will not soon be abandoned without great loss to the race."

A NEW LIGHT.

A locomotive headlight using acetylene gas has been devised by a Canadian inventor. The apparatus consists of a cylindrical cast-iron generator, five inches in diameter and twelve inches long, together with a water reservoir and condenser. The charge consists of about ten pounds of carbide, which is put in a wire basket and placed inside the generator. The water from the reservoir, dropping on the carbide, generates the gas, which is led through a small pipe in front of the reflector.

THE BIBLE AND MICROBES.

Governor Roosevelt, of New York State, has signed the bill to prevent the spread of bacterial diseases, and permitting witnesses to dispense with the

kissing of the Bible in the administration of oaths. It is very satisfactory to note that proper sanitary regulations have now reached even the police courts, where they were badly needed. For a long time, however, many of the magistrates have not used the Bible in the court room, or have warned witnesses against using it, and great credit is due to Magistrate Pool, who inaugurated the move to do away with the kissing of the Bible in court.

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MUST BE EXAMINED.

The North Dakota Senate has passed a bill requiring all applicants for marriage licenses to be previously examined by a board of physicians as to their mental and physical fitness for the marriage state. The certificates must show that they are free from hereditary diseases, with special reference to insanity and tuberculosis. The idea is to insure that the children born of future marriages shall be sound both mentally and physically. Legislation of this kind is interesting, but that is about all that can be said for it, for there is nothing to hinder the contracting parties from going over the border into adjoining States to have the ceremony performed.

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A POPULAR QUESTION.

The question of the commencement of the next century is occupying the minds of the curious, and it is widely debated whether the present century ends with the current year or with the next, 1900. It is an old saying that figures never lie, and it is true in this case. It seems utterly strange that any should argue that 1899 completes the 19th century, since the figures themselves do not state so much. The 19th century will be complete with the close of 1900. We do not know of any system of computation whereby 99 makes or completes 100. The next century cannot come in

before this is finished; and if a century means 100 years, the one hundred must be counted, before we may think of commencing the new. If a man had 100 men to count, he would not think of calling the 99th the last man. The last man would be the 100th. If we owed a man \$100, the 99th dollar would not be the last of the amount of indebtedness. No one would take \$18.99 as full payment for \$19.00; and why should we accept 1899 as completing 19 centuries?

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THE REINDEER'S FOOD.

In Sweden the food given to reindeer is "reindeer moss," a lichen highly prized by the Lapps, and which grows abundantly in the Arctic regions, almost as luxuriantly on bare rocks as in the soil. It covers extensive tracts in Lapland, making the summer landscape look like a field of snow. The domesticated reindeer are never as large as the wild ones. The domesticated Siberian reindeer are larger than those of Lapland. No care at all is taken of the deer. They thrive best by being permitted to roam in droves and obtain their own sustenance. The moss can be used as human food, the taste being slightly acrid. Attempts have been made to feed hay, roots, grain, etc., to the reindeer, but they have not succeeded.

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LAUGHTER AS MEDICINE.

"Therapeutic effects of different kinds have been attributed to laughter by the gravest medical writers from Hippocrates downward. The Father of Medicine laid special stress on the importance of merriment at meals. The old physicians recommended laughter as a powerful means of 'desopilating' the spleen. Fonsagrives said that mirth is the most powerful lever of health. Tissot professes to have cured scrofulous children by tickling and making

them laugh. Durmot de Monteaux relates the strange case of a gentleman who got rid of an intermittent fever after witnessing a performance of 'Le Mariage de Figaro,' at which he had laughed consumedly. Other learned doctors state that nephritic colic, scurvy, pleurisy, and other affections are favorably influenced by laughter." —British Medical Journal.

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NEW PROCESS OF CLEANING BED LINEN.

In a circular, the surgeon-general of the German army, Colar, in Berlin, calls the attention of the heads of the garrison hospitals to a new cleaning method, which is to be employed in future, as thorough experiments have proved it to be of advantage. According to this method, petroleum is added to the water besides soap and soda, taking as many grammes of it as there are liters of water used; e. g., 30 grammes of petroleum to 30 liters of water. This admixture of petroleum does not only admit of an easier cleaning, as well as less tear and wear on the linen, but the wash also retains its color, is thoroughly disinfected, and the expenses are considerably reduced by a saving in soap.

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EXAMPLES NEEDED.

It is recommended by "The Electrical World," that electrical people "take their own medicine" by using electric vehicles more than they do at present. It says, "We know of but one president of a local lighting company who has an automobile, yet it would seem obvious that many such dignitaries might, by setting the fashion to their own cities, stimulate greatly the consumption of 'juice.' We know of but one electrical supply or manufacturing company that handles its materials with an automobile delivery wagon. There may be

others, but they are doubtless extremely few and far between. Yet here surely is the chance by example and positive demonstration to help along the speedy coming of the new industry from which electricity is to derive an enormous development. Electrical journals may push these things on public attention; but the stimulus needed is the example of the whole electrical fraternity itself going in for automobiles. In the meantime, the manufacturers of these vehicles do not bemoan any lack of orders."

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LYNCHING DOES NOT STOP CRIME.

"There is nothing to be said in extenuation of the black crime of the negro Hose. He richly merited any punishment that could be meted out to him. If his suffering could compensate for that he had inflicted, he deserved slow torture. Or if the dread of like punishment would prevent others from committing such nameless crimes as that of Hose, then even the horrible spectacle of yesterday might be justified for the good to be accomplished.

"But experience shows that lynching does not prevent others from committing this crime, and even the burning of the wretches on several occasions has not served to put an end to these dastardly outrages. If these resorts to violent punishment had the desired effect, even the sternest stickler for law and order would scarcely protest against them. But when they fail of the end aimed at, what is accomplished by following the crime of the individual with the lawlessness of a mob?"—The Chronicle, Augusta, Ga.

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John Fiske in his book "Through Nature to God," enlarging upon the idea of Herbert Spencer that "the ultimate form of religious consciousness is the final development of a consciousness which at the outset contained a

germ of truth obscured by multitudinous errors," the author employs a new line of argument to show that the doctrine of evolution, properly understood, "does not leave the scales equally balanced between materialism and theism, but irredeemably discredits the former, while it places the latter upon a firmer foundation than it has ever before occupied. When we have once thoroughly grasped the monotheistic conception of the universe as an organic whole, animated by the omnipotent spirit of God," continues the author, "we have forever taken leave of that materialism to which the universe was merely an endless multitude of phenomena. We begin to catch glimpses of the meaning and dramatic purpose of things; at all events, we rest assured that there is really such a meaning."

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THE EXCAVATION OF BABYLON.

German archaeologists are busy with plans for the excavation of Babylon. The late Sir Austen Henry Layard, the explorer of Nineveh, was the first one to do anything in the way of excavating Babylon, then Sir Henry Rawlinson followed. The excavations, it is claimed by the Germans, were done in a half-hearted way, and they are determined that their work shall be thorough. It will be very costly, and it is estimated it will occupy five years. It will be carried on by the Orient Society jointly with the Directors of the Royal German Museum, and the leader of the expedition is Dr. Robert Koldewey, who has already had much experience in such work. The expeditions will start from Beirut going from there to Aleppo, whence they will travel by caravan to Bagdad. Babylon itself is two days' journey from Bagdad, and consists of rough mounds scattered on the banks

of the Euphrates, under which lie the ruins of a great city. The excavators will begin with the fortress which is what remains of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, where Alexander died. In addition to their excavating upon the city site proper they will investigate a number of other ruins situated near.

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THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

"We have enlarged our conception of God until, when we use the term God to-day, we mean neither the magnified man of the Jew nor the nature of the Pantheist, but both of these and a greater idea than either merged together. And when we speak of man we have larger thoughts than any people who preceded us. Take the Hindu religion; it despises man as man, sees no glory in him. It divides the race up into castes, in which one man has the right to despise another. Take the Jewish religion: it had some idea of brotherhood, but it was like the brotherhood of our secret societies of to-day; it included a few people bound together in one nation, and it regarded everybody outside of that bond as ignorant of God and morality. When we come to the Christian, we have something larger than a national bond, people of all nations were taken into fellowship. But it was still a brotherhood only of those who came in, and the people outside were not regarded as children of God or in any real sense as brothers and sisters one of another. The new religion of which we are spelling out the words to-day is something larger and grander; it will be content with nothing less than a brotherhood of all men, in the closest and holiest bond, as sons and daughters of the Eternal Living God."—Rev .B. F. Mills.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Dr. Joseph Parry's specially selected Concert and Operatic American Tour is going to be a great musical attraction during August, September and October, and according to present prospects, will be a great success. This will be the greatest combination of Welsh artists that has ever visited the United States. Among the artists are Madame Ashworth Hughes, Principal Manchester Concerts; Miss Hannah Jones, the Patey of Wales, Principal Albert and Patti Concerts, &c.; Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, Principal Tenor Crystal Palace, and Queen's Hall, London; and Mr. Meurig James, Winner Evill Goldberg and Leslie Crotty Prizes at Royal Academy, London. Musical Director, Dr. Joseph Parry; Accompanist, D. M. Parry. Programmes consist of (1) Operatic Recitals in costume of "Blodwen," "Sylvia" and "Arianwen;" (2) Grand Miscellaneous Concert; (3) Grand Sunday Sacred Concert. General Agent, Mendelssohn Parry, c/o Gomer Thomas, Esq., Danville, Pa.

Welshmen attain eminence as doctors and preachers, and great financial success as drapers.

When George Borrow proposed an excursion into Wales, about fifty years ago, his wife objected, because such a tour was unfashionable.

Calvinistic Methodist are so strong in numbers in Anglesey that they practically control the whole island. The monthly meeting is the bench of magistrates, and the county council, and

make up more than half the police committee. The policeman gets a happy time over there.

The Rev. Benjamin Thomas, a Welsh clergyman in London, has made the discovery that old Vicar Prichard of Llandovery, author of "Canwyll y Cymry," was a High Churchman.

A Welshman who once lived in the Argentine Republic says that the only sincere words of praise he ever heard uttered by a foreigner in favor of that country were spoken by an Irish washerwoman, who, speaking professionally, of course, declared the Argentine to be "a foine dryin' counthry, anyway."

An English musician was looking over a Welsh tune-book. He could understand most of the names of the composers, but there was one among them, the one he liked best of all, he wished to know more about. He was (he said) Alo Jhnridge. It was found to be "Alaw Gymreig" ("Welsh Air")—our truly national composer.

The first Welsh grammar was published at Milan early in the second half of the 16th century. The Principality has had another grammar from the Continental Press, written by a learned German scholar named Dr. Sattler. This book, said by some to be the best grammar of Welsh extant, consists of 418 pages, and its price is 11s.

The early editions of George Borrow are much sought after by collectors, and

fetch fairly good prices. The rarest of his books is the three volume edition of "Wild Wales," which does not often turn up for sale. The other editions are all unattractive by reason of the small type, printed in double columns. There ought to be a demand for a good edition of "Wild Wales," which was first published in 1862.

A monument to the memory of John Elias o Fon has been decided upon. This year is the hundredth anniversary of the advent of the great Welsh divine to Anglesey, and will be commemorated in the manner indicated. This will be the third monument erected by the Welsh Methodists, the first being that of Charles o'r Bala, and the second that of Daniel Rowlands of Llangeltho.

Literary workers in Wales come largely from the industrial classes. Mr. J. Byrnach Davies, the translator into Welsh of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Pabo the Priest," is a shoemaker, and lives in Llanfyrnach, in Pembrokeshire. Mr. Davies, who does all his literary work after a hard day's work at the lapstone, has made his mark in the eisteddfod.

A policeman who doesn't understand a word of English has been sworn in at Carnarvon. The oath was administered in Welsh, and the officer gave his replies in the vernacular. This is the test which would have sadly bothered King Edward when he met the clamor of the Welshmen by bringing out his new-born babe at Carnarvon Castle, and saying, "Here is a prince for you who can't speak one word of English."

Wales has produced, not only a literary policeman in Police-constable Ashton, the bibliographer, but an artist policeman in Police-constable T. Jones, now in the Leeds Police. Jones has just had a picture accepted by the com-

mittee of the Royal Academy. It is a moorland scene. The painter himself describes it as broad in treatment, and says that he has made a specialty of the cloud effects. This is the first year he has tried to get into the R. A.

Mr. O. M. Edwards will be the first duly accredited Calvinistic Methodist preacher to enter Parliament. It is true that "Mabon" is also a popular preacher, but then "Mabon," like the gifted lady "Cranogwen," is an irregular, whom no Monthly Meeting has authorised. We understand that one Methodist Church in Glamorganshire is already arranging to have these two members of Parliament to its next annual preaching festival.

Cardiganshire, though the most typically Welsh of all the counties of Wales, is better off than any of them from an educational point of view. It has four or five intermediate schools, one university college, and one college-university. It has also about half a dozen weekly newspapers, and two or three monthlies—a better record than any other Welsh county can show. Glamorgan's record may loom bigger, but, then, that county has six times the population of Cardiganshire.

Sir William Roberts, the distinguished physician, has died at his London residence in his 70th year. He was a native of Anglesey, and commenced practice in Manchester, being for some time consulting physician to the Royal Infirmary of that city, and Professor of Clinical Medicine in Owens College. He removed to London in 1889, four years after being knighted, and took his place as a leading member of the Medico-Chirurgical and other societies. In 1893 he was appointed a member of the Royal Commission on Opium.

Festinlog is the stronghold of North

Wales Methodism, and the county of Merioneth is, perhaps, the most Methodist county in Wales, barring Anglesey. The Corff has made vast strides in Meirion during the last 55 years. Taking the western portion only, we find that the membership of the churches has increased from 2,904 in 1854 to 8,919 in 1899. The Sunday School has now 11,335 members, as against 6,165, and the adherents 15,373, as compared with 8,182. The total collections are £11,630, as against £1,821, and the average subscription per member now ranges in Festiniog from £1 6s. to £2 10s. There is, however, another aspect to the question. In 1854 the total debt on the chapels was £221; to-day it is £19,943.

New Quay has contributed its share to the mission field. The first missionaries to Madagascar, the Revs. D. Jones and — Bevan, were from the immediate neighborhood, and the following are to-day serving the missionary cause:—The Rev. W. Jenkyn Jones, B. A., and his brother, Mr. E. Jones, at Brittany; the Rev. J. Ceredig Evans, on the Khassia Hills; and the Rev. D. Picton Jones, who is now in this country engaged on a translation of the Gospels into the hitherto unwritten language of the natives of the district round Lake Tanganyika.

Miss Mary Owen (Mrs. Ellis Griffiths), in her very able paper on "Welsh Folk Music," now incorporated in the Transactions of the Cymmrodorion Society, advances a theory concerning the temperament of the old Welsh which will be new to many readers. Miss Mary Owen holds that "our ancestors were not sad and mournful as they are sometimes supposed to have been. Though the untoward fate of their country accounts for the note of sadness in many old Welsh songs, I believe the Welsh were a merry and a vivacious people. All this has changed now, and how far

the religious revival in Wales had this effect it is difficult to determine."

Gwydyr Castle, where the Duke and Duchess of York were staying recently, as the guests of Lord Carrington, is one of the finest historical mansions in the country. It is generally described as an Elizabethan building, but many parts of it are clearly older than the "spacious times" of the sixteenth century. No attempts has been made to modernise the interior, which, with its low-roofed rooms, oaken floors, ceilings, and furniture, is still practically in its original condition. One of the rooms contains a bed which was occupied both by Queen Elizabeth and Charles I., Queen Elizabeth in the course of a tour in 1568, and Charles I. when he fled to Wales after the Battle of Chester. The castle has been in the possession of Lord Carrington since 1896.

The following notice appeared in the "Baner ac Amserau Cymru:" "The Cambrian" for May, a monthly magazine in the English language, published by Thomas J. Griffiths, Utica, N. Y. Not often we see a more attractive publication. The opening article is "The Welsh Barony," by Joseph L. Jones of Philadelphia, containing the substance of an address delivered on St. David's Day, and very interesting. But to us, very naturally, the most delightful is the article entitled "The Grand Old Man of Wales," by Cambrensis. In this excellent sketch, the life and character of Mr. Thomas Gee are treated with much fairness. We do not know who "Cambrensis" is, but it is evident that he is conversant with the story of Mr. Gee, and, withal, a great admirer of him. Cambro-Americans who knew Mr. Gee know, also, that the picture is true. The article is also illustrated by several cuts. In this number, also, is a great variety of entertaining and instructive material."

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

O. M. EDWARDS, M. P.

O. M. Edwards who succeeds the late Tom E. Ellis as member for Merioneth, was born at Llanuwchllyn on the 25th of December, 1859. His father is a

teacher there for two years, it is also said that he was ignorant of the English language until he was at an age when most boys leave the elementary school. Strange as this will appear to people unacquainted with Welsh coun-



O. M. Edwards, M. P.

small farmer on the Wynnastay Estate, and his mother is a woman of strong personality. Mr. Edwards is the eldest of four sons. Professor Edward Edwards, a brother, is one of the most popular members on the staff of the University College of Wales. Another brother was on the staff of Barmouth County School. Though he is said to have been educated in the village school at Llanuwchllyn, and to have been pupil

try life it is not at all singular, for the little English learnt in school is forgotten in the home where Welsh alone is spoken, and many children in the country districts pass the sixth or even the seventh standard, and are not only then incapable of expressing themselves in English, but have instilled into them a dislike and suspicion of the Saxon and all things that are his. This fact makes Mr Edwards's subsequent career

all the more creditable to him. In his youth he was a great reader of the Welsh Bible and of Welsh theological works and biology. After leaving the elementary school, he went on to the Grammar School at Bala, where Mr. T. E. Ellis was also a scholar, and then entered the College of Bala founded for the training of ministers for the Calvinistic Methodist connexion, which was then under the guidance of Dr. Lewis Edwards, the celebrated Welsh divine. There he remained for five years, and so great was his aptitude for learning that in the fifth year he was engaged as a lecturer.

It seems that at first he intended entering the Calvinistic Methodist ministry which in those days afforded almost the only acceptable career for the gifted sons of Welsh farmers. The University College of Wales at Aberystwyth had been established some seven or eight years previously, and by 1880 was opening the eyes of young Welshmen to wider and more varied careers, not only in Wales, and not only in England, but throughout the British Empire and the English-speaking countries of the world. Mr. T. E. Ellis, a fellow student at Aberystwyth, commenced his career as private secretary to influential Englishmen of business and without, perhaps, aiming for it, ultimately found opportunity to enter Parliament and to embark on a distinguished political career. Mr. S. T. Evans and Mr. Ellis Jones Griffith, also students at Aberystwyth, became barristers with chambers in London, and ultimately a seat in the House of Commons. The bent of Mr. O. M. Edwards's mind was probably educational. Winning a scholarship at Aberystwyth of £15 per annum in 1880, he went to Aberystwyth with the intention of taking the University of London degree, which was then the main aim of the students. Prize after prize fell to his lot, as well as the modern languages scholarship, showing that a Welsh stu-

dent can beat English students in their own language and on their own ground, which fact was accentuated in a remarkable manner by his passing in 1882, when he was but twenty-three years of age, the intermediate B. A. examination of the University of London, standing first in all England in English honors. When at Aberystwyth, Mr. Edwards occupied a pulpit nearly every Sunday, in addition to doing hard mental work on the six other days of the week.

In 1883, he took the London B. A. degree, and then as many other Welsh ministers had done before him, proceeded to Scotland, where at Glasgow University he studied philosophy under Caird, and English literature under Nichol. He remained at Glasgow for one session only, but at the end of that session he was placed in the first position in each subject. In the autumn of 1884 he proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford. While an undergraduate his career was a succession of triumphs. After keen competition he gained the Brackenbury history scholarship; in 1886 he carried off the Stanhope prize for an English essay; in 1887 he took the Lothian prize, and a first class in the history school; the following year he took the Arnold prize for an essay on "The History of the Protestant Reformation in France," thus performing the unprecedented feat of winning the three great history "blue ribands" of Oxford. His success immediately attracted towards him the attention of the College authorities, and during his career as a student Dr. Jowett, the master of Balliol College, and all the Balliol dons took the kindest interest in him. Most of the students who are anxious to obtain a high place in their examination spend four years as undergraduates, but Mr. Edwards was an undergraduate for three years only.

Having succeeded to this degree, he went for change and rest to the Con-

continent, and from thence first attracted the attention of his countrymen by publishing a series of letters in remarkably pure and picturesque Welsh in the organ of the Methodists for North Wales. On his return to Oxford, he was made lecturer in history in Balliol; then lecturer in Corpus Christi; in 1889 he was elected to a fellowship and a tutorship in Lincoln College; and next he was appointed lecturer for Trinity College. He also became lecturer on literature for the three women's halls, and gave private lessons to pupils of conspicuous ability.

On Dr. T. C. Edwards resigning the principalship of the University College of Wales, many Welshmen looked to Mr. O. M. Edwards as his successor. It was understood that Mr. Edwards was induced by Dr. Jowett not to leave Oxford where he said he would without doubt attain ultimately high position. In after years, however, Mr. Edwards sought the chief inspectorship of Welsh intermediate schools in order probably to be more in touch with his native country. Nevertheless, while in Oxford he published various periodicals in the Welsh language with the object of elevating Wales on its past or, as it is expressed in Welsh, "Codi'r hen wlad yn ei hol." He also published an English monthly magazine entitled "Wales," but ultimately abandoned it as well as a Welsh quarterly which was published at a shilling. He has likewise compiled text books for Welsh intermediate schools; was entrusted by Mr. Gladstone's Government to report on the state of education in Wales; and was engaged by an English publishing firm to write the history of Wales for "The Story of the Nations" series.—*Cambrian News*.

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Mr. John Edwards, of Festinlog, now studying under the portrait-painter Bonnat at the Academie des Beaux Arts, Paris, has had a work accepted

for the Salon of this year. Mr. Edwards is only 24 years of age, and his capabilities are highly spoken of.

The late Mr. J. O. Jones ("Ap Ffarmwr") was a native of Dwyran, Anglesey. It was a pious wish of his to be buried in the land of his fathers, and he now sleeps in peace in the little churchyard where he played in his childhood.

Archdeacon Bruce says he has the original copy of the famous old song about "Tany the Welshman," and he gives assurance that the word now used as "thief" is "chief" in the original—"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a chief." So far, so good; we hope the archdeacon will now explain away that awkward incident about the leg of beef.

It is not generally known that the late Lord Aberdare was proficient in Welsh, and could readily translate even Welsh poetry into English. His translation of "Y Bardd a'r Gwew" (The Bard and Cuckoo) was published in "Y Cymrodor" some years ago.

Miss Winifred L. Jones, the authoress of "In and About Monterey," in our present number, is the talented daughter of the Rev. Erasmus W. Jones, D. D., of Utica, N. Y., a staunch and constant friend and patron of the "Cambrian." Miss Jones has already distinguished herself in her studies, is a proficient scholar, and has a bright future before her.

"The Lovely Land of Wales," a part of which was used in the last "Cambrian" without due credit to the author, is from the pen of our able countryman, Mr. Taliesin Evans of the "San Francisco Chronicle." The poem appeared in the "British Californian" in a report of last St. David's meeting in San Francisco, where Mr. Evans delivered a patriotic address.

One of the most heroic figures that flit across the horizon of Indian warfare in recent years is that of a young soldier who may be regarded (says the "South Wales Daily Post") as a native of the Aberdare Valley, the Hon. C. G. Bruce, of the 5th Ghurkas, the son of the late Lord Aberdare, and the brother of the present peer. In the fighting on the Northwestern frontier it was his daring band of Ghurka stalkers who put a check to the night "sniping" from which the British soldiers suffered so severely. Captain Younghusband, the famous explorer of unknown lands in Asia, has devoted more than one paragraph to the resource and daring of young Bruce, and Sir George Robertson, the political officer at Chitral during the famous siege, in his fascinating work just issued, "The Story of Minor Siege," bears the same kind of testimony to the merits of the Ghurka officer. He alludes to Bruce as an officer "famous all over the frontier for muscularity, and his power of influencing Orientals. He proved his ability in innumerable ways," observes Sir George Robertson, when dealing with the expedition that relieved the plucky garrison of Chitral.

The late Mr. Ellis at the time of his death was engaged in editing one of our old Welsh books, and Dr. Emrys Jones, Manchester, relates that when the late Chief Whip was passing the last proof sheets he said, "Poor Morgan Llwyd, how sad to die at 40." Within a week he too passed away, and we might now say, "Poor Tom Ellis, how sad to die at 40."

Mrs. Gladstone, the "Whitehall Review" says, has decided not to go abroad this spring. She is very much improved in spirits, and, although feeble, is in fair health. She pathetically tells

her friends that the light has gone out of her life, and her only ambition is to join her late husband. Like the Queen, Mrs. Gladstone retains her sight in a remarkable manner, and knits with as much energy as when she was twenty years younger.

The other day there died at Amlwch, in Anglesey, Thomas Griffith, who was the boatswain of the ill-fated Royal Charter at the time of her disastrous wreck in the Red Wharf Bay. He was the last survivor of the 30 who were saved from that terrible wreck, Joseph Rodgers, the gallant seaman who saved 30 lives, having been buried a few weeks ago.

Mr. Jones is the great man in Llanfyllin, a little town in Montgomeryshire. In the town council particularly Mr. Jones is everybody. The mayor is Mr. C. R. Jones; next come Alderman J. Jones, and Alderman C. R. Jones, while of councillors there are T. R. Jones, R. H. Jones, and R. Jones, and the medical officer is also a Mr. Jones. A patient collector of quaintnesses says that on twenty Welsh town councils there are 46 Joneses, 33 Davieses, 23 Williamses, 19 Evanses, 16 Hugheses, and 16 Thomases.

The late Rev. D. S. Davies, of Carmarthen, judging by Dr. Pan Jones's account of him, may be said to have lived for many years with water, metaphorically speaking, on his brain. He was an inveterate enemy of baptism by immersion, and spent his lifetime and a small fortune in combating the (as he called it) heresy. He once paid three guineas for a small Greek book which would go into his waistcoat pocket. In his study there were whole bookshelves filled with nothing but works on baptism.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

A Welsh clergyman who joined the ministry of one of the Free Churches was recently asked why he had made the change, and in reply said, "In the Free Church the preacher always gets right down to business, but in the Episcopalian Church he takes an hour or so to read the minutes of the last meeting."

—o:o— WHITE HANDS.

There is only one kind of hand which I dislike—the "white hand" so common in fiction, and, I am sorry to say, in fact also. It always reminds me of trotters. It is ghostly, it is not natural, and it is produced artificially by being made to perspire under cover. Many women have it. It is an odious blemish.—London Truth.

—o:o— A CURIOUS POSTAL SYSTEM.

In certain parts of Sweden, where the most absolute confidence is reposed in the honesty of the people, a very informal postal service is in vogue. As the mail steamer reaches a landing place, a man goes ashore with the letters, which he places in an unlocked box on the pier. Then the passer-by who expects a letter opens the box, turns over the letters, and selects his own, unquestioned by anybody.

—o:o— THE KANSAS BOYS.

In a letter home one of the Kansas boys in Manila says that when General Miller was organizing his expedition to Iloilo he asked General Otis to assign the Twentieth Kansas to his command,

giving as a reason that the men had been under his command in San Francisco, that he knew them and had confidence in them, and believed they would stand their ground in any fight. "That settles it," said General Otis. "I need them here."

—o:o— IMITATING THE MUSIC OF A CASCADE.

Certain tribes on the Amazon have been fascinated by the music of the waterfall. Musical instruments were found in use among them consisting of a complicated mechanism by which water was poured from one bowl into another, in imitation of the cascade, and then returned by the receiving bowl into the vessel which had poured it, so that by a repetition of this mechanism a constant murmur of a cascade could be kept up so long as the audience desired or the player was able to perform it.—Good Words.

—o:o— MOST CURIOUS CLOCK.

One of the most curious clocks in the world is that which Amos Lane of Amides, Nev., constructed some time ago. The machinery, which is nothing but a face, hands and lever, is connected with a geyser, which shoots out an immense column of hot water every 38 seconds. This spurting never varies to the tenth of a second, and therefore a clock properly attached to it cannot fail to keep correct time. Every time the water spouts up it strikes the lever and moves the hands forward 38 seconds.

SLEEPING MACHINES.

Experiments have been made recently with some curious devices in the shape of "sleep machines." Sleep will sometimes result from fatigue of the eyes. Looking at trees or other objects as we rush along in the train will frequently "send us off."

An ingenious gentleman has produced a machine for this purpose. It is a box surmounted by two fan-like panels, one above the other, revolving horizontally in opposite directions. These panels are studded with mirrors that throw upon the retina a vibrating flood of twinkling light.

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GREAT LOVERS OF WATER.

The Siamese are more devoted to the water than any other nation in the world. They are nearly always bathing, generally with their clothes on, and they never go anywhere by land if they can possibly go by water. The streets of Bangkok are like those of Venice, and the inhabitants say that their idea of paradise would be a town with canals where there were currents in both directions, so that they might be spared the effort of rowing.

—o:o—

A HORSE WITH SPECTACLES.

Among the wonders of Surrey, which is a suburb of London, is a horse that wears spectacles. He wears them for a purpose, too, for his eyesight is so dim that he can't see a yard in front of his nose unless he has on his "specs." Toby goes about his daily duties calmly. He had suffered from myopia for two years. Veterinary surgeons recommended some kind of glasses. Toby got them, and wears them. He owns the unique distinction of being the only four-footed animal in the world equipped with spectacles.—Boston Advertiser.

A SINGULAR STATEMENT.

The movement for the study of the Irish language in Ireland has met an obstacle in the opposition of a number of prominent Irish educators, among whom are Dr. Mahaffy and Dr. Atkinson, both of Dublin University. Dr. Atkinson is regarded as the greatest living authority on the Irish language and literature, and might have been expected to favor the proposed renaissance, but he takes the surprising ground that the mass of extant Irish literature, including the modern folklore, is too indecent for popular teaching.

—o:o—

A MODEL REPUBLIC.

Switzerland is the least illiterate as well as the most truly prosperous country in the world. She is, in fact, the only republic, for the people make the laws. Her government is of the people. In Switzerland, to work with your hands is honorable—manual training for both boys and girls is a part of the public school system. Switzerland has no navy, for the same reason that Bohemia has not, and while every man is a soldier, yet three weeks' service every year is only a useful play spell. In Switzerland there is no beggarmdom and little vice. Everywhere life and property are safe. The people are healthy and prosperous and happy.

—o:o—

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

The teacher of a school in the rural districts assigned each pupil the task of writing an original story.

On the day when the stories were read a bright little towhead arose and started in as follows:

"On the green slope of a mountain stood a first class Jersey cow, with three legs."

"That won't do, Johnnie," interrupted the teacher. "You are one leg short."

ain't," replied the future au-
 ou don't wait to git my plot,
 that a railroad train cut off
 and the owner of the cow got
 nages, and moved his whole
 Paris in time for the exposi-
 e the girls will be married to
 chmen and die happy after-

—o:o—

BABIES IN CHINA.

Chinese baby takes a nap,
 nk its soul is having a rest—
 for a long walk, perhaps. If
 a very long one, the mother
 ned. She is afraid that her
 il has wandered too far away,
 ot find its way home. If it
 me back, of course the baby
 waken. Sometimes men are
 n the street to call the baby's
 r and over again, as though it
 al child lost. They hope to
 soul back home. If a baby
 ile it is being carried from one
 another, the danger of losing
 along the way is very great.
 er carries the little one keeps
 name out loud, so that the
 not stray away. They think
 l as a bird hopping along after

—o:o—

THE HOSE ATROCITY OC- CURRED.

n of Newnan, Ga., forty miles
 nta, is one of the most inter-
 le cities in the State. It is the
 ite of Coweta, and contains
 g like 5,000 people. It is sur-
 by a pretty farming country,
 uated upon a hill which gives
 resque appearance. It is not a
 i, and is one of the wealthiest
 st cultured communities in
 In proportion to population it
 ixth weathliest town in the
 l ranks sixteenth in the United
 t is a place of old families, of

comfortable homes, of beautiful trees
 and handsome churches. The people
 are eminently religious, and give liber-
 ally of their means to support congre-
 gations and erect elegant sanctuaries.

—o:o—

NOTHING NEW.

Attention is directed to the fact that
 not even wireless telegraphy is new un-
 der the sun. It is asserted that as long
 ago as 1746 a man named Winckler
 proved that it was possible to transmit
 electric signals several feet without
 connections of any kind. In the follow-
 ing year, Dr. Watson, bishop of Man-
 daff, transmitted electricity through the
 water of the Thames, so that the shocks
 were felt at a receiving station on the
 opposite shore. In 1748, Benjamin
 Franklin made a similar experiment
 across the Schuylkill River. Others
 made experiments of the same sort in
 later years. But the fact remains that
 these men accomplished nothing prac-
 tical or useful in that particular line.
 One who develops an idea is entitled to
 greater credit than he that originates
 it, but knows not how to produce useful
 results from it.

—o:o—

TALKING WITH FOREIGNERS.

"I am frequently amused," said a gen-
 tleman who notices things, "in remark-
 ing the tendency of most people to raise
 the voice when addressing a foreigner
 who has an imperfect knowledge of the
 language. The impression seems to be
 that the louder one yells the more likely
 one is to be understood, whereas the
 proper way to speak to a foreigner is to
 use a low, distinct tone, and, above all,
 pronounce each word separately. What
 makes any strange language hard to un-
 derstand is the habit which natives fall
 into of running the last syllable of one
 word into the first of the next.

"For instance, you might make a
 sound like this, 'Ice awm is terb lanket

ooday,' and while I would know perfectly well that you said, 'I saw Mr. Blank to-day,' no Frenchman or German, even with a good theoretical knowledge of the tongue would have the faintest idea what you were driving at. Then, the chances are, you proceed to repeat the sentence faster and faster and louder and louder, and go away marveling at the stupidity of our cousins across the pond."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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RUDYARD KIPLING'S METHODIST ANCESTRY.

It is well known that Rudyard Kipling is of Methodist ancestry, but it is not as well known that both his father and mother are children of the Methodist manse. His paternal grandfather was the Rev. Joseph Kipling. I remember him well, for when I was in my teens he was second minister in "our circuit." He was a good, devoted man, and much respected. But he was as plain as a pikestaff in appearance, dress, type of mind, preaching, and everything. He belonged to a well-to-do Cumberland farming family. The brilliancy of the grandson did not come from him. His son, John Lockwood Kipling, was educated at our Ministers' Sons School, Woodhouse Grove. He married Alice Macdonald, daughter of the Rev. George B. Macdonald, also a Wesleyan minister. I knew him fairly well. He was a man of very unusual gifts, brimful of poetry, wit and eloquence. If Rudyard Kipling got his name from his paternal grandfather, he undoubtedly got his brilliancy from his maternal grandfather.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

—o:o—

FUNNY TOOTHACHE CURES.

Before the days of dentists, and when people generally believed in the value of charms, there were ever so many mysterious ways of preventing tooth-

ache. One of these was to rub the right side of the body first—right arm, right shoe, right sleeve, right glove. A favorite plan in Scotland was to draw a tooth, salt it well, and hold it in full view on glowing coals. In Cornwall many save their teeth by rubbing the first young ferns that come up in the spring.

The custom of catching a ground mole, cutting off the tail, and holding the little creature still lives, and is traced to Staffordshire, England. Some people who are afflicted with toothache, after exercising believe that walking—no more, no less—to get a shingle, and rubbing the toothache tree that grows largely well in Canada and Virginia, drive away the worst ache that ever tortured a poor tooth.

The belief that toothache is caused by a worm at the roots is prevalent in many parts of the world; he cure: Reduce several different herbs—the greater variety the better—to a powder. Put a glowing coal in a cup, and inhale the smoke. Afterward breathe into a cup of water, and the worm will be gone forever.

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At the annual meeting of the Free Churches of North Wales, held at Corwen, Dr. Owen Dafydd Iwan, referred at considerable length to difficulties which the denomination feel in regard to the Council of the Free Churches, and the count of their view of regarding communion. Dr. Davies stated that the Welsh Baptist churches with exception held the close communion views, and the executive of the Wales Council had decided that it was one of the subjects upon which the Council could not ask co-operation. Davies hoped that the resolution had been passed would remove the difficulties, and that the Baptists in future be foremost in their support of the Free Churches Union.

❖ THE CAMBRIAN. ❖

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THOUGHT IN SONG.

Prof. H. W. Jones, Topeka, Kan.

Music has ever been a powerful factor either for good or for evil. It has often wrought when other means have failed. It has nerved the soldier for battle, and again, it has lulled to rest the billows of passion, and made brethren of foes. Now it whispers of things divine, or thunders forth the hallelujahs of right triumphant; or ever it may be devilish in its insinuation, or openly blasphemous in its trifling with the most sacred of human instincts. The powers of darkness realize fully as well as the angels of light the attractiveness of well adapted music, and this class of music is not to be heard alone in church or opera, but also in the saloon, the dance hall, and other mechanisms of evil. Each institution uses the class of music that will best further its purpose—at least theoretically this is true.

The power of music lies not in the instrument, nor yet in the personality of the performer, or singer, save as each may have the ability to ex-

press such thought as is contained in what is rendered. There is, or should be, back of every composition some thought in the mind of the composer, which he has chosen thus to express. Some think in rhythm and words; we call them poets. Some think in rhythm and tones; we call them musicians. Some think, but not in rhythm nor tone; we call them prose writers. The basis of whatever is produced is, or should be, thought, and neither words nor tones which are devoid of thought will ever move the world. No performer on earth is able to make effective much of the so-called popular music, for the thought contained is at a minimum. It has always been a little difficult to obtain anything substantial from vacuum.

One very obvious reason for the power that lies in effective song is that thought is involved in our melody and in the words. There is either agreement or disagreement entire or partial between the thought

expressed in the melody and that expressed in the words. If music and words are adapted more or less perfectly to each other, the combined, or reinforced thought is stronger than that of either alone, and there is thus an advantage in song. If words and music are not adapted to each other, there results a cancellation of thought. Each neutralizes the other, and the combination is weaker than either alone. If there be no advantage in a combination, it were better far that each element should stand on its own merits as a poem, or a song without words. There are melodies which no words will enrich; there are words to which music can add no power. The indiscriminate combination of melodies and poems is one of the causes that conduce to that "tired feeling" of which a thoughtful musical public frequently and justly complain. Think of a congregation singing, in the minor key, of the glory and happiness of the New Jerusalem, or of the agony of Christ on the Cross in major, double quick-march time. Reflect on the probable fate of that youth who would serenade his thoughtful sweetness by expressing his tender emotion in a melody which might well serve as a rallying song for a victorious football team. He should be ostracized together with his friend who wrote a slumber song with full orchestra and brass band accompaniment. True these may be extreme cases, but unfortunately they are not fictitious. Much of our church music is

open to this criticism, and many of the songs used in the Sabbath schools are magnificent illustrations of "musical misfits." Interspersed among hymns and tunes which are worthy to live as long as the race are others, utterly devoid of value either literary or musical, of sickly sentiment, of doubtful rhyme, of variegated metre, and of deformed feet. They sell and are sung probably on the theory that songs are judged by the company they keep, and, while the really worthy songs give respectability to a book, those less worthy furnish the publisher with "padding." Happily, there are some signs of improvement in all this. Nor should it be inferred that sacred music is more faulty than other kinds, for—but tell it not in Gath—one frequently encounters a misfit even in such foreign and "cake walk" songs as are sung by Sig. Gasolini and Sig. Pickaninni respectively—two gentlemen, by the way, who are loved unwisely but too well by the American people.

In the hurry of business, we are apt to think that real value and commercial value are synonymous. The song that sells readily is not always the best song. The dime novel sells more readily than the Bible in some communities, and among some classes. Whisky often sells more readily than flour, but the real value of each is immeasurably different from the other. Art can not be reduced to a money basis. The world's best songs—those that have stood the test of time—were not written for a prize.

The grandest painters did not paint according to their pay. In art, reward, here or hereafter, comes for service; in business, service comes for a reward. The value of a song is not to be measured by the popularity of the composer, nor, alas, in the number who sing it. Rather does its worth consist in what it does to make the world brighter and better —in what it has of thought, matured and well wrought out. A thoughtless song well sung is effort wasted; a thoughtful song sung thoughtlessly is labor lost; but a thoughtful song sung thoughtfully carries therewith a message, for good or evil, upon which may hang the fate of a nation, or the eternal destiny of a race.



THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

By Thomas Love Peacock.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter;
 We therefore deem'd it meeter
 To carry off the latter.
 We made an expedition;
 We met an host and quell'd it;
 We forced a strong position
 And kill'd the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
 Where herds of kine were browsing,
 We made a mighty sally,
 To furnish our carousing.
 Fierce warriors rush'd to meet us;
 We met them, and o'erthrew them;
 They struggled hard to beat us,
 But we conquer'd them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
 The king march'd forth to catch us;
 His rage surpass'd all measure,
 But his people could not match us;
 He fled to his hall-pillars;
 And, ere our force we led off,
 Some sack'd his house and cellars,
 While others cut his head off.

We there in strife bewildering,
 Spilt blood enough to swim in;
 We orphan'd many children
 And widow'd many women.
 The eagles and the ravens
 We glutted with our foemen;
 The heroes and the cravens,
 The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle.
 And much their land bemoan'd them,
 Two thousand head of cattle
 And the head of him who own'd them;
 Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
 His head was borne before us;
 His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
 And his overthrow our chorus.



THE OBSERVATORY.

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

Attending the meetings of the B. Y. P. U. at Taylor, Pa., the other day, a young lady accosted me in a kindly manner with—"We very seldom see you any more, but we commune with you occasionally, for we take the 'Cambrian' now."

This set me thinking somewhat, the conclusion of which was, that now and again I should note down some observations in these columns which would at least attempt to be of peculiar interest to the fair sex.

Let many more of the wives and daughters of Cambro-Americans take the "Cambrian," and I am certain of two things as a result—the men will at once take more interest in it, and the "Cambrian" itself will soon develop so as to be second to

no other magazine of its kind in the land.

First of all, it strikes me that to be pretty and beautiful is a condition that never lags in interest with the younger portion of the better half of the race, if indeed at any period of their life, and especially so while on the sunny side of middle age, the demarcation line of which should always be with them at fifty.

The woman who is indifferent to her looks is short of a vital element essential to true womanhood. And the bachelor who remarked the other day on seeing a young woman steaming her face—"If I had a wife and saw her doing that, I would at once apply for a divorce," sadly lacks in true conception of the philosophy

man's life, if indeed, he is not a pronounced cynic.

* * * * *

man to be beautiful. Some will with a careless grin and scoff at the idea, but nevertheless, the thoughtful will readily recognize this to be infinitely more practicable and profitable than the tomfooleries incumbent upon the students of the present day. A woman meant to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out as far as possible this intention of her maker.

That steaming, powdering, darning, cosmetics and dress are all that it all, and to suffice, is more than we can be brought to believe in the present status of mind.

What then are the essentials? The first is the line of procedure which should be undertaken in order to realize the accomplishment? The walk, the movements of the body, and finally, the expression of the face, particularly the eyes are the visible elements of beauty, while at the same time these are the fruit of the cultivation of the temper, the intellect, the

The training then must of necessity be first and foremost in the cultivation of mind and spirit, and consequently, the soundest and most correct doctrine in matters of the kind is that, based upon scientific research, which places the inward first and pre-eminent, while the outward takes the second rank and is regarded as an essential appendage.

* * * * *

The cultivation of inward graces of the mind is the most potent

cause and agent of beautifying physical effects. And just because we love to see girls look well, as well as live to some purpose, we would urge upon such a course of reading and study as will confer such charms as no modiste can possibly supply. The power of education to beautify is such that it will absolutely chisel the features; many a thick pair of lips, clumsy looking noses, and plain features in general have been so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment as to be unrecognizable. And the fact that so many people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened summer of good looks and mellow tones, must indisputably be attributed to this. Again, there are no sources of more deleterious effects upon some of the vital organs of the body, and consequently, directly affecting the circulation, as anger, worry, fretfulness and malice. The subduing of these tendencies and the cultivation of the inward graces, is therefore obligatory if only for the complexion's sake! Add to this cultivation a brave endurance of the ills which befall you on the pilgrimage of life, and youth itself will be freshened and prolonged far beyond the usual time. The sophisticated young woman will probably scorn the advice which instructs her to regard ruling her temper and cultivating a charitable spirit in the line of cosmetics and toilet, that however, will not mar the truth that a tranquil mind, a gracious spirit coupled with a good circulation are excellent re-

cipes for a clear eye and a beautiful complexion.

* * * *

A pleasant, cheerful countenance is always attractive, and should be cultivated concomitantly with the foregoing inward graces. To become experts in this as in anything else requires persistent practice and exercise, and one must not expect to be proficient in a week or even a month. Bernardine in "Ships that Pass in the Night," took twenty-six years to learn how to smile! Every spare moment endeavor to relax the muscles of the face with a smile, and practice the art. Men do not like to see women worry and fret, and every girl possibly expects to become the guiding-angel of some man or another.

The sunshiny woman—what a prize! Her nature abounds with the radiance of sweet, generous impulses and kindly sentiment. The ocean of love in her heart causes

these to rise in waves which break into the sweetest smiles upon the shore of her charming face, and with which she warms and kindles the heart and soul of the sterner sex. When such becomes a wife she is a helpmate in very truth, and brings into her husband's life an element of joy that no future calamity can entirely eliminate. She is the effervescence of the sunbeams brightening all within the radius of their influence, a sort of mental bracer, a melancholia dispeller, and a power making for good wherever she is found. Her name is not legion, alas! neither is the gem found in vast numbers, but, like the diamond, she scintillates the more brilliantly amid the dark, sombre and gruesome surroundings of every day life. May God bless her, and may she multiply until sufficiently numerous to usher the advent of the crowning age of goodness and love.



POET LAUREATE'S TRIBUTE.

"An Indian Summer" is the title of a poem by Mr. Alfred Austin published in the *London Times*. The Poet Laureate likens the Queen's life to the cycle of the seasons. There are thirteen verses; the last two are as follows:

O what a harvest, Lady, now is ours!
 Empire, and fame, and glory, and above
 Glory and fame, a Universe's love;
 Love rooted deep in reverence that ensures
 Remembrances of your Name, as long as time endures.

Long may the Indian Summer of your days
 Yet linger in the Land you love so well!
 And long may we who no less love You dwell
 In the reposeful radiance of your gaze,
 A golden sunset seen through Autumn's silvery haze.

THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

Delivered at the Ivorite Banquet, New York.

By Gen. Thomas L. James, New York.

You have given me a topic as broad as the earth, and as wide as humanity, and one that stretches back beyond the memory of man and the record of history.

The Celtic people have ever been a warlike race. Without arms and without discipline, the ancient Britons, on the first invasion, beat back the Roman army commanded by the greatest soldier of his time, Julius Caesar himself. The ruined castles that dot the mountain sides of the land of our fathers bear witness to their love of liberty and to their dauntless courage. Defeated though they have been, they were never subdued. No people have greater reason to be proud of their leaders in the Middle Ages than have the Welsh over the deeds of Prince Llewellyn and "stout" Owen Glendower. The mere mention of Harlech Castle recalls its gallant defence by Owen ap Evan ap Ivan. When summoned by the Earl of Pembroke who had invested the castle, the dauntless Welshman replied: "I have held a castle in France until all the old women of Wales had heard of it; and I shall hold this castle until all the old women of France shall talk about it." And hold it he did, for seven long years, fighting not only the foe without, but gaunt

famine within, and, at last, marching from out its crumbling walls, with colors flying, to the strains of triumphant music and with all the honors of war.

We Welshmen may, too, glory in the deeds of that great man, Oliver Cromwell, who was the first to teach the crowned heads the lesson, that they ruled not alone by the will of God, but by the consent of the people they governed. Look at him as he led the charge of his "Old Ironsides" at Chester, and rode down the trained veterans of Prince Rupert. Again observe him, at Naseby and at Worcester, and also when, between the land and the sea, and confronted by an army of three times the number of his, as the sun arose, he quoted from the Psalm: "Arise, O God, and let thine enemies be scattered;" and, hurling his army against the foe, "out of the nettle, danger, he plucked the flower, safety," in the crowning victory at Dunbar.

And, coming down to our own times, for I must be brief, we can point to, and glory in the distinguished services of those grand soldiers of the Revolution, "Mad" Anthony Wayne, the captor of Stony Point, and to Daniel Morgan, who won the victory at Cowpens.

In our Civil War, too, if General

Grant was of Scottish descent, Sherman of English extraction, and Sheridan of Irish lineage, we Welshmen can claim that that gallant Captain "without fear and without reproach," the "Rock of Chickamauga," the illustrious soldier, George Henry Thomas, who never lost a battle, was of Welsh descent. The heroic com-

velous discipline, they closed their shattered columns, and still came on. Old "Pop" Thomas, however, was there, and suddenly rang out his stern command: "Whole line charge bayonets,"—and Hood's army was ground to powder.

In a little graveyard near the city of Troy, overlooking the lordly Hud-



Gen. George H. Thomas

mander of the Army of Cumberland will be remembered as long as the Rock of Chickamauga stands. Nor can the people of the Republic ever forget that bleak December morning, when, at Nashville, the Confederate veterans of a hundred battles, under the lead of the intrepid Hood in person, charged the Union army. On they came, just as day was breaking, expecting an easy victory. Cannon, loaded to the lips, tore huge gaps in their ranks; but, with mar-

son, rests all that is mortal of the great commander; but the lesson of his life and of his deeds is the property of the country he served so well and of the race whence he sprung.

To children of ours poring over Plutarch's pages, we can say that Wales has heroes, and point to the deathless name of George Henry Thomas.

One word as to the Navy: "Hearts of oak and iron and steel are our ships, and gallant tars are our men."

The deeds of Blake, of Drake, and of Nelson, that made their names immortal, have been re-enacted by the sailors of the American Navy, and there are no prouder names on the roll of fame than Paul Jones, Richard Barry, Stephen Decatur, Bain-

Welshmen, and challenge the naval powers of the world to match them if they can.

I should be guilty of infidelity, did I fail to mention the name of that famous Chaplain of the United States man of war "Texas," the Rev.



Chaplain Harry W. Jones.

bridge, Hull, Charles Stewart, Thomas McDonough, Oliver Hazard Perry, Farragut, Porter and Cushing. If, to-day, we Cambrians cannot claim the greatest naval commander living—I refer, of course, to that sea king, Admiral George Dewey,—we can, at least, assert our kinship to Admiral Sampson and "Fighting" Bob Evans, both sturdy

Harry W. Jones, a Baptist clergyman, and a full-blooded Cambrian. He it was who read the burial service over the dead marines at Guantanamo, while a battle was in progress, and while the burial party was under fire, and some of its number wounded, the Spanish troops firing on the party, in disregard of decency and the laws of humanity. This pic-

ture of a "man of God" reading reverently and calmly, the "service for the dead," while men are dropping around him like ten-pins from the effect of wounds inflicted by bullets

from rifles in the hands of barbarous Spaniards, reveals the chivalry as well as the high courage of our old Cambrian race, to which it is our honor and our glory to belong.



A KANSAS PULPIT.

Rev. H. J. Whitby, B. D.

In the current number of the "Advance," we have the portrait and a partial notice of the life of Rev. C. M. Sheldon of Topeka, Kansas. Rev. Sheldon is known to a majority of your readers as the author of "In His Steps," a work which is easily the most popular among the popular books of the day. It is not my intention to discuss the work or the public state of mind, which finds itself mirrored in the work. The philosophy of the popularity of this little book is a question for the philosopher. I desire simply to supply a few facts about its author. This I believe, will be of interest to your readers.

Last week the Congregationalists of this State met in Rev. Sheldon's church, which is called the Central Church of Topeka. The church is by no means central to the city; for its location is not far from Washburn College, which adjoins the country district. "In His Steps" has, however, made Mr. Sheldon and his church the centre of an interest which is as wide as the social unrest

of this closing decade of the century. The church is in a growing portion of the city, and is second to none in the influences which it sends forth to the community. The building itself is in no wise imposing, as you see it for the first time as you step down from the car at the corner, and when you enter it you are very agreeably surprised to find a very commodious edifice, divided off into two large apartments, one for the main audience room, and another for reception purposes, or, if needs be, for increasing the sitting capacity of the main audience room. Both these rooms were used as one during the State Association season, and there was nothing to remind you that they were two rooms save the two or three slender pillars, which stood in the line of division. The preacher when he occupied his pulpit, looked straight out upon these two rooms, having to his right his own study and a class room. The study looked as if it might be the daily study of the pastor.

Mr. Sheldon himself is singularly

devoid of the clerical appearance. Anybody might, with the best of intention, have taken him to be a kind-hearted business man as he found him busily occupied in receiving and directing visitors with the committee appointed for that work. Indeed, one of the visitors took him to be such a person. In the evening, however, the pastor rid himself of the round coat, and donned one more in accord with the traditions of the pulpit. Mr. Sheldon, doubtless, would not stop on a little matter of this kind, any more than he would stop to ask why he runs the matter of his sermon so often into the mould of the story form, instead of the classical pulpit forms. The form is to him, one would think, a secondary question. At the centre and core of the man's life is a deep spiritual soul saving-purpose, which dominates whatever he does.

About a year ago it was the privilege of the writer of these lines to stay with Mr. Sheldon in one of the Eureka homes of this State a few days. During that time we were very deeply impressed with the man's earnestness and simplicity. The social question is to him, as to many more, a very real question. His

contribution to its solution is given not merely in his books, but in his own practical, every day work. The interest, Anglo-Saxon interest, which his works have called forth is to be attributed, chiefly, to the fact that his preaching has back of it unusual amount of practice.

Mr. Sheldon was born at Wells-ville, New York, February 26, 1857, and his father was a preacher who broke down as a pastor, and took to farming in South Dakota, where the lad developed a robust constitution, and Mr. Sheldon loves to remember how one winter he took all the works of Scott out with him, and devoted all his spare moments to them. Then he went to Phillip's Academy, Brown University and Andover. While at Andover he wrote for some of our most popular story papers. The Central Church, Topeka, is Mr. Sheldon's second pastorate, and is the creation of his own and of his fellow workers, &c. His stories are most of them given to his own people, and then to the world. He is still young, and may yet reap a fortune in place of the one he has lost by not securing copyrights upon his works.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

Two waifs were arrested lately in this city, by a magnificent looking sergeant of police, for singing in the streets incidentally. There was a scuffle, of course, while hundreds of citizens cheered the plucky lads, who succeeded in tearing the fine blue coat of the officer into shreds. The boys got the best of it, also, in the Justice Court, where they were slightly reprimanded and dismissed. The pretty singers only sang "Just One Girl," but there may be reasons why Bobbie could not stand it. Some "one girl" doubtless, had made his life miserable, and to be reminded of it in the open street was too much for him. One of the prettiest sights, and the sweetest singing that the writer had listened to for some time, was to watch a boot-black of about 10 summers singing the same "One girl" song one evening to a large crowd waiting for a street car. He received many a nickel for his voice and talent.

When will the day dawn when glee societies, choral unions, or oratorio societies will become a permanent fashion in our musical Welsh neighborhoods, rather than spasmodic competitive choirs? The writer has pleaded for "organizations" from many an Eisteddfodic platform. We have the voices, the fervor, the pathos and enthusiasm galore, but

we are still minus the study of music, the sufficient love for the art that produces patient work, the desire to excel in true and unstrained singing, and intelligent interpretation of important works. It is a significant fact, as stated in a "Musical Times" of recent date, that many Eisteddfod committees are at the mercy of the choirs, and unless well known glees and choruses which have been sung thread-bare, in a sense, in prize competitions, are selected as test pieces, they will not condescend to take part. This is a deplorable state of affairs, and it is true in many instances in this country, as well as in Wales. It is old time that the Eisteddfod should be reformed, and be made an uplifting power in the interest of education and art.

It was at the Tonypandy Eisteddfod, held Easter Monday last, that a most unique mode of prize-giving originated, which has been commented upon by some of the American musical magazines, but not to our credit. We quote from the May "Musical Times:" "In the smaller male voice choir section the Blaenclydach music lovers, under Mr. Benjamin Davies, gained the first prize, which included a pair of boots for the conductor; the second prize, which included a pair of trousers for the conductor, being won by the

ly Male Voice Party, conducted
r. John Michael."

erwise, the said Eisteddfod was
st enjoyable and successful
. We are inclined to believe
the "boots" and "trousers"
intended for fun and frolic,
is the mirth-propensity of the
ge South-Walian when he
hes the atmosphere of an Eisd-
od.

derewski, the celebrated pianist,
married the other day to a
h lady of culture, and one
y of his genius. The music-
of the artist is covered all over
musical relics representing al-
all of the great composers of
17th, 18th and 19th centuries.

paintings and lithographs of
celebrities look down from the
all around. It is said by his
ate friends that Paderewski is
of the most sensible and consid-
of men, and that the silly
-worship exhibitions indulged
his piano recitals by American
s in our leading cities, amused
greatly, but he wisely, and with
r dignity, also, allowed the silli-
to proceed, because the ducats
along with it in shovel-fulls.

is said that Reginald Roberts,

tenor of the Castle Square Opera
Co., now singing in their twelfth
week of splendid work in Chicago,
is of Welsh descent. Surely, he has
the Keltic fire in song and action—
I am inclined to pronounce him one
of the most satisfactory "act-gan-
wyr" in the land, with a tendency to
waste precious emotion. Blessed is
the man or woman who can sing
warmly and keep cool also.

At the London Crystal Palace,
Saturday afternoon concerts, the
novelties and revivals of neglected
works" are the most attractive
features. This leads me to ask—
when shall we hear some of the
"neglected works," or "buried com-
positions" the prize compositions of
hundreds of Eisteddfods?

Mr. Hirwen Jones, the tenor, is
praised by the London press for his
excellent singing in the Bach choir
contest lately at Queen's Hall, when
Professor Villiers Stanford conduct-
ed some of the standard works.
This scholarly musician, Prof. Stan-
ford, yielded the baton gracefully to
Sir Hubert Parry in the second part
which consisted of the latter's set-
ting of scenes from Shelley's "Pro-
metheus Unbound."



Our Country this! our Home, for here we live,
And life is here the best that heaven can give;
The land we live in, like the Promised land,
Has goodness, breath and cheer on every hand.
O! what a land is this! such stores, indeed,
Well nigh sufficient all mankind to feed!

—E. E.

THE GIFT OF MUSIC.

 By R. Davies, Pittsburg, Pa.

That the gift of music is peculiarly a heritage of the Welsh people is a fact which is not likely to be disputed by any one who is in any degree familiar with the Cambrian character. The German or the Italian is musical largely because of his environment; his musical achievements are the results of opportunities in a land abounding in concert halls, opera houses and conservatories, to say nothing of the fact that a musical education is commonly a legacy handed down from father to son, from generation to generation, until the process has evolved immortal geniuses like Handel, Mozart and Wagner.

In truth, everything, except, perhaps, purely personal circumstances—is favorable to the development of musical talent; in Italy and in parts of Germany and France, even the climate is disposed to deal kindly by the indigent plodder after knowledge

and fame. On the other hand, the Welshman is musical not because, but in spite of conditions by which he is surrounded. To acquire even a rudimentary knowledge of the divine art he is compelled to struggle against adverse forces, such as lack of means and opportunities, as well as the industrial character of his country, which bars the toiler from the advantages derivable from residence in cities which contain institutions specially adapted to the needs of self-helpers.

Nothing, then, remains but the Eisteddfod, which, practically indispensable as it is to the student, fulfils the part of a critic rather than of a teacher—of an incentive rather than of a school. Yet, despite countless obstacles, Cambria's musical sons and daughters are winning laurels which come only to those who have the courage to enter the lists and the power to succeed.



A MEMORIAL TO EMINENT WELSHMEN AT LLANSANNAN.

At Llansannan, Denbighshire, in the presence of a large gathering, Mrs. Herbert Roberts, the wife of Mr. J. Henry Roberts, M. P., on May 23rd, unveiled a memorial to William Salesbury, the translator of the New Testament into Welsh; Henry Rees and William Rees, the two eminent preachers; and Tudor Aled and Iorwerth Glan Aled, two noted bards. The erection of the memorial was only made possible by the generosity of Mr. Kearley, M. P., who has a house in the beautiful Aled Vale, in contributing a sum of 200 guineas towards the object, and the other hundred guineas required was subscribed locally. The Rev. Dr. Ellis, rector of Llansannan, undertook the duties of honorable secretary, and Mr. John Morris, J. P., of Llety yr Eos, and Liverpool, acted as chairman of the committee. Mr. Goscombe John, A.R.A., the sculptor, was commissioned to carry out the work, and the memorial which stands in a conspicuous part of the little village took the form of a bronze figure of a Welsh maiden sitting on pedestal steps, at the back of which is a monolith of Denbighshire limestone. The maiden is attired in the traditional Welsh costume, and is wearing a wreath of flowers to commemorate the five Cymric dead, all being symbolical of simple country life.

The most prominent figure in the

assembly was probably Sir Roland Vaughan Williams, the Lord Justice of Appeal, whose presence was accounted for by the fact of his descent from one line of Wm. Salesbury. Another descendant of the same celebrated Welshman in the gathering was Mrs. Mainwaring. Mrs. Davies, Treborth Hall, wife of the late Lord-Lieutenant of Anglesey, was there as the daughter of Henry Rees, as were also her cousins, the Rev. Henry Rees and Mr. Ebenezer Rees (Liverpool), sons of William Rees. Mr. Hughes and Mrs. Hughes, Penmaennawr, represented the family of Iorwerth Glan Aled. There was a heavy downpour of rain, which hindered matters considerably. Mr. Herbert Roberts first addressed the assembly briefly in Welsh, and the ceremony of unveiling the memorial was then accomplished by Mrs. Herbert Roberts.

At an open-air meeting held in a field close by, the chair was occupied by Lord Justice Sir Roland Vaughan Williams, whose first duty was to call upon the Archdruid and Eifionydd (editor of the "Geninen") to recite poetical compositions prepared for the occasion. The chairman, in his address, said that they were there to commemorate those who in their time did much for what was good and true in Welsh life, and he knew from what he had seen that day that those present commemorated those

men with all their hearts, because he noted the way in which they had received the mention of the name of Mr. Thos. Ellis, who had done so much for everything that was good in Welsh life. He was proud to say that, as representing the Salesbury family, there was present that day Mrs. Mainwaring. And he was also happy to say that, to a certain extent, he might himself claim connection with the same family. He did think once he was descended from another William Salesbury. He knew from his mother that she was directly descended from the Salesburys of Bachymbyd. Henry Rees was described as the greatest Welsh preacher of his time, and when that was said of a man he must be a very eloquent man indeed, for whatever else they could do in Welsh they could preach. William Rees was not only the first Welsh novelist, but was also the first person to conduct successfully a paper in Welsh. The fifth worthy whose memory they honored was Iorwerth Glan Aled, and he alone of the five was buried at Llansannan. He did not think that those names were inaptly put together that day. The early bards were associated with the fighting heroes of their day and the sentiment of Welsh independence and self-reliance, but they also appealed to the moral and artistic side of the Welsh people. In fact they appealed to the national sentiment on all sides. The bards were national patriotic poets and leaders of Welsh thoughts, and as such it was their business to

educate Welsh sentiments. When the bards first came along their productions were necessarily handed on from mouth to mouth, but since the art of printing had been invented it might be asked why retain the institution of bards instead of keeping abreast of the progress of the world. The reply which he would make to that was that though the machinery was altered, the old bardic spirit and the old bardic duty were there just the same, and that spirit and that duty were the assertion of sentiment as one of the great forces that govern the world, the assertion of sentiment enforced by no external authority whatever as distinguished from statutory law enforced by the executive of the State, and he thought it was worth while to preserve and foster this sentiment, which had played and was playing an important part in the history of the world. The Peace Conference, for example, was assembled because of the increased power of sentiment in the world. The power of sentiment was already seen in civilised warfare, and so with peace. He thought the time would come when neither ambitious autocrats nor Jingo statesmen would go to war simply because the sentiment of Europe was so strongly against it. Let him, however, not be misunderstood. There might arise causes of war which were so just that he should hope that the Welsh bards would again go about in the old spirit and encourage the Welsh people to fight for what was right. All that he was trying to urge upon them

was that to encourage the bardic spirit was to foster national sentiment, and who could say that in the making of the British Empire sentiment had no share. Wales was not after all content with ideals, as was proved by the fact that in no

proud of the fact that he had the honor of representing in Parliament a place that could boast of being the home of so many mighty and far-famed men, whose spirit and deeds were symbolised in the beautiful memorial which they had just un-



The Memorial at Llansannan

portion of Great Britain did they find so advanced a system of education.

Speeches were also delivered by Mr. William Jones, M. P., Mr. O. M. Edwards, M. P., Professor Lloyd, Rev. Cadvan Davies, and the Rev. Elfed Lewis.

At night another public meeting took place in the Calvinistic Methodist Church. Mr. Herbert Roberts, M. P., who presided, said he felt

veiled. He rejoiced that such a movement had borne practical fruit, and that the memorial was a fact in the history of the country. They were under a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Kearley, by whose generous aid the project had been made possible, and he trusted that the example of Llansannan would soon be followed by many other localities in Wales upon which rested the lustre

of their famous dead. That memorial would always remind them of those best characteristics of their race, which had made Wales what it was to-day. The men whom they were celebrating were giants, and their influence still ruled in many ways the life of Wales. The present memorial would ever remind them of a striking group of their true heroes, and would, he hoped, stimulate them to strive to catch the spirit

and to live out the principles which had given them an abiding place in the history of their country. After referring to the death of Mr. Thomas Ellis, he said it was a solemn occasion to them all, and it behoved them to ponder well the lesson of that beautiful work of art, and to see in it through the shadow of death the light of life, and in the hard and narrow path of sacrifice the only way to imperishable fame.



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By R. v. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

"Not I," said the prince. "Thou didst jump into it of thine own accord."

From Llanidloes the cavalcade followed the river Severn for about fifteen miles, then went almost directly north through Llanvair and along the Vyrnwy to a point a little south of Oswestry, where it struck the main road. As the prince was anxious to press forward, no stops were made, except what were necessary for refreshments; hence he and his escort hurried by Oswestry early in the afternoon, and came in sight of Eliseg Pillar, a little before nightfall. This pillar was then intact, and according to an ancient custom, stood on a tumulus surrounded with green trees. The shaft,

which, with the exception of the capital, was round, was fixed in a square pedestal, and measured twelve feet. Like all other pillars of the period to which it belonged, it was a memorial of the dead, and was surrounded with an inscription. As the cavalcade approached it Trahaiarn's attention was attracted by an ancient bard who was standing before the pillar seemingly trying to read the inscription, and presently he exclaimed:

"So you, also, venerable bard, are anxious to wrest from the ancient column its long borne secret. I hope you have succeeded, better than most people who have made the attempt."

"I fear, Sir Knight, that my suc-

cess is but indifferent since my father neglected my Latin," replied the bard, casting a quick glance in the direction of the voice. "I was just wishing that some one better acquainted with the language of our first invaders might come to my assistance, and perchance I am fortunate enough to find such a one in you."

"If you mean that I am able to read that inscription," said Trahaiarn, "I must surely disappoint you, for in the matter of Latin my education is as defective as yours. But if you so desire I can tell you the substance of what scholars say the inscription contains."

"I shall not depreciate your kindness, seeing that next to reading the inscription itself nothing would be more acceptable than a narrative of its contents."

"There is but little to tell. As you see, the pillar is old, but not so old as to be classed with the rude columns of Druidical times. It was erected in memory of Eliseg, the father of Brochmail Ysgithrog by Congen, his grandson. It is a wonder that hostility or fanaticism has not long ago demolished it, with many other of our national relics. But I must cut my words short, as darkness will soon be upon us."

"Thank you. I also must hasten on my journey, for if I am rightly informed, I have yet a few miles to travel before reaching Llandegla, where I shall spend the night at the hall of Ievan Vychan."

"Good! You shall have plenty of

company, for I and my escort shall also tax the young warrior's hospitality to-night. Cadwallader, can't thou walk a part of the way that our friend the bard may ride? We must please his humor, for we shall expect to have a proof of his bardic skill before we sleep."

"Trouble not yourself, friend, on my behalf," the bard hastened to say. "My feet are not unaccustomed to walking, nor have I traveled so far to-day that my strength is not equal to the few remaining miles before me."

As Cadwallader was not opposed to taking a little exercise on foot after a day in the saddle, and as Trahaiarn further insisted that the bard ride the rest of the way, the latter presently did as he was requested, and the cavalcade proceeded at a moderate pace for the accommodation of the prince's squire, who brought up the rear.

"I infer, from what you have said," remarked Trahaiarn, addressing the bard at his side, "that this is your first visit to Llandegla. Am I right?"

"Ay, and I doubt whether I would seek the place even at this time had not Ievan Vychan sent me a pressing invitation to come to a feast which he is about to hold," was the reply.

"Then I may further infer," said the prince, "that you have not heard of the famous spring of Gwern Degla and the interesting legend and ceremonies connected with it."

"As you know we bards and the

priestly order have but little love for each other, hence I trouble myself but very little with priestly superstition. Since you are neither priest nor monk, however, I shall be glad, by way of diversion, to learn the legend from your lips, and to listen to any other information about this particular one of the many wonderful springs which the saints have pleased to give us."

"Dislike for the hypocritical horde who infest our land under the sacred name of priests and monks is not all on the side of the bards. Were I better known to you you would find but little difference in our feelings on that subject. Nor did I refer to the spring of St. Tecla, because I am a firm believer in priestly superstition, but because the associations of the place which we shall soon reach naturally came to my mind."

"St. Tecla is the name of the patron saint of this spring, then, and the place, I judge, was named after her."

"Ay, and if tradition is reliable, she was a most worthy saint. She was converted by St. Paul, and suffered martyrdom under Nero at Iconium."

"The spring, I suppose, affords a certain cure for some disease, and what may it be?"

"St. Tecla's disease, or the falling sickness. But this disease is not cured by the water alone; certain rites have to be observed. When the sun sets the patient washes his limbs in the spring, drops an offer-

ing of four pence into it, walks around it three times, each time repeating the Lord's prayer. Then the patient, if a man, offers a cock to Tecla Hygeia; if a woman, a hen. The fowl is placed in a basket and carried successively, with appropriate prayers, around the well, the church yard, and the church. Entering the church, the patient then gets under the communion table, where he or she lies with the Bible for a pillow until dawn, and departs, after offering six-pence, leaving the fowl in the church. This ends the ceremonies; yet the cure is not complete unless the bird dies."

"What intolerable foolishness! These accursed priests palm off any absurdity they please on the far too credulous people in order to get their money. Say what you will, I for one think our forefathers made a great mistake in giving up Druidism. That religion, at least, was true to nature, and was not a bundle of hypocrisies and absurdities, like the religion of Rome."

"I have no desire to return to Druidism, for it also had its absurdities, not to say cruelties. As Morgan, the King's chaplain, well says, what we need is the purification of the religion we have. The founder of Christianity gave not the world a bundle of corruption and contradictions for religion, but a system of noble truths and principles. He should be our guide, and not the haughty and voluptuous head of the soul-destroying system which an intelligent man must hate."

The cavalcade had by this time reached the loneliest part of the rough and narrow road which led to Llandegla, and as it was now quite dark the prince and his escort peered in vain into the woods on either side. Nothing was farther from their minds, perhaps, than the fear of an attack by outlaws, as no one had been molested in that vicinity from time immemorial. If any of them especially disliked the dark shadows of the woods it was more from a fear of goblins than from a suspicion of danger. The prince, like the others, being off his guard and intent upon carrying on his part of the conversation was ill prepared for the misfortune which now befell him. The first intimation of danger which he received was the falling of his horse pierced by an unseen spear; then the realization of being seized by a number of violent hands, while his men were being attacked on every side by a force that was at least double their own number. A small proportion of his men found themselves being trampled to death before they hardly knew what had happened; others, and among them the prince's squire, offered such resistance as was possible under the circumstances. The chief concern of all of them was the prince, and such of them as were in a position to do so made repeated attempts to reach the spot where they thought he was, only to be repeatedly forced back by their fierce but unseen foes. Yet on the whole they fared better than their assailants, as they all wore ar-

mor, while the latter did not. When the fighting seemed to be deadliest, the cries fiercest, and the lightning-flashes of oft-repeated blows most terrible, a blast from a trumpet, which reverberated through the woods, suddenly left the prince's escort without a single antagonist. Cadwallader and one or two others attempting to follow the retiring foes knocked themselves senseless by running against trees, while a few stood confounded amidst the dead and wounded. Then presently these few, desiring to know what had become of Trahaiarn, slowly picked their way forward, and came upon a solitary figure clad in armor lying under a dead horse. Was this their chief? Was he dead or alive? These questions they vainly asked as they tried to remove the prostrate form from under the crushing weight that was upon it. Nor were they any better informed as to the identity of the unfortunate knight when he was taken out from under the horse, for it was impossible to see his face, as the darkness was still intense. Whoever he was, however, they were no longer in doubt as to his being dead, and the question of identification was settled when the moon arose.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sad News Reaches the Castle.

It was more than an hour before Cadwallader recovered consciousness, and the first thought that entered his mind concerned the prince.

He remembered that he had learned nothing as to how he had fared during the attack, and now that the rays of the full moon were struggling through the trees, he hastened to the scene of the late engagement, suffering not a little from a large contusion on the forehead. The surviving members of the escort received him as one from the dead, and in answer to his eager inquiries informed him that they could find no trace of either the prince or the bard. Two of their comrades were dead, also four of the horses, including Trahaiarn's favorite palfrey. The other horses were nowhere to be seen. Their assailants had lost five of their number in the attack. After learning these facts the squire agreed with the rest that the best they could do would be to proceed to the village with their dead comrades, and after their burial hasten to Rhuddlan Castle with the news of what had befallen them. As Llandegla was scarcely a mile away the journey thither occupied but little time. Before reaching the village the travelers were fortunate enough to find nearly all the missing palfreys, and upon these together with a few borrowed horses they proceeded northward early the next morning, leaving the remains of the dead knights in the village grave-yard. As they had expected they found no trace of the bard at Ievan Vychan's house, and they were surprised when told that the young chief knew nothing of his coming. Not unnaturally then the more they thought of the

matter the more inclined they were to regard the bard as an accomplice of their assailants. As yet, however, they were wholly uncertain as to the real character of their late antagonists, and hence as to the fate of Trahaiarn. If the attack had been made by some petty chieftain who had a grudge against the prince they considered the latter's chances very dubious; but if it had been made by outlaws they thought he would soon regain his liberty by paying a ransom. For the sake of the princess they decided to advance the latter theory, and wait for further developments.

It was past noon when they reached the castle, and the news they brought created much excitement. The king swore that he would have the whole country scoured by his forces, and every outlaw put to death. But in his cooler moments he thought it better policy to abandon the whole scheme, hoping that his favorite servant would appear in due time. Nest received the news with tears of disappointment and apprehension. She had counted so much on her lover's return. Her heart had thrilled at the thought of seeing him again. She had imagined many pleasant things that he would say to her, and had prepared several little speeches that she would make to him in return. She did not know exactly when to expect him; but she had ascended the watch-tower several times to try to catch a glimpse of him. When at last a cloud of dust announced the approach of a caval-

cade from the south she was sure that he was coming. How her heart beat with anticipation! It seemed a century from the time the dust first appeared till the horsemen approached near enough to be recognized, and the princess almost fainted when she perceived that Trahaiarn was not among them. Where could he be? Why was not his squire with him? Why should her maid be more blessed than she? At this last thought she looked almost savagely at Enid, and seeing a glow of pleasure on her cheeks a fit of jealousy siezed her, and she pounced upon the unoffending maid and gave her a vigorous shaking. Conscious of having committed no offense, and being greatly astonished Enid could do nothing but stare in absolute silence at first. In her delight at seeing Cadwallader she had not noticed the absence of the prince; but the vigorous shaking which the princess gave her caused her to take a more comprehensive glance at the horsemen, and hence to find an explanation of the strange conduct of her mistress. The latter's mood had undergone another change, however, before she could speak even one word of sympathy, and she dumbly followed her to the hall where in common with the chief members of the household she listened to Cadwallader's account of the attack.

Anxious as Enid was to have a private interview with her lover the princess took Trahaiarn's misfortune so much to heart that the maid found no opportunity to leave her mistress

till late the next day. Her efforts at consolation did her much credit, and her mistress some good.

"Did he say the assailants were outlaws?" asked the princess for the third time, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"That is what I understood him to say, the maid patiently replied, "and your royal father, you remember, said that he would put all the outlaws in the country to the sword."

"That is easier said than done, Enid. The robbers have so many hiding places, and they have so many confederates that they do very much as they please. Would that I knew where they have taken him, that I might go and plead for his liberty. I would give all that I have for his ransom."

"If you but exercise patience you shall doubtless hear from them soon. But I fear their exactions will exceed both the prince's and your ability to pay. But the prince's credit is good, which is one consolation."

"If the ransom which others have been made to pay is a sign of what we are to expect, they will not be sparing in their demands of the prince. But a man will give anything for his liberty—perhaps I ought to say for his life, for I cannot rid myself of a suspicion that the attack which deprived my betrothed of liberty had another cause than the obtaining of a ransom."

Here the princess again burst into tears, and her sobs for a time bade fair to baffle Enid's attempts to pacify her.

"The prince has no enemies, for is he not the most popular chief in Gwynedd?" said the maid, sitting beside her mistress and supporting her head on her shoulder. "Why then should his captors have any design on his life?"

"I am not so sure that he has no enemies," said Nest between her sobs, "for is not my father among the best of men? yet he has his enemies."

"What! still making yourself miserable, daughter, over what oceans of tears cannot improve?" exclaimed the queen coming into the room. "It ill becomes a princess to be blubbering and weeping, sobbing and wailing like a country wench who is jilted by a lout. What if your lover has fallen among thieves? May he not again regain his liberty? Some that I know full well have greater reason to weep, for their hearts sigh for lovers that are worse than dead, while fate compels them to suppress their tears and smile upon those they love not."

"A princess is but flesh and blood, and I have no more reason to be ashamed of my tears than I am of my love," retorted Nest, her resentment for the moment getting the better of her tears. "Were I not to weep for Trahaiarn I should consider myself unworthy of his love."

"The thunder shower is soon over, daughter, and a swelling torrent soon passes away. When you are older you will learn self-restraint, and nurse your griefs in silence. In the meantime calm yourself and be

reasonable if not for your father's.

As usual the unsympathizing Nest almost beyond intentions, no doubt inflict pain was a pose as her wor pressing her good rolled on her n better knowledge and impulsive nature else her attempt would not always censure. There the queen wondered were to blame effects her word cess; as a rule, buted Nest's res lack of patience her part, and sl room on this c vinced than eve most wilful girl heard of.

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reasonable if not for my sake then for your father's."

As usual the queen's tactless and unsympathizing manner irritated Nest almost beyond endurance. Her intentions, no doubt, were good. To inflict pain was as far from her purpose as her words fell short of expressing her goodwill. Yet as years rolled on her manner evinced no better knowledge of the sensitive and impulsive nature of the princess, else her attempts at consolation would not always assume the form of censure. There were times when the queen wondered whether she herself were to blame for the undesirable effects her words had on the princess; as a rule, however, she attributed Nest's resentment to a gross lack of patience and amiability on her part, and she left the princess' room on this occasion more convinced than ever that she was the most wilful girl she had ever seen or heard of.

"Canst thou tell me, Enid," said the princess when Aldyth was gone, "why mother's words never soothe me? Is she incapable of sympathy? Why does she always speak to me as though I had no feelings, and as though my troubles were mere fancies? Why can she not speak to me as thou dost? Thy words are to me like ointment to a wound. To thee I am not a monster incapable of pleasure and pain, but one of like passions and feelings with thyself. Thou art not unacquainted with my moods, nor dost thou always preach to me."

"I fear that you overvalue my temper," said the maid, not a little flattered by the princess' words.

"No I do not," said Nest with emphasis. "Thou art more like a friend to me than a maid, Enid. But I have acted worse than an enemy to thee. I have kept thee from thy lover as though thou wast to blame because the prince has not returned. But thy kind heart will forgive my foolish jealousy, and receive my permission to grant thy sweetheart the interview he seeks, as evidence of my good will. Go, for he has been patiently waiting for an hour or more for an opportunity to see thee; and if he has received the least hint of the prince's whereabouts do not delay in bringing the news to me."

A hearty embrace and a kiss showed the gratitude of the maid, and she hastened from the room too full of happy anticipation to notice in the twilight the tears that filled the eyes of her mistress. In the court-yard she was joined by Cadwallader, and as the evening was pleasant they took a short stroll in the direction of Conway.

"I began to think I should never see you again, my love, said the squire. "The sun has set but twice since my return, and yet it seems as though I had been waiting a whole lifetime for an opportunity to see you. One thing is sure, either you have lost your wonted fondness for me, or the princess has been too selfish to let us enjoy the privilege which fate has denied her. Why did

you deny me the interview I so much desired last night? The lonely black-bird never longed so much to hear the sweet tones of his mate as I have to hear the music of your voice; the bee is never more anxious to kiss the smiling flowers than I have been to taste once more the honey of your lips. I saw you in the hall yesterday, and a glance at your surpassing beauty was like a ray of light to a prisoner in his dungeon."

"You men are all alike," said Enid. "Your tongues are as flattering as your hearts are selfish. You imagine that we women have no desire in life but to taunt you, or no duty but to fly at your bidding. Perhaps others have had longings no less intense than your own. You must not forget also that my mistress' disappointment and sorrow are as real to her as our pleasure at meeting each other again is to us, and that as yet my first duty is to her as yours is to the prince."

"Come now, Enid, let us forget our duties and troubles for a moment in the happiness of this meeting," said Cadwallader rather impatiently. "When I need a sermon I will seek a priest. You have not told me yet that you are glad to see me. Must I be punished because the princess is deprived of my master's company?"

"No, but before we talk of our own affairs I wish to know whether you have learned ought of the prince that my mistress does not already know?"

"If I had I would gladly communicate it to you, for the prince's misfortune is not a matter of indifference to me. Possibly we shall hear something about him soon, and I pray to the saints that we may. We must not be too hopeful, how-

ever, for we may never hear of him again."

The squire spoke sadly, and it was some time before he and Enid could forget the disagreeable in the agreeable. They returned to the castle, however, in the best of spirits.

(To be continued.)



ABOUT A FAMOUS POEM.

Clara E.. Rewey.

Noticing inquiries lately in the newspapers as to who is the author of the poem "No Sect in Heaven," I judge perhaps some facts concerning the author and poem may be of interest to the reader.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Jocelyn Cleaveland, wrote the poem "No Sect in Heaven" a great many years ago. Mrs. Cleaveland came of a gifted and distinguished family. Her father was the artist Jocelyn of New Haven. He furnished all the words pertaining to art and artists for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and was a very intimate friend of Prof. Morse of telegraph fame, and went abroad with him at one time.

The Jocelyns, as the name implies, are of French extraction, having descended from the royal house of Plantagenet, which reigned long ago in both France and England. They have in their possession an old German agate intaglio seal that has been handed down from one generation to another for hundreds of

years, and originally belonged to one of those old French kings, and has his picture upon it. It seems this old Catholic king used to do penance by flaying himself with a wisp of broom-corn. The figure upon the seal is full length, and has this wisp within its hand. The writer has often received letters stamped with this regal souvenir. The name Plantagenet is derived from the French for broom-corn.

Mrs. Cleaveland's deceased husband was a Congregational minister, stationed at Granby, Conn., for many years. He also preached in a good many different Connecticut villages, usually not far remote from Hartford. Like all ministers' families, they were not wealthy, and had the famous poem been copyrighted it would have yielded a princely income. But, unfortunately, Mrs. Cleaveland could not foresee its popularity, and sent it to a Congregational newspaper, receiving nothing for it except its heritage

of undying fame. One night, after attending church in the evening, she dreamed the main incidents which led to the composition of the poem. It was very widely published in both this country and Europe. About forty thousand editions having been issued in London. It was also published in the school readers. Doubtless many people remember reading it there.

A great grief in Mrs. Cleaveland's rather sad life was the death of her favorite son Jocelyn P. Cleaveland, who died in his twenty-seventh year. He was a graduate from two courses at Yale, the last the law school, and had just been admitted to the United States Supreme Court when he was

called from his very active life to that home beyond all earthly ambition. He was very talented, having already become quite a celebrated criminal lawyer at New Haven. He also inherited his mother's brilliant gift, and was composing a book on a peculiar phase of law at the time of his death.

Mrs. Cleaveland wrote many pretty, sweet things, but nothing to compare in popularity with "No Sect in Heaven."

"Grant me Thy might
That of Thy glory bright,
One spark to future ages I may leave."

Mrs. Cleaveland certainly caught the shining spark that time.



THE ELOQUENCE OF THE EYE.

By Mary H. M. Schutt.

Beautiful eyes, so tender and true,
Spurning restraint and scorning disguise—
Showing the sweet soul shining through,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the skies;
Like the dial, though shaded points to the sun—
So the infinite love of these eyes hath told,
While the shadows are many, the sunlight is one,
There's a dearer wealth than the eyes of gold.

Sorrowful eyes, that touches the cords,
Vibrating in each human breast;
Telling of sorrows too deep for words,
Of hearts that are heavy with cares oppressed.

Telling of hearts that are broken with losses—
That are baffled and beaten and blown about,
That are weary and fainting with heavy crosses
And torn with grief by the winds of doubt.

Passionate eyes, burning and gleaming;
Eyes that are scalded with deadly pain;
Eyes that mirror each thought in their beaming,
Telling their stories again and again;
Scorching the soul with their feverish burning.
Turning the passions to ashes of gall—
Showing the heart with its passionate yearning,
Black shadows glancing where'er they fall.

Laughing eyes in soft ripples dancing,
Little impertinent looks of surprise,
Bright and shifting the sunbeams glancing,
Brilliant and mirthful are these happy eyes;
Sometimes with saint like glances they look—
Limpid and clear in their tranquil repose,
But more legible than a printed book
Are the flashes of mirth, their thoughts disclose.

Scornful eyes that wither and sting;
Baleful eyes with a greedy light;
Eyes that clutch at the very heartstring,
And blackens the mind like wings of night;
That cannot conceal the evil intent—
The treacherous thought that lurks within,
The cunning gaze that on mischief is bent,
The sullen pride, the hatred and sin.

Loving eyes whose silent persuasion
Floods the soul with melodies complete,
Thrilling it with divine benediction,
Leaving the odor of incense sweet;
Sentinel angels of love that impart
Their own pure joys to the moodiest mind,
Banishing sorrow and care from the heart,
Leaving a glow of sunshine behind.





FIELD OF LETTERS

at edition of the "Memoir of Rev. Thomas Job, D. D., Con- the Rev. J. Morris, Penygraig, ill number 5,000 copies. The be published in October.

lways a pleasure to commend Welsh juvenile monthlies— "Plant" and "Trysorfa y o Welsh youth. They are as bright as sunlight, and every ould benefit by their perusal. bers for June open with a bio- sketch of the late T. E. Ellis, Merioneth, adapted to the the young, followed by varie- cannot fail to interest the of Welsh parents.

ronical" for June has the usual articles religious, political, biographical and miscellaneous, rm a pleasing variety for the Denominational notes by the on- sist of the following: Dr. Ministry; Dr. Dale and the Unscriptural Religious Prac- e English Congregational Un- e Llansannan Memorial. The f the month by the editor, are interesting. There is also a variety.

y Byd" is always agreeable with , smart and straightforward re- a questions of interest and sub- the day. It is quite delightful a magazine that is non-sectar- e June number contains articles vs: The Dividing Line of Mat- Spirit; What Shall We Do? nity Wronged; The Way of the The Balloon Man; The Five

Books of Moses, and a miscellany of cor- respondence and poetry.

"Canladau Moliant" (Songs of Praises) is a new Gospel Hymnal, with music, published by J. B. Lodwick, Youngs- town, O., for the use of Sunday Schools, revival meetings, Christian Endeavor meetings, &c., &c. It contains, largely, original music and hymns, especially composed and written for this publica- tion, and we predict that a number of them will become popular. The quality of the words are truly evangelical, and inspired by the most beautiful and com- forting thoughts and ideas of the gospel of Christ, and will help any congrega- tion to fittingly praise and glorify the love of God, and touch the hearts of the children of men. It has been to the pub- lisher, editors, composers and hymn- makers a labor of love.

A MEMOIR of the late Rev. David Rob- erts, D. D., Wrexham, by the Rev. Da- vid Griffith, Bethel: W. Hughes "Dys- gedyda Office, Dolgelley, N. W. J. C. Roberts, 58 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y. Price \$1.

As Mr. Griffith states in his Introduc- tion to this very entertaining volume, the late Rev. D. Roberts was one of the foremost Welshmen of his day, and a most popular, original and talented min- ister and preacher. He was endowed by nature with especial gifts for the office of preaching, and evidently he owed more to these rare natural gifts than to the educational advantages he had enjoyed. This volume gives a compre- hensive view of his life and career; deals with him in the characters of

man, minister, preacher poet and Christian; and furnishes reminiscences, extracts from his sermons and sayings which show him to have been a man of originality and ability. He selected his own path through life, and walked it in his own peculiar way. The reader will find in this Memoir much instruction and entertainment.

The May number of "Cymru" is the first issued since the election of the editor as member of Parliament for his native county of Merioneth. There are but few allusions in its interesting pages to that event, which, judging from the high standard of the present number, will not be allowed to interfere much with the Welsh magazine, for which Mr. O. M. Edwards is responsible. Indeed, he says as much in his editorial notes when he remarks that "there is no intention to change in the least the tone of the 'Cymru.' As from its beginning, it will remain undenominational and impartial. It shall not be made the organ of any party or sect."

In "Cymru'r Plant" for June Mr. Owen M. Edwards has another pretty little tribute to his former friend and colleague, Tom Ellis, whose life he holds up as a model for the young people of Wales. He strikes the keynote of Ellis's public life when he says that in all his work he sought to be constructive, not destructive, and that he was strong in the positive far more than in the negative sense. Milton, Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd, and Mazzini were his ideal teachers. He followed high aims, kept his conscience clear, believed in Wales, and trusted in God.

In 1894 General Frederick Funston, the famous hero of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteer Infantry, made a journey of several hundred miles to visit the whalers on the ice-floes about Herschel Island. The story of his experience, as he tells it in the July number of Har-

per's Round Table, shows that the doughty Western Colonel, besides being a good fighter, is a very entertaining writer. The July number contains also five first-class short stories, and several special articles of great practical value to the average American boy.

The July issue of Harper's Magazine is one of the best fiction numbers of the summer, containing no less than six entertaining short stories by such writers as I. Zangwill, Frederic Remington, Thomas A. Janvier, and Margaret Sutton Briscoe. Mr. Zangwill's story, "Transitional," is a pathetic story that tells how a little Jewess renounced her Christian lover for her father's sake; and Mr. Janvier, under the title "The Wrath of the Zuyder Zee," tells with intense, tragic power a story of Holland. The July number contains also a complete account of the Australian cowboy, his life and customs. The author of this article shows that the cattle-man of Australia is very similar to our own cow-puncher.

In the June number of "Young Wales" the "Ddau Wynne" offer some suggestions on "Things Celtic." Speaking of Brittany the writers observe:—"We in Cymru must take shame to ourselves for the indifference, coldness, and ignorance which for centuries have parted the two members of the Brythonic branch. Let it be a special object with us in the coming century to grow more in touch with our nearest of kin, to sympathise with them and encourage them in the fight they are making single-handed for their nationality. They have battled so long, so bravely in darkness and storm that their land of Beulah cannot lie far beyond their attainment now. Some 60 years ago a few Breton nobles (guests of Lord and Lady Llanover) took part in the celebrated Abergavenny Eisteddfod when Carnhuanawc was the 'lion' of the platform. This year after a long lapse of time a deputation of 50 Bretons

will attend the Elsteddfod at Cardiff, an earnest let us hope of a closer union between the Land of Menhir and the Land of the Harp."

The annual volume of the "Transactions" of the Liverpool Welsh National Society is a thoroughly interesting one. It contains four contributions, viz., "Some Guesses Anent the Fortifications of Lleyn," by Owen Rhoscomyl; "The Geology of North Wales," by Mr. T. H. Cope; "Llyfryddiaeth y Beibl Cymraeg," by Mr. J. H. Davies, B. A., Cwrtmawr; and "The Private Devotions of the Welsh in Former Days," by the Rev. John Fisher, B. D., Ruthin. The two latter are especially good examples of literary research. To Mr. Davies's paper is appended a table showing a list of 31 editions of Welsh Bibles and Testaments, or portions of the Scriptures published between 1551 and 1799. It is curious to note that 18 were printed in London, four in Oxford, four at Carmarthen, and one each at Chester and Shrewsbury.

The contents of the "Dysgedydd" for June: Some of the Conditions of a Successful Ministry, by the Rev. D. Adams, B. A., Liverpool; God in His Work, by the Rev. G. Griffiths, Newtown; My First Collection Tour, by the Rev. Principal D. Rowlands, B. A., Brecon; Reminiscences of the Notable Revival Meetings of 1859 (Fifth Paper), by W. J. Parry, Bethesda; Events of the Month, by the Editor; Reviews, Poems, Memoirs, Denominational Reports, &c.

The June number of the "Drysorfa" opens with an article entitled "The Rights of God and the Duties of Man," by the Rev. J. J. Roberts, Porthmadog; Repentance, a sermon, by the Rev. William Roberts; The Welsh in Dispersion, by Dyfed; A Review of the Rev. John Thomas, D. D.'s, Memoir, by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., Bootle; Diary and Letters of the Rev. Richard Jones, Llan-

faircaereinion; Athanasius, by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., Bootle; The Will of God, by N. Cynhafal Jones, D. D.; Monthly Notes by the Editor; Sunday School Lessons, Reports, &c.

"In His Steps" forms the subject of Mr. William George's contribution to the current number of "Young Wales." The writer asks if the book is likely to "catch on" in Wales, and ventures on the opinion that "neither the dramatic persons of the drama, the stage it is performed on, nor the scenery it is set out in are calculated to excite in Welshmen a desire to emulate the actions of its leading characters. Neither millionaire heiresses, prima donnas, wealthy churches, nor city slums are plentiful enough between Offa's Dyke and St. George's Channel to cause the Welsh reader to feel a deep personal interest in their fate elsewhere. There is not a character in the book who might serve as a guide for the generality of the people to follow 'In His Steps.' Rhys Lewis is more in our line than the Rev. Henry Maxwell."

If it will, then in no part of the world will its influence be more revolutionary in its character than in the Principality, for I do not think the author could be introduced to another nation in the whole of Christendom with ideas of religion differing so much from his own as the Welsh people's do. Sheldon's Plan of Campaign as we all know runs very much on Salvation Army lines, with this distinction—that he draws his lads and lasses from amongst the classes rather than the masses. Personally I am a great admirer of the work done by the Salvation Army, but it is a notorious fact that it has not made much headway with the bulk of the population in Wales. Its methods are too loud and uproarious for the reserved and timid Cymro to go in for with that degree of zest and fervor which he displays when

got at in ways more in accordance with the laws of his own nature.

And this is a truth which it would do Wales in particular all the good in the world to have well dinned into its ears for some time to come, if by any chance it thereby succeeded in capturing the soul to itself. A land of theologians is peculiarly apt to degenerate to a belief in Salvation by Creed; they become lot-eaters, and blessed is the Boanerges that is then able to rouse them to the heartfelt repetition of the good old cry, "What shall we do?" A glance at some of the main tests of a true life will show how far these remarks are applicable to the state of things that prevail in Wales to-day.

Suppose then that Christ came to Wales would He find the standard of conduct amongst us worthy of followers of Him "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." Would he find us all as brethren dwelling in unity together, always speaking the truth of and to one another in the spirit of love? The more religion a country contains, the higher its type of manhood should be, and the more unmistakable its influence for good. But whatever the cause may be we are certainly on the defensive so far on several important positions in the world of morals. Our veracity for instance, has been time and again publicly attacked from several different quarters. Sometimes the person by whom the attack was made or the manner of it has sufficiently barred the accusation itself from a dispassionate consideration. But when it is known that similar charges are constantly being deliberately made by, let us say, men of the experience and recognized fair-mindedness of Sir Horatio Lloyd, the Judge of the North Wales County Court Circuit, it is simply idle—if not indeed directly criminal, to ignore the gravity of the situation. I myself heard the

learned Judge just referred to, prefix a judgment he was about to deliver with the remark that it would be quite refreshing to come across a case now and again—were it only by way of change—in which there was not gross perjury on one side or the other. After making all possible allowances for the language and other difficulties which sometimes make the truth wear the face of falsehood, it cannot but be admitted that there must be something rotten in the morality of a country which lends even the color of justification to such remarks.

A publisher of many Welsh books in the last century was Thomas Durston, of Shrewsbury. By him was published the first Welsh version of Thomas a Kempis' "Imitation of Christ." It is called "Dilyniad Iesu Grist" ("The Following of Jesus Christ.") Apparently the present Welsh word for imitation, viz., "efelychiad," had not in those days been coined. The translator is described on the title-page by the curious designation of "H. O. Minister in Anglesey, Esq." At the end of the "Imitation" is a list of the Welsh books then sold by Durston. A queer jumble is this list. The New Testament in Welsh is advertised at 16s. the dozen. The Book of Common Prayer, of course, is to be had, and the next line tells us about "Llyfr Mesur Coed" ("The Book of Wood Measuring.") There is a "History of the Life and Death of Judas Iscariot," and a "History of Nicodemus." The materials at the disposal of the authors of these last books must have been more plentiful than at present. Out of the New Testament it would be difficult to get enough for a book about either Judas or Nicodemus. In the days of Thomas Durston people were evidently in no doubt as to Monmouthshire being a part of Wales, for the last book on the list is "A History of the Thirteen Shires of Wales."

SCIENTIFIC

It is said that some 9,000,000 acres of land in Italy, the cultivation of which has been abandoned because of malaria, are to be developed by the aid of American capital. Land of this nature can be reclaimed by drainage and proper attention to sanitary laws.

Sir Robert Ball recently unveiled a bronze tablet at No. 19 New King Street, Bath, England, recording the fact that William Herschel, the great astronomer, resided there. Herschel discovered the planet Uranus from the back garden of that house. Sometimes he found it necessary to bring his telescope out into the street opposite that house, and many of the discoveries were made in the street.

A barrel is a very awkward thing to handle, even with the trucks which are especially designed for carrying them. An Alabama inventor has devised a truck which consists of a pair of curved grippling jaws, somewhat resembling blacksmith's tongs. The levers operating the jaws form the handles of the truck. In practice the truck is run up to the barrel, and the jaws are clamped around the bottom. A clamp holds the lever arms firmly together until it is desired to release them for unshipping the barrel.

A Washington inventor has devised an ingenious attachment for a mail box. Every time that the door is opened by the collector of the mail a small movable sign is changed. This sign, which consists of a card, is visible from the outside, and shows when the next collection will be made. There is often considerable satisfaction to know when a letter which has been posted will be collected and started on its way. Mail boxes with small windows with a card

showing the time of the next collection have been used for many years.

M. Berthelot has examined many classical specimens of ancient mirrors in different localities. They seem to have been made by blowing a thin-walled bulb of glass and pouring melted lead into a watch glass shaped portion of the thin bulb, and manipulating it so as to spread the metal into a lining layer about one-tenth of a millimeter thick. The glass had to be made very thin, so as not to crack on contact with the melted lead.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

A French naturalist asserts that if the world were to become birdless, man could not inhabit it after nine years' time, in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. The bugs and slugs would simply eat up our orchards and crops. Indeed, the more we study the various adjustments and arrangements by which the business of the natural world about us is carried on, the better disposed we should be to distrust our ability to improve upon the present executive management of this great terrestrial plant.—Boston Evening Transcript.

LIQUID AIR AS AN APPETIZER.

"The story comes," says "The Bulletin of Pharmacy," of a Russian physician who placed a dog in a room with the temperature lowered to 100 degrees F. below zero, by the use of liquid air. After ten hours the dog was taken out alive and with an enormous appetite. The physician tried the test himself. After ten hours' confinement in an atmosphere of still, dry cold, his system was intensely stimulated. So much com-

bustion has been required to keep the body warm that an intense appetite was created. The process was continued on the man and the dog, and both grew speedily fat and vigorous. It was like a visit to a bracing northern climate.

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ABOUT DISPUTING.

"I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which perhaps within a few days I might dissent myself. I have no genius for disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage; where we desire to be informed, it is good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish ourselves, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem, and confirmed opinion of our own."—Sir Thomas Brown's *Religio Medici*.

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SCIENCE'S LATEST.

The experimental bleaching of negroes is no new thing, although the results attained, so far, have not been wholly successful. But, according to the scientific Press, an eminent Viennese physiologist has, by accident, stumbled upon a new and simple method whereby colored folk may be made white. It appears that a negro of coal-black hue was brought from an Austrian prison to be treated for a nervous disorder in a special hospital. The doctor thought that electricity was the remedy indicated, and applied it regularly during four months. At the end of that time not only had a cure been effected, but the patient was, it is said, as white as a new-born British babe. But as he retained his crisp tufted hair, his thick

lips, and his depressed nose, it is a question whether he gained much in personal appearance. This discovery, however, is naturally interesting the scientific world.

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MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA.

Dr. Grassi presents a note to the "*Atti dei Lincei*," calling attention to the absence of malaria from certain districts where mosquitoes are numerous. He believes that some varieties of gnats are connected with the propagation of the disease. The common gnat, *Culex pipiens*, he regards as harmless; but a larger species, *Anopheles claviger*, known in Italy as the "*zanzarone*," or "*moschino*," is very prevalent in malarious districts. It is active only after sunset, which may explain the old superstition that it is dangerous to fall asleep in a malarious region just after sunset. These discussions may cause active measures to be taken for the destruction of mosquito larvae in places where malaria abounds.

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A RELIC.

The big sea lizard dug out of Kansas chalk two years ago, has been mounted at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York. Every bone lies in the original chalk in which it was deposited. Mr. Bourne, a lawyer of Scott City, Kan., discovered the skeleton while hunting for fossils in the Bad lands of the Smoky Hill river in western Kansas. It was slightly less than 30 feet in length, and belonged to the largest and most powerful type of sea lizards which ravaged the great American Mediterranean sea in the chalk period. The skull is four feet long, the fore paddle three feet long, and the hind paddle three and a half feet. It is estimated that the girth of the body, behind the fore paddles, was nine feet. The jaws are armed with powerful teeth. The back is eight feet long, and

the tail, 15 feet in length, was evidently the great propeller of the body.

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VOICE IS POWER.

It seems pretty well authenticated that the human voice is capable of starting an avalanche. James Perchard, Clerk of the State Court of Appeals of one of our Western States, was mining some years ago in a mountainous region. The snow had fallen to an unusual depth, and miners moving from one cabin to another were warned to look out for slides. He stopped on one of his trips at the cabin of an acquaintance, and took dinner with him and his wife. At the close of the meal his host urged him to stay awhile, but he felt nervous and started on his journey. Crossing the canyon, he looked back at the cabin where the man and his wife were standing at the door. He waived his hand, and shouted goodbye. Hardly had the echo of his voice died away before a muffled noise struck his ear—a noise like the boom of a cannon—and in five seconds the cabin was buried under fifty feet of snow. Assistance was summoned, and finally the two dead bodies were taken out. There is little question that under certain conditions the vibrations of the human voice will produce an avalanche.

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SONG BIRDS AND PHTHISIS.

It would seem to be necessary to warn people who keep canaries and other birds in confinement that their feathered pets may prove sources of danger as well as of pleasure. Mr. A. Tucker Wise, of Montreux, M.D. Brux., M.R.C. S., Eng., L.R.C.P. Lond., has recorded the cases of more than 30 persons who became attacked by tubercle apparently through association with caged birds. That these are commonly subject to tuberculosis appears to be an established fact, and Mr. Wise maintains there is a strong probability that avian

infection can be conveyed to human beings who keep birds within the house. The practice of allowing them to place their beaks in contact with the lips is a risky and dangerous proceeding as regards liability to receive bacilli in this way if the bird is not healthy. Flies can also convey filth, and with it disease germs, from the cage to human food, or the dust of dried excrement and mucus may pollute the air of any room in which birds are kept. Feeding and nursing sick birds (including parrots), and blowing the dust and husks from their seed, and cleaning the cage, are not without danger. In short, according to Dr. Wise, the canary or any other bird kept in the kitchen is a positive peril to the household, as by fluttering and whisking the dust from its cage or mucus from its beak the food of a whole family can be contaminated. It is not surprising, he observes, taking into consideration the unnatural and unhealthy life to which man subjects the domestic animals, especially birds confined in small cages, that these captives should become diseased, and pollute the air with pathogenic micro-organisms.

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LIQUID AIR.

Prof. Dewar has recently devised a new method of testing the contamination of air. A short time ago he exhibited before the Royal Institution two samples of liquid air in glass tubes; one was made from air which had been washed to purify it from dust, soot, carbonic acid and other impurities. This when condensed was a pale blue liquid; the other sample was made by condensing the air of the lecture room in which the audience was assembled, and was an opaque, blackish fluid, resembling soup in appearance. It would appear as if condensed samples of air might afford an easy means for comparing different kinds of contamination. The "American Architect" suggests that it would not be difficult to provide a

novel but a highly efficient kind of ventilation in military hospitals and other places where the natural air-supply is bad, and the necessity for a better one very pressing. As the process would also cool and dry the air, it might serve an additional purpose in tropical countries. The paper goes on to state that it would not be "wholly impracticable to ship to yellow fever hospitals in Havana, supplies of New Hampshire air bottled, so to speak, on the spot, and delivered cool and fresh to the patients." This can never be accomplished, however, until some means have been provided for transporting liquid air to considerable distances without enormous losses, caused by its return to its former state. At present Mr. Tripler has not, we believe, carried liquid air more than six or seven hours' journey from New York. It has, we believe, been successfully carried to Boston and Washington from Mr. Tripler's laboratory in New York.—*Sc. American*.

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THE BAD LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

Judging by what one hears of the utterances of animals generally, it would seem that many of the notes of birds are interpreted too poetically by observers. In the case of many animals, the facial expression is capable of sufficient variation to clearly prove the character of the sounds by which it is accompanied. When a dog or cat snarls, for instance, we know that the sound is intended to express hatred and a threat of attack. The lowing of a cow or of a calf, the bleating of a kid, the snorting of a horse and its whinnying, can hardly be misunderstood.

But the meanings of the cries of birds are less obvious. The cooing of a dove or the warbling of a fluent singer may seem to be as expressive as any note of the quadrupeds just mentioned; but when attention is given to the actions which accompany the cries of birds, an observer finds that some very pleasant

sounds are incidental to very unkind behavior. In a few cases the combativeness of a bird is fairly well suggested by its cry—as occurs in the common fowl, whose "crow" is as defiant as a bugle blast. The shriek of the woodland jay, also, is very expressive. These sounds, however, do not represent the greatest passion. We must listen to birds actually engaged in combat in order to hear the expression of their utmost hate—their worst language; and listening thus, we often make the discovery that the sound accompanying an attempt at murder is closely like (sometimes apparently identical with) sounds which seem to be joyous song.—*Scientific American*.

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Llanberis Pass, exhibits (the "Daily Chronicle" thinks) more wild grandeur than almost any gorge or glen in Great Britain, not even excepting the better known Pass of Killiecrankie. It is traversed for nearly four miles by a road overhung on each side by precipices and mountainous cliffs, sometimes 2,000 feet high, crowned with peaks and strewn from summit to base with debris of broken slates fallen from the crags above. In the direct neighborhood are the Dinorwic slate quarries, the most extensive in Wales, and the second largest in the world. The village of Llanberis is in the heart of the Snowdon country, and is the most frequented starting point for the ascent of the mountain. The Queen visited Llanberis in 1832.

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A Cincinnati physician has been making practical tests in cigar factories on the eye of the employes. The test is to discover the effect upon the eyes of persons addicted to excessive smoking, also to see what effect the fumes of tobacco in factories have on the sight.. He also intends to examine the eyes of letter carriers and others with reference to the effect of smoking on the eyes.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

A hundred years ago Cardigan was the largest port in Wales.

The late T. E. Ellis, M. P., wrote an exceedingly neat hand, and so minute was it that it might be described as microscopic.

Only one case of pickpocketing is reported in connection with the Royal visit to Pembrokeshire. A tobacco pouch was taken from the coat pocket of a bill-poster when in the act of posting notices "Beware of Pickpockets."

In a burst of enthusiasm (we only believe it is enthusiasm), a writer in the London "Echo" says that Mr. Owen M. Edwards is "as eloquent as an elsteddod." And Mr. Perks, we suppose, is as eloquent as a conference.

Carmarthenshire enjoys the honor of being the largest county in Wales, but there is no record that any member of Royalty since the days of Henry Tudor ever set foot within its borders. In justice, however, to the county it should be said that it did more than any Welsh county to make it possible for the present dynasty to reign.

Southey's longest poem is on a Welsh subject—the alleged discovery of America by Madoc ap Owen Gwynedd. It contains neither history nor poetry, and is about as long as the Missouri, on whose banks the Welsh Indians were supposed to have lived.

It is likely that tenders will be invited for the Welsh library of the late Rev. Owen Jones, B. A., Llansantffraid, and

that the proceeds will be devoted towards founding an Owen Jones Scholarship at Bala College. Here is another opportunity for Cardiff, for the late Mr. Jones's library is said to be one of the best collections of Welsh books extant.

The "Athanaeum" states that the first volume of "Morgan Llwyd" will be issued by Messrs Jarvis and Foster before the end of the month, and that the life of Dr. Lewis Edwards, founder of the Theological College at Bala, which his son, Dr. T. C. Edwards, the present principal, is writing, will be issued in the course of the year by Mr. Isaac Foulkes, of Liverpool.

In the matter of epitaphs it is commonly held that Welsh churchyards are far ahead of English burying-grounds. However, it would be difficult to eclipse the following doggerel, which may be seen in a certain Glamorganshire churchyard:—

F'eth gleddir dithau maes o law
A chaib a rhaw a phicis;
Os na chel'r Celdwad Mawr yn Frawd
Hi fydd yn glawd echrydus.

If perchance the eye of a temperance lecturer should alight on the following story we fear it would be done to death in no time. In a certain South Wales town, which formerly wielded a very wide influence in Wales, the system of erecting finger posts at street corners is still in great vogue. One of these guides is to be found immediately opposite a public-house in that town, and the legend thereon reads, "This way to the Asylum and the Cemetery!"

In Festiniog various methods of memorialising the late Mr. Tom Ellis are being considered. Mr. E. P. Jones, chairman of the County Council, suggests that the children of the elementary and intermediate schools be asked to contribute a penny each towards the fund. The late member, he observed, had done much for the children, and they ought in common gratitude to remember what he had done.

The following old Welsh custom, mentioned by Mr. Lewys Morys, o Fon, may be interesting to our readers. "The Ancient Britons took particular pride in adorning their swords, and making them polished handles of the teeth of sea animals, &c. And their warlike disposition and love of the sword was such that it was the custom for the mother of every male child to put the first victuals into the child's mouth on the point of his father's sword; and, with the food, to give her first blessing or wish to him that he might die no other death than that of the sword."

Welshmen at every point in their history have suffered from the evils inseparably associated with dissensions and the dangers which lurk in treachery. In Roman times the poor Britons, after having withstood the legions for nine years, fell into the clutches of their enemies betrayed by Avarwg. In Saxon times his people were sold into the hands of their enemies by Vortigern, on whose guilty head fire from heaven descended as a punishment. In Norman times history repeated itself. The Welshmen of that period were sold to the wily Fitzhamon by the traitor whose head was subsequently cut off for his pains.

Professor Philip White, of the Bangor University College, who has for some time taken a keen interest in the question of Welsh sea fisheries, has drawn up the following practical suggestions

with a view to the development of fisheries along the Welsh coast:—(1) The development of a general and intelligent interest in Welsh fisheries; (2) the cultivation of a taste for fish on the part of Welshmen; (3) more enterprise on the part of Welsh fishermen in obtaining markets; (4) reduced railway rates and special arrangements for the distribution of Welsh fish in the Principality; (5) a larger measure of support to those engaged in scientific inquiries relating to the fisheries.

Among the prizes offered in the art section of the Liverpool National Eisteddfod of 1900 is one for the best series of six illustrations in black and white depicting incidents in the Welsh novel "Rhys Lewis." The following, which are somewhat novel, are excellent subjects:—Water-color painting of an interior of Welsh cottage or building, with figures; architectural design of a village clubhouse, with newsroom, reading room, billiard room, and hall to accommodate 250 people, with caretaker's residence; architectural design of a mountain church or chapel to seat 200 people; architectural design of a row of four agricultural laborers' village cottages, and small shop adjoining.

On Friday evening, June 2, the Rev. M. Gwillim conducted a Welsh service in Rhineland Memorial Church of the Holy Trinity, New York City. The old familiar hymns were inspiring, and the whole service very helpful. It is earnestly desired that a similar service may be held at least occasionally, and in the same place. Of the estimated ten thousand Welsh people in the city, many are not sufficiently versed in the ancient vernacular to participate in such a service, and nearly all the others are good bilingualists, equally conversant in both languages. Those who are best served by a Welsh service are ably ministered to in the Methodist, Independent and Wesleyan churches. If, however, there

are those nurtured under the solemn, inspiring influences of the church in Wales who desire its service in their own native tongue, let them send their names and address, on post card, to any one of the Welshmen ministering in Episcopal churches of New York—Revs. Drs. Morgan, Williams, Lewis, and Revs. John Williams and M. Gwillim.

Although the "Celtic revival" may be of comparatively recent birth, there has never been a period at which were wanting men who loved things Celtic with an ardent love. Two such—albeit over-zealous—partisans, whose names should be remembered, were Mr. Cooper (a Welshman), and Captain Morris (a Scot), who, early in the March of 1824—exactly three-quarters of a century ago—fought a duel following upon a dispute respecting the relative antiquity and prior claims of the Welsh versus the Gaelic language and literature. The duel, which took place near London, and was fought with pistols, resulted unfortunately in the serious wounding of the Welsh champion, whose throat was struck by a ball, placing Mr. Cooper's life in considerable danger. The singular affair is said to have created considerable enthusiasm amongst the principal Cymric families then resident in the Metropolis.

The London correspondent of the "Western Mail" says "that 'Gallant little Wales' is likely to have a new distinction conferred on it. Most of us know the charms of Welsh choral music, and the Radicals have hitherto exploited it by getting hold of the Welsh choirs that have from time to time come up to London, and 'booming' them in the party interest. It has occurred to Mr. Hugh Bryan, the organising secretary of the Association of Conservative Clubs, that it would be a good thing to bring up to town a Welsh Conservative choir. The project is feasible enough, and is likely to be accomplished. It will certainly be

a glowing success, for London would warmly welcome the Welsh singers, and as many drawing-rooms would be open to them as they cared to enter."

Although the Welsh for ages loved to believe the story of Arthur, it is now probable that it is only a part of an ancient mythology, viz., the seasons of the year represented figuratively: Arthur being Winter, Gwenhwyfar Spring, and Medrawd—Med-rawd—Harvesttime. Gwalchmai (May hawk) also means the cuckoo, it being hawk-like in appearance. It was a belief that cuckoos turned to hawks in August. During the cold season, Winter (Arthur) rules over the greatest portion of Europe, but with the appearance of Spring (Gwenhwyfar) his troubles begin, and by June, July and August the Harvest Time has conquered, and Arthur has retired to reappear in due time.

Giraldus Cambrensis says of the Flemings in Pembrokeshire:—"These people, by inspiration of the right shoulders of rams which have been stripped of their flesh, and not roasted but boiled, can discover future events, or those which have been passed and remained long unknown. They know also what is transpiring at a distant place. In Davies's 'West Gower' we read:—"The Flemish names of people are still met with, and positive remains of Flemish architecture are to be found in Gower. The huge chimneys fronting the street, and even now obstructing the pathway, are thorough Flemish. Such may be seen also in Pembrokeshire, and even in the old town of Carmarthen, especially in two old inns. Though such architecture may date only from the early Edward it was an evident copy of the established rule."

Some of our Welsh professional singers who find it difficult to make a good income in this effete Monarchy might do well to emigrate and try their fortunes in the great Republic of the West.

In addition to the concert platform and the stage there are in the populous cities of the United States openings in the churches for good singers. Some of the wealthy churches maintain excellent choirs, of which the chief soloists are handsomely paid. One frequently hears of church choristers who are paid \$1,000 (£200) a year. Many favorite vocalists receive a much higher stipend. Take a recent case in point. Mr. H. Evans Williams, a young Welsh tenor, who has just rejoined the fine choir of the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, New York, after a few years' absence, is currently reported to have been re-engaged at a salary of \$2,500 (£500) a year.

No newspapers, periodicals, or books of any kind printed in the Welsh language are allowed to enter the vast domains of the Czar of all the Russias, as many Welshmen have learned to their cost and sorrow. A Dowlais man who went out to Hughesoffka a while ago had a Welsh Bible, which he carried with him, together with several other works in his mother tongue, promptly seized by the Russian authorities, and confiscated when crossing the frontier. If sent through the post, publications suffer a like fate. The reason of this is explained by the fact that any references to the Imperial family, Court, or Government of the country, considered odious or objectionable, are carefully blackened out of all English journals, whilst, the language of Eden being unknown to ordinary representatives of Russian officialdom, they ensure by the wholesale condemnation of its literature the prevention of any offending transgression of a rigid rule always faithfully observed.

Boston, Mass., May 25, 1899.—The Cymrodorion Society of Boston, U. S. A., unites with all lovers of Wales throughout the known world in expres-

sing its profound sense of the great loss sustained by the Principality through the death of its young and promising statesman, Mr. Thomas E. Ellis.

Though so far removed from the dear land of our birth, our sweet and tender memories of the days now gone by, our ever-growing interest in the welfare of our mother country, make it impossible for us to forget to rejoice when she rejoices, or to weep when she weeps. We had indeed learned to rejoice in the character and career of the late member for Merloneth. We had learned to regard him as the representative and embodiment of the best to be found in the life of the little country that he loved, and now that he has gone, we realize that a life of unusual promise and potency has been cut short.

His early religious training, his excellent education, his thorough unselfishness, his charm of manner, his devotion to principle, his capacity for work, his genius for organizing, his whole-hearted love for Wales, his early entrance on a parliamentary career, and his popularity with the leaders of his party seem to have marked him as the destined champion of the higher life of Wales.

But we must not grieve overmuch. The signal service which he has already rendered Wales, the heroic and self-sacrificing life he had already lived, will inspire hundreds of others to emulate his spirit, and to push forward the work he so nobly began. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Resolved: that we, members of the Boston Cymrodorion Society, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved widow and family of the deceased statesman, and to all who are laboring for the advancement of the land of our birth.—Pryce T. Edwards, William B. Jones, Committee.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

DR. JOSEPH PARRY.

Dr. Joseph Parry, the Lecturer on Music at the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, was born at Merthyr Tydfil—called by Dr. Wesley,

America in the year 1854, and settled in Pennsylvania, where they resided for upwards of twenty years. His early struggles and ultimate success afford a bright example of "self help;" indeed in the story of his life there are incidents



Dr. Joseph Parry

"the musical garden of Wales"—on the 21st of May, 1841. He came of a musical family, his mother possessing considerable vocal ability. From her no doubt he inherited an ardent love of the art, as well as an exceptional talent for the practice of it. The family emigrated to

so striking and instructive as to demand nothing less than the pen of a Smiles to relate adequately.

It seldom comes to a man to win his laurels in the prime of manhood, and to wear them, as in Dr. Parry's case, with all his faculties at their best. The first

Welsh opera ever produced was composed by him, and his countrymen are especially proud of him as the first Welshman to obtain the degree of Mus. Bac., and up to the present moment the only Welshman who has received the University degree of Doctor of Music. It is worthy of note, that, although he had taken part in choruses, he was seventeen years of age before he really knew a note of music. Joining a singing class he was then taught to read music, and also obtained a smattering of harmony, and acquired something of the rudiments of composition. Though this knowledge was long deferred, yet we find him, in the year 1861, a student in New York State, with Madame Antoinette Sterling, and the late Mr. P. B. Bliss as fellow students, where his progress was so rapid that he soon began to compete at the various *Eisteddfodau* which were held in the States, and eventually carried off the prizes for musical compositions. Induced to compete at the Welsh National *Eisteddfod* at Swansea in 1863, and also at Llandudno in 1864, he succeeded on each occasion in gaining the prizes for chorales, part-songs, and motets. To him also fell the prize for an oratorio, the work bringing this honor being that entitled "The Prodigal Son." Soon after these events, so important and encouraging, he resolved to visit his native country, whither he was accompanied by several gentlemen—his early advisers and instructors—who still felt the liveliest interest in his career. They organised a tour through Wales for the purpose of giving a series of concerts, the programmes of which consisted entirely of Joseph Parry's own compositions. It should be recorded that it was at the Aberystwyth *Eisteddfod* he was honored with the Bardic title of "Pencerdd America."

In 1868, Joseph Parry entered the Royal Academy of Music, where he remained for three years, and in each year succeeded in winning one of the prizes

at the disposal of the directors of that institution. During his stay there he studied singing under Signor Garcia, and composition under the principal, Sir William Sterndale Bennett, besides receiving lessons on the organ from Dr. Steggall. Having a fine baritone voice, Joseph Parry was urged by Signor Garcia to adopt the operatic stage as a profession; but, though the temptation was great, his love for composition triumphed. In the third year of his studentship he took the degree of Mus. Bac. at the Cambridge University. Returning to America, he started a musical institute, from which he retired on receiving the appointment of Professor of Music at the Aberystwyth University College. Never lacking in application and perseverance, he now determined to pass the examination for the Cambridge degree of Doctor of Music, a distinction of which he is justly proud. Subsequently he established a school of music at Swansea, and since the year 1888 has performed the duties pertaining to the office previously referred to; to wit, that of Lecturer on Music at the University College of Cardiff.

Indefatigable in his studies, Dr. Joseph Parry is a very prolific writer. Happily, his works are extremely popular, especially with his own countrymen, among whom they form the principal competitive pieces at the Welsh *Eisteddfodau*. His compositions exemplify well-nigh every form and style. So widely differing in character are they, that they embrace works in the several branches of sacred and secular art. Four operas, some three hundred chorales, and about the same number of songs, glees, and other miscellaneous pieces, have been produced by him, as well as works purely instrumental, such as his "Orchestral Ballads," his "Suite," and those entitled "Sleep" and "The Dying Minstrel." His three cantatas—"The Birds," "Joseph" and "Nebuchadnezzar"—have also obtained hearty recognition. It is, how-

ever, in oratorio, the highest branch of the art, that Dr. Joseph Parry has sought for lasting renown. Reference has already been made to "The Prodigal Son," the sacred work written in America; and space will not permit us at present to dwell at length upon his second oratorio, "Emmanuel," which, when performed in London in the spring of 1880, was noticed in the most flattering terms by the leading journals of the Metropolis. Dr. Joseph Parry regards "Saul of Tarsus" however, as the work of his life. Its first performance took place at the Rhyl National Eisteddfod, and its second at the Cardiff Musical Festival.

At the Cardiff University, Dr. Joseph Parry lectures on Harmony, Counterpoint, Orchestration, Musical Forms, and Composition. Apart from his duties at the University, he gives lessons in voice production and solo singing, and his services in this capacity are held in great value by young aspirants to vocal honors. He also frequently acts as director of performances of his own as well as of other composer's work. For several years Dr. Parry filled the office of conductor of the Cardiff Orchestral Society, and, by unflinching energy and skill, combined with tact and courtesy, gained the confidence, no less than the esteem, of the members under his command. Unfortunately, he was compelled to resign that appointment in order to devote himself as much as possible to the completion of several works upon which he was then engaged. Not the least important of these productions was the Welsh National Congregational Tune Book, the words being selected and the music composed or arranged by him alone.

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Miss Winifred L. Jones, of Utica, N. Y., whose entertaining article "In and About Monterey" appeared in our June number, graduated on the 16th ult., and took her diploma and degree.

David Charles Davies, a son of the Rev. B. D. Davies, of Whitesboro, N. Y., graduated from Hamilton College on the 28th, and is already engaged as Librarian and Teacher in Greek at Park College, Mo. Mr. Davies will leave August 19.

Prof. H. W. Jones, the author of "Thought in Song," in our present number, is the son of W. H. Jones, Manhattan, Kas. Prof. Jones is a Cambro-American scholar with strong musical instincts, and he loves to take long walks into the philosophy of things. To the typical Welshman there is music in thought, and thought in music.

Mrs. Mary Howell Schutt, whose prize poem, entitled "The Eloquence of the Eye," appears in the "Cambrian" of this month, is Welsh, and the daughter of the late E. T. Howells, who was once postmaster at one of the Cleveland stations for years, and who served as a soldier in the 5th Ohio in the late Civil War. She is married to Mr. Walter E. Schutt, Supt. of Mails at the Cleveland, O., post office, where he has been employed for twenty years.

In awarding the prize to Mrs. Schutt for the best poem on "The Eloquence of the Eye," at the last Cleveland Eisteddfod, Judge H. M. Edwards said, "They are most excellent stanzas, rich with bright ideas, and abounding in poetical expressions." Mrs. Schutt has the poet's eye, and withall, the rare gift to express her thoughts felicitously.

Midnight of May 26, 1899, after a long illness from cancer of the stomach, Mr. Owen E. Jones died at his home, Spring Side, near Irving, Kas., and was buried on the 28th, the Rev. A. S. Payne (M. E.) officiating. Mr. Jones was one of the founders of the religious cause in Spring Side, and had been instrumental in establishing and building the church. Mr. Payne in his remarks at the funeral gave Mr. Jones a high tribute of praise as having been always helpful, and fore-

and effective way to fight the pests has been discovered.

A woman blowing a horn under a maple tree was surprised to see the caterpillars fall to the ground by the hundreds, and continue to do so at each succeeding blast. She told her story, and the noise cure was immediately adopted by her neighbors. Horns and drums and conch shells were brought into play. Caterpillars by the bushel dropped to the earth and were gathered up and destroyed.

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HE'D RATHER LEAVE.

The governor of a prison in Limerick told an amusing story of a refractory prisoner with whom he had once to deal. The man refused to work on the treadmill, and was brought before the governor for disobedience of the warden's orders. The governor asked him what objection he had to working on the treadmill. "Me go on the treadmill!" he cried. "Niver, sorr!" And, proudly drawing himself up, he added, "I'd rather lave the jail first."

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AN ELEPHANT'S MEMORY.

I had an elephant once which I taught all it knew in about six weeks, and which could do more tricks than any animal with which I ever had to deal. Immediately after its training was finished it left me to go to South Africa, and for many months it led the ordinary, peaceful and uneventful life of the ordinary humdrum elephant of the traveling menagerie. But at a word from its old trainer, who had followed in another ship, it went through its performance as though there had not been a single day's break.

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THE PREACHER'S BOOK.

Referring to the statement that a certain prominent preacher was delivering a series of sermons with popular novels

as his texts, the Pittsburg "Christian Advocate" says: "The Bible is the preacher's book, especially in the pulpit. It is the book of texts and subjects. No discourse is worthy to be called a sermon which is not founded on God's Word, and no text should be taken from this which is not complete, and does not contain an important truth."

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BRITAIN AND POLYGAMY.

The London, Ontario, "Advertiser" says: "The flexibility of British standards of morality to meet imperial contingencies is seen in a recently issued blue book containing 'Papers Relating to the British South African Company,' which has in it an order directing the 'High Court of Southern Rhodesia' to recognize in civil cases the validity of polygamous marriages. * * * After this demonstration of British care for the scruples, social and religious, of the African Kafirs and Hottentots, we suppose we will have a renewed appeal for latitude and longitude from the Mormons. They claim that they are natives also, and that their anxiety to annex wives springs from religious conviction."

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THE GRAVE OF JENNY LIND.

It has been stated that the grave on Malvern hills, in England, of Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, the Swedish nightingale, has been sadly neglected, and is not even marked by the simplest slab. This is not true. A handsome and costly monument in the shape of a cross tells the passerby that there rests the body of that noble woman, renowned not only as the most wonderful songstress of her day, but for her almost unparalleled generosity and saintly character. It is stated that her husband, long after her decease, was in the habit of visiting her grave daily and strewing upon it the most beautiful flowers. He was a most devoted and loving husband, and her

last days were made happy and sweet by his kind attentions.

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A BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

Sir Wilfred Lawson suggests an Ecumenical Council which might be made up out of the present Parliament to look after the interests of the Church of England. Here it is:—Mr. Arthur Balfour (Apostle of Philosophic Doubt), Sir William Harcourt (Avenging Angel of Legality), Mr. John Dillon (Roman Catholic), Mr. Sam Smith (Protestant), Mr. Carvell Williams (Dissenter), Mr. Walter Rothschild (Jew), Mr. Labouchere (Sage), Sir M. Bownaggee (Parsee), and Sir Wilfred Lawson (Lunatic). How absurd it was, said he, to talk about Dissenters having nothing to do with the affairs of the Church, because they did not go to church. He did not go to the public house, but he claimed to have something to do with its affairs. Parliament could make laws for the Church, and it had the power to make people obey these laws.

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THE BEST SPANIARDS.

"After the surrender of August 13," says a corporal in the Utah battery now in the Philippines, "we advanced on a company of Spaniards which still held out. Gen. Hale summoned to his command what Spanish he knew, and demanded a surrender. Great was his surprise when the reply came in a broad Irish brogue, 'Divil a bit I'll surrender!' The Spanish captain was an Irishman. I met him afterwards, subsequent to the surrender, which occurred, despite his protestations. He had married a Spanish woman, and so found his way into the Spanish army. There are many Irish in Spain. Any number of Irishmen have married the fair daughters of the proud Castilian race. Because of this incident the officers around Gen. Otis came to regard as a proverb that 'the only Spanish who can fight are Irishmen.'"

THE LORD'S DAY.

Quite recently the Actors' Society of New York, of which Mr. Mackay is President, has petitioned the legislature at Albany against a bill which has been introduced for the opening of theatres on Sundays, and similar action has been taken by actors in Chicago. Thus it comes to pass that the sanctity of the Lord's Day is being advocated in a somewhat unexpected quarter. It is not very long ago that a movement was started in the stores of Paris for the promotion of Sunday observance, and the very decided action of journalists in London against the publication of Sunday papers has also shown that the Sabbath is likely to be regarded as a permanent institution even by those who have little sympathy with Puritan Christianity. The Sunday has come to stay, and the more it is attacked the more strongly entrenched is its position as a Sabbath of rest.

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A DEPARTURE.

In Austria the cry of "Away from Rome!" is rampant, and literally hundreds have severed their connection with the church, although it is not yet finally settled how much of a religious movement this originally political agitation will prove to be. At the latest computation, about one thousand had left the Catholic church in Austria, and of these about six hundred have become Protestants or Old Catholics.

A peculiar condition of affairs exists in North America. Here as in other lands where Catholics and Protestants live side by side, the best type of Roman Catholicism is to be found. Yet wherever this type is developed, a certain independence of Roman influences invariably follows. This is the case in the United States, and properly constitutes the essence of "Americanism," of which a caricature was drawn by the Pope.

It must be said that on the whole the

power of the Roman Catholic Church in all the corners of the earth is being gradually undermined. This explains the feverish anxiety of the Vatican to gain by diplomacy what has been lost in other ways.

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THE JOY OF THE LORD.

To have the joy of the Lord we do not need to make long and expensive journeys to far off conventions. We do not need to spend our money for the great luxuries of palaces and costly equipage. The poor have it in their own homes, often in great fullness. In their godly and contented lives they have a peace and satisfaction of soul that may not be found in kings' palaces. They have not the means or the time to spend attending the annual conventions so attractive to many. But they have the sweet felicity of communion with God in the home circle and the home church, undisturbed by the bustle and excitement of the convention life. There is no reason why the quiet joy of the home should ever be disturbed by envious thoughts toward those who can go from convention to convention, and have their names emblazoned abroad in every paper. The joy of the Lord more than compensates for all there is in a junketing trip, either to the lake or mountain pleasure resort, for religious services.

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COL. BRYAN'S TWO JOKES.

For a few months after his defeat in 1896 Mr. Bryan was in the habit of asking people whom he met whether the General had arrived; and when inquiry was made as to what General he meant his reply always was: "Why, General Prosperity." Events soon blunted the edge of that joke, and now Mr. Bryan has coined another joke. He began his speech in St. Louis lately with it,

saying: "An actor who visited New Orleans recently, upon learning from a Republican that confidence had been remarked that he had examined Webster's Dictionary to learn what 'confidence' meant, and found confidence defined as 'trust.' Then he understood that confidence had been really stored."

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CROMWELL.

"It is time for us to regard him in the world of action what Shakespeare was in the world of thought, the greatest because the most typical Englishman of all time." That is the judgment of Dr. S. R. Gardiner on Oliver Cromwell in an address delivered on the occasion of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Cromwell's birth. Cromwell has certainly been rehabilitated since Carlyle, with all his exaggerations, helped to put his character for the time in its true light. No dispassionate person can overlook the defects and qualities. He himself would not expect the painter to omit the wart on his nose and if he had a "big red nose" would recognise that, as the schoolboy crudely but graphically put it, "there were deep religious feelings behind it."

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The castor-oil plant is cultivated throughout India, and the oil is frequently employed by the Indians as an auxiliary in certain dye preparations. This oil has the reputation of being one of the best for dressing tanned hides and skins. The uses of the oil are many, it being the only available one for lubricating all sorts of machinery, clocks, watches, &c. It is the best lamp oil they have in India, giving an excellent white light, with little soot, almost an imperceptible amount, which quality no other oil possesses.

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THE MISSION OF POETRY.

By Rev. T. A. Humphreys, Cleveland, O.

Poetry is sometimes treated as "relative poetry" and "absolute poetry." One definition of absolute poetry is the following: "Absolute poetry is the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language." Samuel Taylor Coleridge says thus: "Poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language."

Poetry is also considered under the ideas of energy and art. As an energy, poetry reveals itself as one of those primal human forces which operate successfully upon the development of the race. As an art, it comprises a system of methods and rules, and dexterity in the application of the same. Pindar may be taken as a type of the poets of energy, and Virgil of the poets of art. The former is the dominant quality of the poetry of England, and the latter of Roman poetry. With all its vivacity and force on the one

hand, and its artistic skill and perfection in the use of rhythm and meter on the other hand, can it not be said that Welsh poetry possesses in an admirable degree the characteristics of both energy and art?

There are various classes of poetry, such as pastoral, epic, lyric, and dramatic. Pastoral poetry, from the Latin word "pastor," a shepherd, originally meant that poetry in which the scenes and objects of a shepherd's life are described; but the term is now generally applied to all poetry descriptive of rural scenes and country life. The *Bucolics* of Virgil, Thomson's *Seasons*, and most of Sir Walter Scott's poems belong to this class. Epic poetry describes important actions or achievements of some distinguished hero; and its object is to aid morals, bravery and illustrious actions. The great epic poems of the world are the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, the *Æneid* of Virgil, and the *Paradise Lost* of

Milton. Lyric poetry, so called from the lyre, a renowned musical instrument of the ancients, embraces all poetry that is set, or that might be set to music. It includes songs, odes, psalms and hymns. It is written in the language of emotion. The authors comprised in this class of poetry are numberless. Dramatic poetry is that which contains no narrative on the part of the poet, but is all understood to be spoken or performed on the stage by the different actors, the dramatic persons. Of this poetry there are two divisions, tragedy and comedy. The former treats chiefly of the loftier passions, vices, successes and distresses of mankind, the horrible; the latter of men's whims, fancies, follies and foibles. Shakespeare stands alone the greatest of dramatic poets.

The ancient poetry of Wales is generally divided into three cycles, answering to the three successive eras in Welsh history. The first cycle includes the sixth and seventh centuries, and the chief among its bards were Taliesin, Anëurin, and Llywarch Hen, who was a prince and bard. The second cycle of Welsh poetry includes the period from the middle of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century. Among the eminent bards of this period were Cynddelw, Gwalchmai and Owain Cyfeiliog. The latter was also a prince of South Wales, and during the most of his life was actively engaged in the wars of this era. The third cycle of Welsh

poetry embraces a period commencing in the earlier part of the fourteenth century, and ending at the final union of Wales and England. The acknowledged chief bard of this period was Dafydd Ab Gwilym. The poets of this era were more numerous than those of any preceding age, although they failed to retain their original position in the palaces of the nobles. Still they displayed unusual activity in perfecting their metrical, rhythmic and alliterative system, as well as in the production of many immortal poems.

Additional force is realized in poetry by means of meter, accent and rhyme, especially in Welsh poetry, in which the rhyme is both internal and final. A complex system of alliteration gives a vim to a production, which otherwise would be quite tame, very much as good music immortalizes a piece, which without it is only ordinary. For an illustration we adduce the following from the Welsh, which is so rich in this respect:

"Nis llewyrchaist o ynys y Llachar!
Mal yn y dyddiau milain diweddar,
O eitha' nwyfiant, hi aeth yn afar,
Dy Haul o'r entyrch, a'i hoewgyrch hygar,
Duodd pan roed mewn daear—dy Gymro,
Ymro' di i wylo—mawr yw dy alar!"

—*Gwallter Mechain.*

This is not in keeping with the genius of the English tongue, yet we shall present one illustration to meet a natural curiosity:

"All dearly Mollie darling—is thy love
To soothe my heart's longing;
Yes, Mollie, love so smiling
In thy breast to me thou bring."

We shall also cite one englyn from the Latin:

“Sopor Mariam cepit—in luctu
A lecto recessit;
Ast tuba hanc citabit,
Ut Maria salva sit.”

But with all the jingle and charm of this exquisite machinery the poet was shackled and limited in his productions, and the real soul and object of poetry were too much out of sight. Blank verse has the advantage of showing that true poetry is found in the thought, the feeling, the thing itself, and not in any artificial rhyme or alliteration. Nothing is more nauseating than rhyme and meter with no poetical animus and glow.

Let us now examine for a moment the faculties and powers of the soul which produce poetry and reduce it to a tangible and pleasing form. Poetry passes through the marvelous machinery of all of these divine endowments: 1. The cognitive or knowing faculty; 2. The sensitive or feeling faculty; 3. The appetitive or choosing faculty. To systematize, we have the products of the subordinate powers: perception, conception, understanding, imagination, generalization, reason, judgment, sensation, memory. All these faculties and powers give color to poetry, although some of them are far more prominent than the others. Knowledge and feeling excite the imagination, and this being accomplished, the poet soars chiefly upon the wings of imagination to the sublimest heights of the cloudless atmos-

phere of being. Poetry unites affection and imagination.

Poetry has its mission as well as science. Science speaks with more mathematical precision than poetry, but poetry expresses the great motives, causes, realities, experiences and destinies of being more completely, and probably more accurately than science. Poetry fathoms deeper into the unexplored domains of ontology than science with all her ingenious and indefatigable activities. Science discovers facts and arranges them in corrected and systematized order. Poetry seizes these facts, and with her torch of genius illumines them, and makes each a sun in the firmament of the soul, imparting life and light and inspiration to all its noblest activities. Poetry is more partial to the deductive than the inductive method. The poet presents a pleasing image to the mind rather than to trace all the particular steps of logic leading to a conclusion. Poetry has the object, the proposition, the discussion and the conclusion in the one grand and all-embracing image. Poetry seizes one figure of speech, or appropriates one physical object by which to print a volume of thought and experience. Words are vehicles by which to convey thought, feeling, or purpose. The primitive words in all languages, which are exceedingly few, were in the first instance the names of some object or appearance in outward nature. The word “right” literally means “straight.” The word

"wrong" means "wrung" or "crooked." "Law" denotes that which is "laid." To "imagine" is to form a visible "image." To "impress" is to leave a "stamp" or "mark." To "reflect" means to "turn back." All symbols are utterly inadequate to express spiritual realities in any degree of completeness. One mission of poetry is to select these urns from the material universe, and store in them for perennial use the concept, and then the conception, the very blossom of thought, and the actuality of feeling, from the entire kingdom of ideas, and the whole realm of the sensibilities. Truths on the one hand, and these emblems or figures of poetry on the other are "apples of gold in pictures of silver" (Proverbs 25: 11). Or as Llew Llwyfo most poetically expresses this idea in his prize didactic poem on the Creator:

"Ystorfa fawr o ffugrau yw y byd:
O'u plith y dethol dyn ei ladmeryddion.
Y ffugrau ynt biseri grisial prid
I gadw gloew feddyliau awenyddion.
Gwnaeth y Creawdwr anian i wasanaethu
Creadur, pan y ceisio yntau wneuthur
Cynhyrfion cryf ei enaid yn deimladwy,
Neu wneyd ei brif ddarfelydd yn weladwy.
Goleuo'r lamp yn unig raid i ddyn
O fewn y ffurf; ei grebwyll yw'r goleuni;
Ac yna trwy y ffurf dysgleiria ei hun,
Tra yntau i ddysgleirio'r ffurf yn gweini;
Ond bardd, awenydd, nid Creawdwr yw!
Nid oes Greawdwr ond yr Un Anfeidrol
Dduw."

The poet expresses ideas of reason and presents objects immeasurable and illimitable, not in abstract form,

but by means of representations they are made tangible, and are invested with the form and hue of living reality. The idea is transfigured into an ideal, and by means of the flaming genius of poetry the ideal is crystalized and becomes real.

Lines in the form of poetry are often prostituted to vile thoughts and feelings and actions, but true poetry never trails and tarnishes her brilliant wings in the grime and slime of low ideals. Poetry played an important part in the religious observances of the Druids long before the time of Julius Caesar. The family bard was an important member of the royal palace. He was to have his land rent free, his horse always in attendance, and to receive most of his clothing from the king and queen. The bard was revered as a great teacher, as a singer, as one who inspired the soldiers and prince, and all, with courage in times of war, and as one who predicted future events. Frequently the battle would turn upon the productions and actions of the poet. Our war songs indicate what a prominent and effective place poetry occupies in our times of conflict. "The Star Spangled Banner," "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" have stimulated many a faint heart in the hour of battle and danger.

The poetry of Greece is specially connected with the state of society in which it arose, and which it large-

ly molded. Religious and civil institutions, and culture, were to a great extent created and fashioned by the heaven-born genius of poetry. It has been properly said that "it was Homer who formed the character of the Greek nation." We are taught that the Homeric poems were the fountain-heads of all the refinement of the ancients. No wonder that these poems were special favorites with kings and princes whose praises they sang, as well as those of their ancestors "of divine descent," as exemplified in the following lines:

"In the midst
Of heroes, eminent above them all
Stood Agamemnon, with an eye like Jove's
To threaten or command, like Mars in
girth,
And, with the port of Neptune, * * *
For he surpasses all, such Jove ordained
* * * the son of Atreus."

We read in the Iliad that a nod from Agamemnon, king of men, was the end of all controversy. His word was law. His authority no other than Achilles, the son of Thetis, goddess of the silver bow, dares to brave. "Jove makes the king, and loves the king he makes." The muses looked placidly "from high with smiling face" over the infant head of royalty.

These illustrations show how prominent a position the poet held as a leading member of the State, and possessing great political and social power. His was one of the three-sister arts, recognized by law, and receiving all the patronage and aid the royal authority could ren-

der. Even in our time the poet laureate of England indicate the high esteem in which the bard is held. As a fine art, English poetry is receiving much attention in our time.

Again, the poet leads us into an intimate and affectionate relationship with nature, and we read her profound wonders like an open book. James Thomson's "Seasons" leads us through its various labyrinths. William Cullen Bryant is emphatically and uniquely a poet of nature. Can we not hear the very voice of nature, speaking to us in his "Forest Hymn?" "The groves were God's first temples." And he reflects the light of immortality itself upon our untrodden and unending path in his lines to "Waterfowl:"

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy
certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

William Wordsworth in England, and William Cullen Bryant in America have brought men into a deeper realization of the beauties and harmonies of nature. Through the sunsets, rainbows, cataracts and flowers, we are led into the palace of nature as a whole, the very garment of God, and these poets bring us face to face with this some One, and not with some mere things. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is peculiarly the poet of human nature. What can better illustrate this than his heart-reaching and immortal Hiawatha?

"Thus departed Hiawatha,
 Hiawatha the Beloved,
 In the glory of the sunset,
 In the purple mists of evening,
 To the regions of the home-wind,
 Of the Northwest-wind, Keewaydin,
 To the islands of the Blessed,
 To the kingdom of Ponemah,
 To the land of the Hereafter!"

The poet makes a new combination. He is a creator, but not in the strict sense of the term. He brings no new material into being, but re-adjusts what is already in existence. God is the only creator, even of ideas. The poet can connect a part of one animal with a part of another, or the capacities of one person with those of another, or the qualities of one nation with those of another, a blend after the most exquisite manner the glories of one landscape with those of another. The poet like the painter can only mix the colors, and ply the brush. The poet re-arranges sentiments and feelings, and produces the most charming image. The poet is moved by the sense of the beautiful. *Æsthetics* is his favorite study. He traverses the paths of flowers and sunbeams, and halos. Poetry has an all-important mission in forming images of the beautiful in the fields of thought, and action, and character, so as to charm men away from the hideousness of the trifling, the ugly and the criminal. The human soul possesses a sense of the beautiful, and the true poet endeavors to keep this innate gift from God from being perverted. As the painter and sculptor observe the lines and prin-

ciples of beauty, so does the poet in his pictures of the beautiful in the physical, mental and spiritual spheres. Samuel Taylor Coleridge exclaims: "Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward: it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." And Oliver Goldsmith exults in the beauties discovered and expressed by poetry:

"And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest
 maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
 Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest
 fame,
 Dear charming Nymph, neglected and de-
 cry'd,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary Pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my
 woe,
 Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st
 me so:
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue."

Poetry, furthermore, transforms the meaning of the humblest and most common-place object, and infuses into it a new luster and halo which impart into it a new significance and power. There is a piece of rag. It may be silk, or it may be no better than a dishcloth. We call it "a flag." Poetry sees in that piece of rag (and all the more if tattered and torn by bullets), all that is sacred, and good, and noble in the history of the country, the valor of its true martyrs, and chivalry of its brave soldiers; in short, everything for which that government stands. The color-bearer on the field of battle realizes that to shoot that flag is

to pierce the heart of the nation. The casual passer-by sees nothing but undressed logs, plain clapboard and filthy mortar, but the poet finds engraved upon every smallest fraction of that old dilapidated log-cabin love and home. The opaque man sees nothing but a shrub as he picks berries; the transpicuous poet beholds a burning bush with God in it.

In the next place, poetry is the art of true perspective. A vista, or a view between or through intervening objects, as trees, or sunset on the lakes, is uniquely suggestive and alluring, transporting the spectator. Perspective represents upon a plane surface an object as it actually appears to an eye situated at a certain point. Objects are sometimes too near, and sometimes too far for us to have a correct and impressive view of them. They must be seen also along a certain line and at a certain angle. Objects are seen to the best advantage when they sustain a certain relation of position to one another. Poetry imparts the true color, and fixes the correct form to objects to produce the deepest impression. Poetry through the telescope of a tear can have a more correct and complete view of the home of childhood than can be had through any other means, because through this prism only can true love, and kindness, and loyalty be seen in their genuine color. The poet sees his old home with its ever-vernal trees and never-withering flowers through the vistas of time and the astonishing vicissitudes of

history and experience. Events which have taken years to actually inspire poetry can bring into a focus in a moment's time, and thus concentrate with marvelous effect the forces of time and space. Poetry annihilates time and space in a more correct sense than steam and electricity and liquid air ever can.

And finally, the poet has an instinctive and prophetic longing after the perfect in nature, man and society. Poetry creates islands of love in oceans of light, where dwell birds of more varied hues and more brilliant plumes than the Bird of Paradise, warbling the sweetest, richest songs, regaled by the balmiest air, and the entire surroundings absolutely perfect in their attractiveness. Yes, the poet sees all the beautiful, perfect "rivers wander o'er sands of gold" between the most majestic and picturesque mountains, emptying their richest contents into the sublimest oceans. He directs our attention to the perfect man, perfect in his physical powers and intellectual faculties, perfect in all his mental, moral and spiritual training and achievements, perfect as a complete man, a real microcosm. The poet is never satisfied with attainments already actually made, but always craves loftier heights and nobler acquisitions. Again, he beholds the perfect society, a perfect government, with perfect rulers and perfect subjects, with might of intellect, beauty of person, sweetness of affection, and purity of morals, all combined. Then the poet can people

countless worlds throughout illimitable space with perfect beings, and thus increase the happiness of the universe indefinitely, yea even infinitely.

Poetry therefore has a mission more inspiring and helpful than that of science, even in that it presents through her creative genius to our wondering gaze the universe of matter and spirit, past, present and future, in a more accurate, complete and effective manner. Still all this poetic genius is no more than a passing spark from the supreme

fountain-head of all light. Man's highest ideal is infinitely surpassed by God's real. Listen then to the uplifting voice of the true poetry of all nations and centuries, especially that of David, Isaiah and John, and that of all the inspired and inspiring Book, as sung at all places of worship everywhere, as she whispers words of cheer to the afflicted, and projects her light upon the ever-green mountains of life. Honor this divine art, poetry, this fair daughter of heaven!



THE MORNING. (A Prose Poem.)

T. Chalmers Davis.

How beautiful and impressive are the varied scenes Nature presents at dawn of day.

A cathedral stillness, with its accompanying gloom pervades the air. In the forest cloisters overhead the faithful winds chant their eternal aves and far among the dreamy pines the brown-cowled brook murmurs a prayer o'er its rosary of pebbles. By a gnarled tree trunk a wizard lizard tuned his lonesome lute, and with maudlin mutter a drunken bandit bee stumbles homeward through the dew. In the high grass a belated minstrel cricket was blightely singing a jocund song, while on the marshes marge the bullfrog orchestras punctuated the stillness with their hoarse melodies.

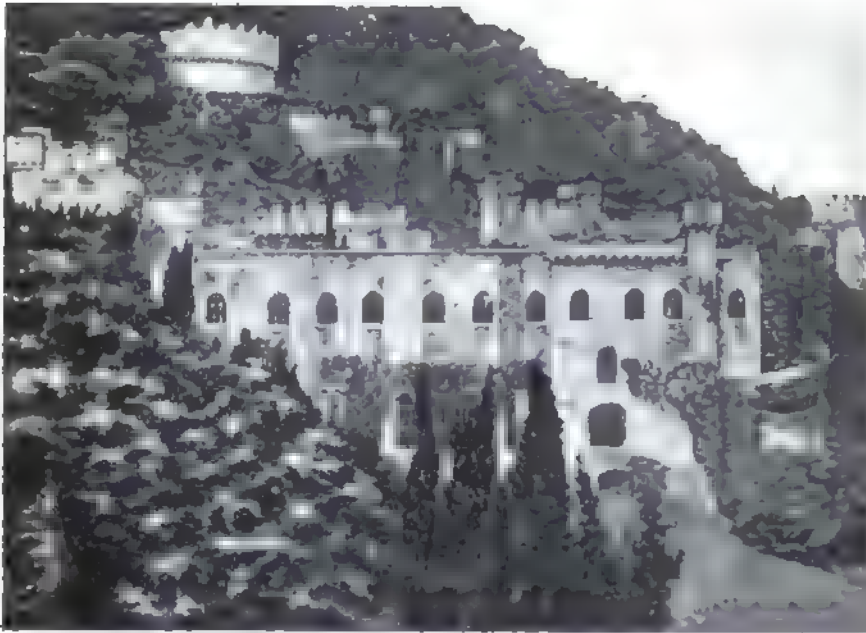
The silver moon sinks down the west and in the brightening east gleam the fair, faint hues of rose. And lo! a raptured lark, rising from his pillow of dewy dreams, mounts on wings of song, and like a spendthrift scatters his golden notes in a shower of melody.

Garmented in swirling draperies of crimson and violet the sun like a reaper comes forth and with sickle keen, gathers the glittering harvest of the sky.

GWRYCH CASTLE.

The seat of the Earl and Countess of Dundonald, forming as it does the chief of local attractions, and the proud ornament of Abergele, deserves some particular mention. It was built by Mr. Hesketh, her lady-

Castl'd mansions which stud North-Walian ground." It is built on a rocky curve on the hill-side. Its frontage is said to be five hundred feet in length. It comprises eighteen lofty embattled towers, the prin-



Gwrych Castle—Abergele, N. W.

ship's grandfather. He was his own architect, and designer, and the imposing structure shows what a genius for effect he must have been. As a child he used to tell his nurse that "When I get to be a man, I will build my castle on that rock." After a prolonged tour abroad he returned home, and his childhood's dream issued in the "Grandest of

cipal one, called the Hesketh tower, is ninety-three feet high. Its terraced gardens and fairy walks, the shrubberies, ferneries, etc., are grand. The park is extensive, and studded with graceful trees. The drive from east to west is one and half mile long. From the castle to the western gateway the drive is superb. Below lies

the ever-foaming sea. Overhead hang rugged rocks, and beautiful trees shelter us from the sun. Here are foreign plants of a hundred kind, the choicest shrubberies, etc. Lady Emily's tower is above. Its north front is a continuation of an almost perpendicular precipice of great height. At the end of the drive are the magnificent natural caverns of Cefn Ogo, famous in song and story. On four tablets at the west entrance are records of the sanguinary battles which took place in this notorious pass, as follows:

"Prior to the Norman Conquest, Harold, in his attempt to subjugate this part of the Principality, was encountered by Gruffydd ab Llewelyn, prince of North Wales, on the plain near Cefn Ogo, and after a sanguinary battle, in which he was defeated, and a considerable number of his men slain, was driven back to Rhuddlan."

"In the reign of William the Conqueror, Hugh Lupus, on his march to invade the Isle of Anglesea, passing through the defile of Cefn Ogo, was attacked by an armed band of Welshmen, which had been posted there to intercept his progress, and of which, after an obstinate and protracted battle, eleven hundred were left dead on the spot."

"In the reign of Henry II., Owain Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, on his retreat from Flintshire, fortified himself in this pass, where he gave battle to the forces of that monarch, and repulsed them with great slaughter; after securing this

important post, he retreated to Pen y Farc, in the adjoining parish, where he made a stand against the English forces, and effectually checked the further invasion of his dominions."

"Near this pass, Richard II., whom Percy, Earl of Northumberland, under pretence of an amicable interview with Bolingbroke, had inveigled from Aber Conway Castle, after his return from Ireland, was surrounded by a military band, bearing the Northumberland banner, and conducted to Flint Castle, where he was treacherously betrayed by the Earl into the power of the usurper."

Tan yr Ogo, another mansion is across the road. The sea views from its front are very grand. Old Gwrych, the ancient seat of the Gwrych family, stands in the lower part of the park. It is now the residence of Mr. Inglis, the estate agent. It was here that Mrs. Hemans spent most of her early days vying in song with the sweet warblers, whose descendants still haunt the noble groves around. It was here that the renowned poetess sang:—

Oh! tell me, Cambrians, tell me true,
Does fair Hygeia 'bide with you?
Yes, she with us for ever dwells
In groves, in shady woods, or dells,
Oh! stranger, turn and stay—for here
She deigns to give her influence dear;
In yonder vale her temple stands;
Her brows entwined with roseate bands,
In Cambria's land she ever dwells
In graves, in shady woods, or dells.

These scenes, which no repetition can make uninteresting, the public are under certain conditions privi-

eged to visit. The walks behind the castle are exceedingly beautiful, but are closed to visitors. Formerly this was not the case, but some thoughtless pleasure-seekers, abused the privileges by cutting down and otherwise damaging tree, and snrubs of priceless worth, and so

now from these paradisiacal resorts visitors are excluded. We must not forget Castell y Cawr. The sights from this eminence are both beautiful and varied. It was once a Roman camp, and there are the remains of Roman ruins.



THE CYMRY BEFORE THEY CAME TO BRITAIN.

The Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips.

We read in Genesis that Gomer was a son of Japheth and grandson of Noah, and that the sons of Gomer were Ashkenaz, Riphath, and Togarmah; and in Ezekiel that Gomer and all his bands, the house of Togarmah of the north quarters, and all his bands, were in the armies of Gog in his war against Israel. Between these statements of inspiration there elapsed more than sixteen centuries. Meanwhile great events and important changes occurred. The descendants of Noah spread in all directions, penetrated the remotest parts of the earth, and established themselves in many localities. The sons of Shem turned toward the east, and took possession of Asia; the sons of Ham toward the south, and took possession of Africa; and the sons of Japheth toward the west, and took possession of Europe.

Gomer and his sons took posses-

sion of, and established themselves on the Black Sea, east and west, north and south, where they formed the understrata of life and civilization, on which forty centuries have already erected their superstructures, and where their remains, from beneath these superstructures of forty centuries, come to the surface in many localities and tell the story of their existence, extensiveness, and renown. On the south of the sea, in Asia Minor, the name of Ashkenaz comes to the surface and still clings to lake and river, mountain and valley; on the south of the sea, in Asia Minor, the name of Riphath comes to the surface, and still clings to mountain, lake and river; on the south and east of the sea, in Asia Minor and Armenia, the name of Togarmah comes to the surface, and still clings to mountain and valley, lake and river, country and peo-

ple; and on the north and south, east and west of the sea the name of Gomer comes to, the surface and still clings to sea and land, strait, and isthmus, peninsular and countries, walls and fortifications, tribes and nations, which are now seen and read after the lapse of forty centuries. The prophet Ezekiel, as we have seen, speaks of Gomer and Togarmah as well known and powerful nations in the sixth century before Christ; locates them, where we should expect to find them, in the north quarters, north of Palestine, and naturally couples them together in the armies of Gog in his invasion of Israel, which points to the situation of their country, indicates their strength and fame in the arts of war, and proves their nearness and affinity in territory and blood.

The Armenian historians speak of "Gamir" as the ancestor of their Haichian race of kings. The name of Cappadocia in the Armenian language is Gamir, and the usual designation of the Cappadocians is "Gamir" or "Gimiri." The ethnic name of Gimiri occurs also in the cuneiform records of Darius Hystaspes, as the equivalent of the Aryan name "Saka." In the nomenclature of the oriental nations the name of the country inhabited by Gomer was, generally "Gamir," or "Gimir," and as the records of these nations shall be deciphered and the monuments of this Gamir, or Gimir land shall be studied, the fact shall be more fully established. It will

be seen, doubtless, that the first prominent settlement of the Gomeri, on their way toward the west, embraced all the countries on the Black Sea; and that from this settlement there went forth at an early date and frequent intervals, long before the general attacks of the Scythians, large colonies or savage hordes, into distant countries, as far north as Norway, as far south as Africa, and as far west as Britain, establishing themselves in different countries, intermingling with different people, who came after them, or may have gone before them, and forming with them distinct and independent nations, which, like the branches of a tree, spread over Europe, or like the waves of the ocean, occasionally fell back into Asia and inundated the countries from which they came, where, as the deposits of time shall be examined, the prints of their feet and the history of their lives will appear. It will be seen also, doubtless, that the second permanent settlement of the Gomeri was Europe, as the first was Asia, that they occupied most of the countries east and west of the Alps, north and south of the Danube and the Rhine, and that they formed the understrata, the bulk, and the inspiration of the population. The Gomeri under their generic or specific names they filled all Europe with their presence, their fame, and their terror. Lift the veil or remove the darkness which hides Europe from the eye of history, from Gomer to Herodotus, or from Gomer to

the Grecian bard who sang his rhapsodies in the cities of Asia Minor a thousand years before Christ, and what do you see, but the seed of the first born of Japheth multiply into strong and powerful nations, taking possessions of vast and fertile countries, and exercising their liberty and their license in all directions, until other and stronger nations encroached upon them from the east, checked their course, or united with them to perform the same. Twelve or sixteen centuries of life and activity; thirty six or forty-eight generations of growth and progress hidden from view, or concealed in darkness, save here and there where the hand of history or the light of science lifts the veil or reveals the fact! Occasionally too the convulsions of Providence, like the convulsions of nature, rend the continent and bring to the surface the understrata, from which we divine the history of the past. Had the records of these twelve or sixteen centuries been written on the tablets of time as on the tablets of eternity, how great would have been the change, and how thrilling would have been the interest in the history of the Gomeri! Countries of vast extent, nations of mighty people, armies of indomitable courage, victors of famous battles, lovers of perfect freedom, champions of complete independence, defenders of personal liberty, children of the soil, nobility of the forest, with peradventure their lost arts

and fallen pyramids, worshipping in open temples, on high hills, in the heart of the woods, with nothing above them but the canopy of heaven, and with nothing beneath them but the earth.

But since these people were so ancient, so extensive, and so powerful, and withal so influential throughout Europe and western Asia, what has become of them? Have they migrated into some other country? Have they become extinct? Or have they appeared under another name, or under the same in another language? It is hardly possible that a nation with the growth and history of sixteen centuries should have migrated into some other country unknown and unnoticed, and least of all should have become extinct or swept away from the earth without some allusion to the fact, especially when it had existed and displayed its power to within a century of authentic history when the wise men of Greece, and of other countries, penetrated every part of the world to see the globe and acquire information, and more especially when the Black Sea, Asia Minor, and the Greek islands, were in such near proximity. It is more reasonable to believe that it appeared under another name, or rather, under the same name in another language, the language of those who recorded their existence and described their achievements, and that the Kimmerioi of the Greeks were the Gomeri of the Hebrews. Hence the country which was

called in the nomenclature of the oriental nations, "Gamir" or "Gimir," was called in the nomenclature of occidental nations "Kimmer" or "Kimmeria;" and the people who were called in the nomenclature of oriental nations, "Gamir" and "Gimiri," were called in the nomenclature of occidental nations "Kimmerioi" and "Cimmerii." In passing from oriental into occidental speech, from the Shemitic into the Japhetic language, it was natural that vowels and consonants should pass into their corresponding ones, and that we should have "Kimmer" for "Gomer," and "Kimmerioi" for "Gomeri."

Those whom the Hebrews called "Gomeri," the Armenians "Gamir," the Babylonians "Gimiri," and the Greeks "Kimmerioi," inhabited the same country, at the same time, and under the same name, only in different languages, and were, no doubt, the same people, whose footprints may yet be traced in consecutive steps from Mount Ararat to the Black Sea, and from Kimmeria of eastern Europe and western Asia to Cymru of western Europe and Great Britain. This the best scholars who have studied the subject now generally believe. In the book of Genesis we read that the sons of Japheth imparted their names to the countries they inhabited. Media bears the name of Madai, Ionia the name of Javan, and Kimmeira the name of Gomer. Eusebius, Bishop of Caesarea, and "father of ecclesiastical history," relates an in-

cursion of the Kimmerioi into Greece as early as B. C. 1076. Homer, as we have already said, sang his rhapsodies in the cities of Asia Minor nearly a thousand years before the time of Christ, speaks of the Kimmerioi as those who "dwelt at the farthest limits of the ocean stream, immersed in darkness, and beyond the ken of the far-sighted sun," which probably occasioned the proverbial expression, "Cimmerian darkness." In this poetic description of the Grecian bard, we recognise the descendants of Gomer, and discover the print of their feet along the shores of the Black Sea, whose woods, environment and frequent fogs suggested, doubtless, the gloomy conception of the poet. Herodotus, the "father of secular history," who lived five centuries later, states that "the land which is now inhabited by the Scythians, was formerly the country of the Cimmerians;" that "Scythia still retains traces of the Cimmerians;" that there are "Cimmerian castles, a Cimmerian ferry, a Cimmerian Bosphorus, and a Cimmerian country;" and that the "Cimmerians when they fled into Asia to escape the Scythians made a settlement on the peninsula where the Greek city Sinope was afterward built." "The name Cimmeria," says Rawlinson, "still clings to these regions, not only in the 'Eski Krim,' or 'Old Krim,' which marks the site of the ancient town of 'Cimmerium,' but also in the well-known words 'Crimea' and 'Crim Tartary.'

Aeschylus locates *Cimmeria* in the vicinity of *Palus Maeotis* and the *Bosphorus*." Strabo agrees with those who had preceded him, and speaks of a "town and a mountain, not far distant, that bear the name" Josephus, the Jewish historian, states that Gomer founded those whom the Greeks called in his day Galatians, but were originally called Gomerians." "By the Gomerians we are to understand," remarks Gesenius, "the Cimmerians, Kimmerioi, inhabiting the Chersonesus of Taurica, and the adjacent regions as far as the mouth of the Tanais and Ister, and celebrated for their excursion into Asia in the sixth century before Christ."

"That a people," remarks Rawlinson in his notes on Herodotus, "known to the neighbors as Cimmerii, or Gimiri, or probably Gomerin, attained to considerable power in western Asia and eastern Europe within the period indicated by the date B. C. 800-600, or even earlier, is a fact which can scarcely be said to admit of a doubt. If the information gained by Herodotus were considered as not sufficiently trustworthy for the establishment of such a conclusion, yet the confirmation which his statements derive from Homer, from Callinus, from Aristotle, and from geographical nomenclature must be held to remove all uncertainty on the point." It is positively certain, if we may believe the tradition of the nation, the testimony of history, and the nomenclature of the country that the

"Cimmerians" inhabited "Cimmeria," the "Cimmerian Bosphorus," and the "Cimmerian Chersonesus," which the Gomerians had inhabited from the first under the Gomic name. Herodotus states, and after him other historians, that about six hundred years prior to the Christian era, the Gimmerians were attacked by Scythians, and, owing to the destruction of life in battle among themselves in consequence of a difference of opinion whether to vacate on the approach of the enemy or to resist to the last, were compelled to flee the country; that a portion of them crossed the Bosphorus into Asia, where they penetrated into Lydia, Ionia, Phrygia, and even as far as Cilicia, everywhere spreading terror and devastation; and that another portion, and by far the larger and more warlike, moved toward the west. But this could not have been their first westward movement, as we have already indicated, for to believe that it took the descendants of Japheth a thousand years to reach the Black Sea, while the descendants of Shem spread over Asia, and the descendants of Ham over Africa in a few centuries, would be contrary to reason. But it would not be contrary to reason to believe that a people of their daring courage and restless impetuosity would have outstripped their brethren. If the sons of Javan had migrated in three hundred years as far as southern Europe, may we not believe that sons of Gomer had migrated as far as central Europe?

Even Rome had been founded a hundred years before the Cimmerians had receded from the Black Sea at the approach of the Scythians. It is the general opinion that the first people to inhabit central and western Europe were the Cimmerians, and to produce even in connection with other nations that followed them, the vast multitudes, whom the Romans and Phoenicians found there must have taken many centuries. The extreme portions of Asia, and the extreme portions of Africa were reached within a few centuries of the Deluge, and may we not believe that the extreme portions of Europe were reached within the same period? Menes was made king over Egypt twenty centuries before Christ, and Sicyon was founded in Greece nearly twenty centuries before Christ, and may we not suppose that kings were crowned, and cities founded among the descendants of Gomer equally early? While the descendants of Shem were laying the foundation of their temple in Asia, and the de-

scendants of Ham the foundation of their mausoleum in Africa, the descendants of Japheth were laying the foundation of their state-house in Europe. The Greeks were establishing their school at Athens, the Romans organizing their government at Rome, and the Cimmerians exercising their liberty from the Black Sea to the Atlantic Ocean. The first born of Japheth and his descendants migrated from the east, established themselves on the Black Sea, and were known to their neighbors on the east and in eastern languages as Gomeri, Gamir, or Gimir; and after a residence and growth of sixteen centuries emerged from their settlement, spread over the west, and were known to their neighbors on the west and in western languages as Kimmerioi, Cimmerii. That the Gomeri and Kimmerioi were the same people under different names, or the name in different languages can hardly admit of a doubt. Their identity is clearly seen if not positively proved.

(To be continued.)



LOOKING TOWARD THE LIGHT.

I asked the roses, as they grew
 Richer lovelier in their hue,
 What made their tints so rich and bright;
 They answered: "Looking toward the light."

"Ah, secret dear," said heart of mine:
 "God meant my life to be like thine—
 Radiant with heavenly beauty bright,
 By simply 'looking toward the light!'"

A FANCY SKETCH, BASED ON SACRED HISTORY.

By Erasmus W. Jones, D. D.

The king of Babylon was at rest in his magnificent palace. The thoughts of the past, present and future deeply occupied his mind. He found himself surrounded with glory and splendor that eclipsed those of all other nations combined. Could it be possible that the predictions of Belteshazzar were true? Was the glory of Chaldea to be trampled in the dust? Was the kingly line of Nebuchadnezzar so soon to be broken? Was not the kingdom at last established on an immovable foundation? The king would have gladly persuaded himself that all was clear in the future, but it was beyond his power, and under a degree of perplexity he threw himself upon his couch. He soon became drowsy. The spell was welcomed. He was glad for a while to forget his troubles in the fond embrace of slumber. A few wandering thoughts and the king was asleep.

In about one hour he awoke with a countenance denoting alarm. "Another dream of troubles!" he cried. "Do the gods, indeed, delight in my misery? Why must I be thus tormented? Aye! a dream big with meaning! 'Hew down the tree!' O, ye gods how that voice sounded! 'Let his portion be with the beasts in the grass of the earth!' What

meaneth it? Is it not best at once to know the worst?

* * * * *

The interpretation of the dream had been given, and Daniel had departed.

"The fates are against me!" cried the monarch; "What shall I do? Shall I weep like a woman and sob like a corrected child? Shall the king of Babylon, the great conqueror of nations, turn to be a coward? Never! Let all the gods hear it! Never! 'Driven from among men!' Who shall be able to drive Nebuchadnezzar? 'Eat grass as oxen!' O, ye gods, is not that laughable? And yet I cannot laugh! Shall I now after having reached the very pinnacle of my glory dishonor myself in the eyes of my nobles? Nay! Sooner than this I will brave the vengeance of all the gods, and perish in the unequal conflict.

Twelve months passed away, and in the midst of his dazzling splendor the mournful predictions of Belteshazzar were well-nigh forgotten.

The day was beautifully clear. The king about the ninth hour stood upon the roof of his lofty palace. Babylon in all its glory was before him; its massive walls bidding defiance to all the surrounding nations.

Its famous buildings he could count by the thousands. The predictions of Daniel found way to the monarch's mind; but they were expelled by a proud spirit and a stubborn will.

"What," said the proud potentate, "does this look like, 'eating grass like an ox?' Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty? Who shall— A voice speaks from the heavens! "O king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken, the kingdom is departed from thee, and they shall drive thee from among men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth to themsoever he will!"

The voice ceased. The king uttered a loud hysterical laugh, and ran into his own park, a maniac!

* * * * *

Since the insanity of the king, Evil-Merodach had acted as regent. Of Daniel's superhuman wisdom he had no doubt. From his father he had learned all the particulars in regard to the interpretation of the dream; and seeing before his eyes a literal fulfillment of its awful predictions, he could not but hold the interpreter in great reverence.

Nearly seven years had passed since the awful humiliation of the king. During this period he had exhibited all the signs of a maniac.

As he showed no disposition to injure those around him, he was permitted to go at large within royal enclosures. His treatment was much according to the direction of Daniel, whose Chaldean name was Belteshazzar. He was the only person at the palace of whom the maniac king appeared to have the least recognition. He shunned the presence of every one and the only thing that appeared to give him satisfaction was the companionship of his oxen that quietly fed in the palace park. He was never confined or bound, but permitted to enjoy himself as his maniac fancies might dictate. At the palace he was held in much respect throughout his deplorable insanity, and there was much faith in the opinion of Daniel in regard to the king's final restoration to his reason and his kingdom.

The afternoon was fair and delightful. It was about the ninth hour. Daniel, weary with his arduous duties within, saw fit, in order to invigorate both his body and mind to take a walk amid the pleasant groves of the palace park. The sun was gradually losing the intensity of its heat, and slowly sinking toward the western hills. The Prime Minister sat down and gave freedom to his thoughts, which quickly turned to the past.

"O Lord, thou art very great and highly exalted above all gods! I adore thee, I praise thee O Jehovah! From my youth thou hast been my help. Thou hast brought me through ways I had not known.

How terrible is thy wrath toward those that rebel against thee! How great thy love to all that fear thee! Thou bringest down the proud look, and causest thy enemies to be ashamed. The sceptres of kings are broken. Jehovah is king of kings. Babylon with all her glory shall become a desolation. Her lofty towers shall fall, her walls be brought level with the ground, her palaces shall become heaps of ruin, and her idol temples shall be no more!"

Such were the meditations of the pious Hebrew when his attention was called to a rustling voice in the foliage on his right, at a short distance from the spot on which he sat. He looked, and beheld the form of the maniac king slowly moving toward him. The sight affected the Hebrew's heart! His eyes became moistened with tears. Had he not in the main been kind to him and his three companions? And in the midst of envy and jealousy, had he not kept them, foreigners as they were, in the highest offices in the gift of the government? And Daniel's heart throbbed with pity as he beheld the brutish antics of one who was once so intelligent and powerful! The king gradually approached the spot where Daniel sat, without observing him, uttering some incoherent expressions.

"God of my fathers," silently cried Daniel, "let this suffice! According to thy promise restore the unhappy king to his reason, and let his courtiers know that there is no God like unto thee!"

By this time the maniac stood close by the side of his fast friend, but as yet he had not observed him.

"Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon!" cried Daniel in a loud voice.

The maniac was startled, woked up to the face of the intruder for a moment, cried in loud accents, "Belteshazzar! Belteshazzar!" and as if greatly terrified, ran. He soon stopped, and stood at a certain distance with his wild flashing eyes steadfastly fixed on the Rab Mag.

Daniel arose, slowly moved toward the spot, made his humble observance as in days gone by, and cried:

"O king live forever!"

The king in silence continued to gaze on Daniel with a wild, vacant stare.

"Jehovah the God of Israel!" cried Daniel, pointing upward

"J-e-h-o-v-a-h!" slowly whispered the king.

The Hebrew now ventured nearer, the king fell on his knees, and "with his face toward Jerusalem," sent his urgent petitions to the God of Israel in behalf of his unfortunate sovereign. Daniel had not been long in prayer before the king with restored reason fell down by his side, and loudly rejoiced and praised the God of heaven. He was restored, not only to the right use of his mental faculties and his former personal appearance, but also to a perfect recollection of the past. The dream, its interpretation, with all subsequent transactions up to the very day of his insanity were brought clear to his mind. But

since that moment all was one dark void. In mercy, not a vestige was permitted to remain to embitter his after years.

"Tell me, O Belteshazzar, how long have I been in this sad condition?"

"Seven years of deep calamity, O king, have passed over thy head."

"O thou God of heaven, thou art just in all thy ways!" cried the restored one. Are the members of my family spared to see the restoration of the king?"

"They are all spared and in good health, O king!"

Daniel threw one of his loose garments over the form of his royal friend, and side by side they started toward the palace. On their way thither they were met by the captain of the guard. The old soldier was overwhelmed with joy. He begged of the king to permit him to herald the joyful tidings, and his request was granted. The news was soon known to thousands. The regent with the guard were soon on the march to meet the king. The son ran to his father, fell on his neck, and the embrace was mutual. The old guard broke forth in one grand shout that made the forest ring.

The procession moved. Loud demonstrations of joy echoed on the high turrets of the royal mansion as the restored monarch entered once more through its massive portals to sit on the throne of his empire.

In regard to the God of Israel no doubt longer remained on the mind of the king. The process of his

thorough conversion had been severe, but in the hands of Jehovah it had proved successful.

* * * * *

The great monarch of Babylonia was about to pass away to the spirit land. A number of his most choice friends stood with solemn visages around the couch of the dying potentate. Daniel of late had spent most of his time at the palace administering to the comfort of his afflicted sovereign; and the king was ill at ease unless his faithful officer was near at hand. With a tender hand he now wiped the cold sweat of death from the pale brow of the monarch, and inwardly breathed his earnest petition to the God of the Hebrews for a safe transit to the gentile king from idolatrous Babylon to the city of God, the eternal abode of those who die in the Lord. The king was fast sinking. His feet already were touching the waters of death. His sentences were few and wandering; reason was partially dethroned, and once again in his delirium he was a mighty warrior at the head of his numerous troops.

"Onward, warriors, to victory or death!" and there was a pause.

"Know ye the vision and its interpretation? Away from my presence yelling hypocrites!" and there was another pause.

"Prepare the chariots! Onward to the conflict! Arioch!"

The venerable captain, with tears gently approached the king, and in tender accents asked,

"And what is the pleasure of my lord the king?"

For a few minutes reason again proved triumphant, and he spoke.

"Ah! my faithful officer, thou art ever near. I have fought many a battle. I am now fighting my last forever! I soon shall have to surrender, Belteshazzar!"

I am near thy side, O king! was the gentle reply.

"Merodach!"

"Father!"

"Ah my son my words must be few. To thy kind regards I commit these faithful officers. To Belteshazzar we are greatly indebted for our

prosperity. Let the Hebrews within the realm be kindly treated.

When—when—when"—and the king was again in feverish delirium.

"Onward! Onward brave warriors! We have reached the point! Now we'll cross the river! The waters are d-d-deep! Now we go! The river is d-e-e-p!" and the voice sank into a low whisper.

A few struggles with the waves, and the famous warrior had crossed a river through which his legions could not then follow him. His features became calm and tranquil, and a sweet smile was left on the lifeless lips of the departed monarch.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc.

From the land of beauty, song, and of the most touching associations, Kentucky and Arkansas, where I find "Dixie" and "My Old Kentucky Home" winning all hearts by their gentle appeals, I write the following "Notes:"

What a power melody is! It is told that the Swiss soldiers, far away from their beloved Alpien homes, often pine away and die with homesickness. They are forbidden the playing and the singing of their national airs, which are apt to touch their hearts, lest they be made totally unfit for their duties. In the power of melody to arouse hallowed

memories and sweet associations lies much danger, sometimes, to many country-loving soldiers, besides the Swiss. We know of Welsh hearts in this our country that have failed to withstand the love of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," and back they have gone to "Beloved Gwalia."

It was the first Napoleon who wrote: "As I was walking in my garden at Malmaison, I heard the distant sound of the church bell at Rueil and I stopped, moved involuntarily by old associations. If I, a man like me, am so affected, how much force must such influence have on the mass of mankind!" He

is a man without much heart, ignorant of himself, and a poor student of human nature, who is heedless or oblivious of facts like these.

I am in the land of oats, hay, corn, apples, and fruits of all kind—it was pleasant to hear a young farmer at dusk, one day, after hours of blissful rain, sing the following with much gusto:

The oat crop is great,
In all parts of the state,
And the wheat in the shock mostly cured;
And it's safe now to say
Of the corn and the hay,
That an elegant crop is assured.

The late visit and playing of Dan Godfrey's famous British Band at Chicago, was a notable event. At the great Auditorium, there was a most elegant and significant audience vying with each other in paying homage to the soldiers of the two English speaking nations. A company of Uncle Sam's soldiers were welcomed by the British boys to the magnificent accents of "Star-Spangled Banner" and "America," while the 6,000 listeners had to contain themselves as well as they may. One of the Band remarked to one of the First Illinois soldiers, referring to our late smashing of Spaniards—"We gave them an awful thrawshing, didn't we?" He emphasized the "we" and the "aw," and well he may do so, for Great Britain's friendly attitude during the conflict, compelled all other powers to keep off their hands. When the First Illinois Band, the Highland Pipers from the Caledonian Society joined the British Band

in a carnival of British-American medley, arranged by Dan Godfrey, enthusiasm knew no bounds, while the Anglo-American heart-alliance had a tremendous cementing.

A most interesting story goes the round of the musical monthlies, to the effect that when Paderewski was a professor at the Warsaw Conservatory, he spent an evening at the house of the Polish litterateur, Swiczechowski. The poet declared that no composer now living compared favorably with Mozart in simplicity and beauty. Paderewski only shrugged his shoulders, but on the following evening he visits the poet again, and sits at the piano, saying:

"May I play you a little thing of Mozart's which, perhaps, you do not know?"

He played the minuet. Swiczechowski was enchanted and exclaimed, "Now you will acknowledge that a piece like that could never be written in our time!"

"Well," said the poet of the piano, "that happens to be a minuet written by myself."

In the following extract from Edgar Allen Poe, how many of us have felt the truth, or fancy, of its concluding sentence, "It is in music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the poetic sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal beauty. It may be, indeed, that here the sublime end is now and then attained in fact. We are often made to feel, with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are

stricken notes which cannot have been unfamiliar to the angels." When the harp strikes its rounded, thrilling and reverberating numbers, into the great symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, and Dvorak, we, indeed feel, that it is

something akin to the glorious "fulfillment" of music—something like the glow of a resplendent sunset. No other single instrument, save the harp, can fulfil the needful rounding element in an orchestra.



RANDOM NOTES.

By "Cambro."

Many of the leading writers of the present century have declared that the two greatest books in the world are the Bible and Shakespeare's works, and that their best inspiration was derived from a profound study of these two masterpieces of literature. Voltaire predicted that in a hundred years mankind would be too intelligent to even read such a mass of absurdities and contradictions as the so-called Holy Scriptures contain. The Bible has, however, steadily gained ground in the world's estimation, and parts thereof at least are now printed in 260 languages! How many copies of Voltaire's works are in circulation?

* * * * *

By the way, the wonderful imagination, pathos and power manifested in the productions of our greatest Welsh poets were doubtless obtained from a close and unremitting study of Holy Writ. For instance, that unrivalled gem of Welsh literature, "Awdl ar yr Iawn," by

Eben Fardd, discloses a marvelous knowledge of the Almighty's plans for the redemption of mankind, which naught but a deep and reverential study of the Scriptures could have furnished to the gifted author. Competent critics, who have analyzed Eben Fardd's masterpiece, and Milton's "Paradise Lost" assert that many passages in the former are far superior in sublimity of thought and construction of language to any that appear in the great work of Milton.

* * * * *

This suggests the thought and wish—oh! that the gifted poets of our race had familiarized themselves sufficiently with the English language to give to the world a portion at least of the creations of their genius in that language. Fortunately for music-loving humanity this has been done in the divinest of arts, for melody knoweth no language, hence Welsh music is known and appreciated throughout the civilized world, although sung by other nations to

less inspiring words than the Welsh.

* * * * *

The love of music, especially of the pathetic and patriotic kind, is inherent in the Welsh nature, and our countrymen have advanced with great strides in musical knowledge and ability during the last quarter of the present century. This is particularly true in relation to choral and oratorical music. Speed the day when our race shall produce a Verdi, a Wagner, or a Gounod, also a dramatic poet inspired to herald to the world in operatic music the valiant and heroic deeds of our ancestors.

* * * * *

To take and maintain its proper place among the intellectual and highly civilized nations of the earth (for we are a nation still) the Welsh race must produce a Walter Scott, whose literary genius shall reveal to

the world in the coming universal language (English) the achievements of our Welsh heroes, as Scott immortalized those of the Scottish race. "Cymru fydd" will ere long, it is to be hoped, be enabled to achieve this consummation "devoutly to be wished," for not only has the wholesome advice "Siaradwch y ddwy" been followed by the rising generation (in Wales at least) but "astudiwch y ddwy" also. As an incentive to some, as yet, unknown genius of the Welsh race to seek immortal fame in this department of literature, I would suggest that a liberal prize be offered by the National Eisteddfod of 1900, for the best historical romance written in the English language, and consisting of at least 20,000 words, whose principal character shall be Owain Glyndwr or Llewellyn ein Llyw-Olaf.



THE BLACK PSALM.

(From the Welsh of "Yr Haul.")

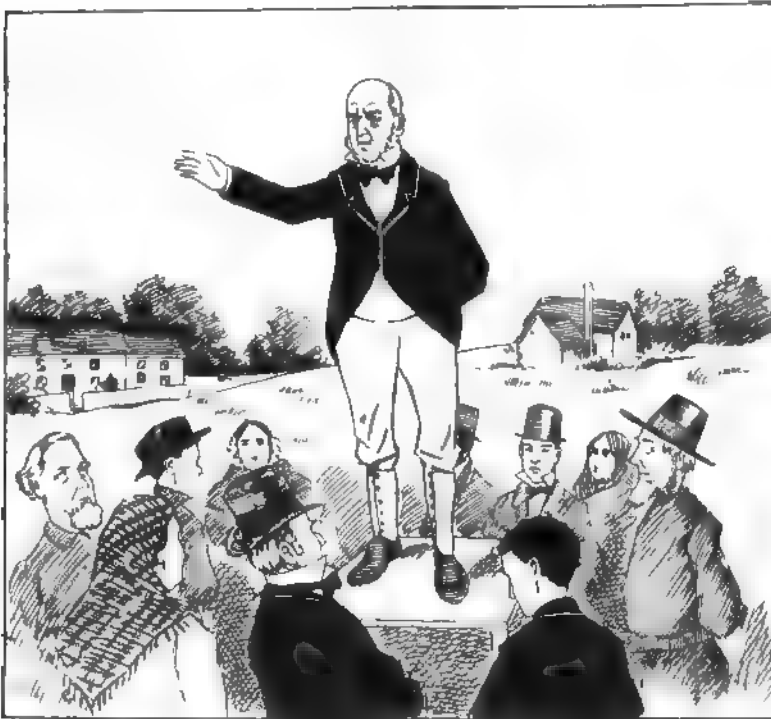
"No such thing as a curse, I have seen it myself." Early one winter night we were seated around the fireplace when it was beginning to get cold. Tom, my brother, had just returned from abroad, having served for two and a half years as mate on a big ship. Rowland had come up from London to spend a little time with Tom; my sister

Ellen, father, mother and myself sat there at the fire. Tom related of a ship captain who had been drowned in Hong Kong when he was there. "And it happened," one of the crew had told Tom, "as a curse on him for having abused one of his men on a previous voyage. The man's mother had read the Black Psalm and put his likeness in a bucket of

water, at 2 o'clock, the Sunday afternoon before he departed on his last voyage."

With the conceit of a young man from London, Rowland derided the idea, and he adduced some strong

old, my grandfather and grandmother lived in Cefngwyn, and adjoining it was a little holding called Ty'ncae, where lived a man and wife and six children. The next resident, Lloyd Jones, the great squire, was



* * * Everything outside including live stock and implements were soon sold, but on account of their being still a shortage to pay, the auctioneer started to sell the furniture.

philosophical reasons to show the impossibility of such an occurrence. The old man listened to the argument for some time, but Rowland's positiveness at last stirred him. "No such thing as a curse! I have seen it myself," he said. Myself and Ellen saw that a tale was coming, and we moved our stools nearer to him, and he began thus:

When I was a lad about 14 years

owner of both places. The Squire was a bachelor, and the heir to his property was a boy of 18 summers, his sister's son, who feeling the loneliness of living with his uncle, the boy had been used to spend his leisure time with the Tyncae family, and he and Eliza, a maid of 17, had become very fond of each other.

But the Ty'ncae folk were proverbially poor; the wife was sick with a

large family to care for, and times being pinched, had a hard time for years to pay rent; in fact, had failed to square up in recent years, and the last one had utterly failed. To make bad worse, the young master came to know how matters dragged, and he undertook to appeal to the old Squire in their behalf, which roused suspicion in his mind that there was something more than friendship between Master John and Eliza. Master John was sent away that summer.

One day, when I was at Cefngwyn, one of Tyncae's children came to fetch my grandmother, his mother being very ill. About dinner time, my grandmother returned. The poor woman at Tyncae had been startled by visiting bailiffs the day before, and had taken it sorely to heart. Grandmother went back after tea in the afternoon, and stayed there two days. The Tyncae man tramped around trying to borrow money to pay arrears in order to get rid of the bailiffs, but in this he failed. When his poor wife heard his efforts were unsuccessful she waxed worse, and before the morning she was dead.

Some of the neighbors went to the Squire in order to have him postpone the sale until after the burial; but his answer was, "If you wish to pay the rent, they will be allowed to remain there for another year." Everybody knew the loan would only be throwing money into a bog, and that not a halfpenny would be seen. All the neighbors were peo-

ple at their wit's end to make things square.

The day before the funeral was auction day. I went there in the morning with grandfather, and there I played with the children until noon, when the auctioneer came, and a few commenced to get together. With others the old Squire arrived to look after his interests. Everything outside including live stock and implements were soon sold, but on account of their being still a shortage to pay, the auctioneer started to sell the furniture. Everything was sold except what was in the chamber where the coffin was which contained the corpse. Yet there was a shortage, and the Squire was blue mad! No one would go into the chamber of death, but he compelled two of his workmen to fetch out the bed, which was sold. Then he went in himself, whence everything had been sold except the two chairs whereon the corpse rested. He called the workmen in again, and ordered them to take the chairs from under, placing the coffin on the floor. By this time there was nothing in the house excepting the corpse inside the coffin on the middle of the floor.

While all this was being done, the husband was sitting on the garden fence opposite, and by this time, the small children had commenced to realize something was wrong. They had, one after another, approached their father; and there the homeless family had gathered together, every one speechless, and every one, ex-

cept Eliza, gazing stupidly towards the door. She kept her eyes on the gate that opened on the lawn as if expecting some rescue from that direction. The last two chairs had been sold, and the people were beginning to disperse. The poor husband leaned his elbows on his knees and buried his face in his hands for a moment. Then he said suddenly to his oldest boy: "Go to Cefngwyn and ask the loan of the Bible and a piece of lime." When the lad had returned, said the father to the children, "Come in the house." He put the coffin on the middle of the kitchen's earth floor, and he told the children to stand in a circle, and he made a white O around with the piece of lime; and there they stood with a white mark around them.

With this, a horse galloped into the yard; Eliza ran out of the ring while her father attempted to hold her. Master John jumped from his horse, and met her with the inquiry "Liz, what has happened? I would have arrived this morning but the coach broke down, and I borrowed Mr. Roberts' horse to hurry hither." Eliza told him the whole story, and they both entered the house. "Come here, Eliza," said her father, "and you go to your uncle, John; he will need you pretty soon."

"Father, what are you going to do?" asked Eliza.

"I am going to lay the Lord's sentence on the Squire, and everybody belongs to him," replied her father determinedly.

"Master John had nothing to do

with it," said Eliza, seizing her lover by the arm.

"You stand right there," said her father, pointing with his finger to the spot whereon he wished her to remain in the circle, and she didn't dare to disobey him longer.

He took the Bible in his hand, and he opened it, but before he had time to read a word, Master John jumped over the white line. "Liz," he said, with his face white as lime, "this line shall not separate us, curse or no curse."

"'Twas in vain trying to persuade him, for he kept hold of Eliza, determined to remain with her or be expelled with her.

"Well," said her father, "that's all right. All of you kneel;" and kneel they all did, while he stood at the head of the coffin, and all with the life pretty nearly scared out of them. He uttered a few words as if in prayer. I forget now what, and then he started to read the one hundred and ninth Psalm. There was something horribly blood-curdling in his voice and utterance; and I thought he would never come to an end. After he had finished, says he, "All say 'Amen;'" and all except Eliza and Master John said "Amen" loud. I was so terrified that I ran home hurriedly and was still more scared when I saw granny's white face as I related the story.

Vicar Roberts arrived a little before dark. "Such a misfortune!" he said, "I have never seen such a thing before. Leave the house, lock the door, and come with me," said

he. And with him they went; and the children remained with him for days, but their father returned to the house and spent the night with the corpse.

The following day the remains were buried; and the Vicar on the morrow went to the Major of Bryngwyn and told him the whole history, which shocked him very deeply.

"Go 'darn," said he, "a hard turn, ain't it? and he forthwith arranged to lodge the miserable family at Brynrefail already furnished.

A year passed by, during which a good many things happened. The Squire and Master John had quarreled about the fate of the Tyncae family. Master John had gone to college, and the pitiful affair was partially forgotten. Exactly one year to the day, the Squire went over to Tyncae to visit his new ten-

ant, and when entering the yard he was struck sick. He was carried across the fields home, and Master John was sent for post haste, since the doctor thought he was about to die. But it didn't so happen, although that would have been better for him; for during the coming week his servants left him, and no one could be induced to nurse and attend on him. Master John went to Brynrefail to fetch Eliza, who nursed the old Squire for three long years. For three years he tried hard to die, like Herod consumed by worms. There were on his body large blisters filled with worms!

When Master John became of age, he married Eliza, about six months before the old Squire's death, and the present Squire Lloyd Jones is their son.

And you dare say there is no such thing as a curse!



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XX.

Among Thieves.

Trahaiarn's fate, which as we have seen, was veiled in so much uncertainty at the castle was all too plain to the prince himself. He did not submit to it without resistance. He no sooner realized that he and his

escort were being attacked than he unsheathed his sword and began to use it with as much effect as was possible in the darkness. Aside from the infliction of one or two fatal wounds, however, his exertions availed him little, for he was soon overpowered by the superior num-

ber of his assailants, who, disdainful of all consequences pounced upon him from all directions, while a greater number harassed the escort. Among the prince's assailants, and active as any of them, was the wily dissembler who had posed as a bard. Yet as we shall presently see he joined them in the attack because he desired to do so rather than because he was identified with them. As soon as he found that Trahaiarn was disarmed and bound, he withdrew into the woods on the right. Then a moment later while the prince was being carried past him still further into the thicket, and the rest of the assailants were leaving the scene of action in the same direction he was accosted by the leader of the band, and the two moved away together.

"I told thee that our scheme would not miscarry," said the pseudo-bard. "By St. Winifred, that upstart of a prince fell into our hands as easily as a bird into a snare."

"Ay, our scheme has worked admirably, and with but little loss methinks," was the reply. "It is fortunate that they came at so opportune a time; but this we owe no doubt to your prudence."

"No, I did but detain them a moment at the pillar. Had they come earlier I would have found some means of impeding their progress, or had they come a little later I would have caused them to hasten their speed; but the saints favored us with their timely arrival."

"Ha, ha, good! and none of them suspected that you were other than you seemed? By my faith, I must confess I feared the prince would not again be deceived by a bard after that episode at the castle."

"Thou hast never known of Howel the hermit making a failure of anything that he has undertaken to do, Hoel. I have acted many parts as occasion demanded, and would have maintained my double character unto this day had I not been surprised by the dastardly Cadivor and his men when I was giving Caradoc the succor he so much needed. But that is past now, and the lord of Portascyth is indebted to me for another proof of my loyalty."

"Were you not riding beside the prince when we made the attack? Methought I heard your voice."

"Ay, I played my part so well at the pillar that the simpleton took pity no less on my age than on my ignorance, and even persuaded his squire to lend me his horse, for which I was very thankful!"

"It is well for you and for our scheme that the prince was so easily deceived. Now that he is in our power we can do with him as we please. It was a bright idea of yours to send for us, for a prince cannot be captured every day, and Caradoc will now be under obligation to us for our service. When do you expect a visit from him?"

"In a day or two. In the meantime we must keep our hiding place a profound secret from all but him, for our own interest as well as his,

demands that our captive be placed where he can be of no assistance to the tyrannical son of Llewelyn."

From this conversation we rightly infer that the prince was in the hands of the outlaws of whom Hoel was chief, and that the hermit with the assistance of these denizens of the woods was still acting in the interests of Caradoc, lord of Portascyth. It was a part of the plan which resulted in the capture of Trahaiarn that his captors remain in the woods at a safe distance from the road until the rising of the moon, and this they now found it expedient to do owing to the dense darkness of the place.

"Who are you? and why am I subjected to this indignity?" demanded the prince in an irritated voice that had repeatedly put the same question to no purpose.

"You shall soon learn who we are," answered Hoel. "You shall also learn that what you deem indignity we regard as our privilege, for all authority has not its seat at Rhuddlan."

"It may far better have its seat in Rhuddlan than in these woods of such base traitors as you are its representatives," retorted Trahaiarn.

"You must needs be more discriminating in your use of words," said Hoel; for we are no traitors having never sworn fealty to any living person but ourselves."

"Nor to any living God," continued the prince, "judging from your deeds. If injustice be justice

with you, and if lawlessness be law, what may be the pleasure of your majesties with me? If captivity be freedom with you, pray give me a reason for this honor."

"At present we shall give you no reason, except that we will it to be so, without regard to God or any man but ourselves. If presently we shall deem it best to confer upon you the further honor of death we shall not be backward in executing our will."

"I knew you to be cut-throats, but I knew not that you were fonder of blood than of money. Now I shall not do you the indignity of offering you a ransom."

"There is not money enough in Gwynedd to buy your liberty, nor power enough in Gryffydd's court to compel us to do otherwise than we will."

So saying, Hoel accompanied by the hermit retired a short distance from the rest.

"Ha, ha, that parting fling was admirable," whispered the hermit. "He finds it hard to kick against the pricks, and if I mistake not thy replies to him will make his reflections of no agreeable nature. I only wish the usurper were in his place. By St. Winifred, we would soon adjust matters to suit ourselves then. I am confident, however, that the step we have taken will be no little help in the matter of ridding our beloved Cambria of the accursed Gryffydd."

"Not more, perhaps, than what you alluded to this afternoon," said

Hoel. "It will be a great help to have the support of Bleddyn and Rhiwallon, for they have a large following. They may change their minds, however, and upset our plans instead of aiding them."

"Let thy mind be at rest upon that point, for they are both envious of their brother's power and fame, and envy is a powerful ally of discontent. We shall see also that a most alluring bait shall be offered them."

The moon now came in sight, and the outlaws, accompanied by the hermit, hastened with their captive through the forest in a northerly direction, arriving about midnight at a natural cavern not far from where Llanarmon now stands. This cavern extended, as it does to-day, to an unknown depth, the mouth being much larger than the interior. At that time it was known only to a few people, and those few with the exception of the outlaws themselves, rarely ventured near it. Nor did the outlaws make it their permanent haunt, as they not infrequently occupied one of the caverns adjoining the hermit's cave. On this occasion, however, it was natural that they should seek this haunt, both for convenience sake and by reason of its distance from Rhuddlan. They

were determined that the king, in case he should send out searching parties, should not find it easy to secure the prince. Hence by way of further precaution Hoel sent a spy in the guise of a beggar to watch developments in and about the castle, while he himself led the way into the cavern. At a signal given by him a sort of curtain was pushed aside revealing at a short distance a fire which was invisible from the outside. When all had passed inside, the curtain was again drawn to conceal the reflection of the fire from unfriendly eyes, a precaution rarely needed, as the fact that the outlaws haunted the place was of itself sufficient reason to most people for keeping away. Then Hoel commanded two of his men to unbuckle the prince's armor, while the others threw themselves on the ground around the fire. Judging that resistance would be of no avail, yet realizing that he would be more at the mercy of his captors without his armor Trahaiarn sullenly submitted to the inevitable. Meanwhile he endured the gaze of about thirty outlaws with a defiant look, and as his eyes wandered from face to face they unexpectedly encountered the familiar form of the disguised hermit.

(To be continued.)



FIELD OF LETTERS

The "Cronicle" for July contains the following articles with an interesting miscellany: "Notes" by the Editor—Nonconformists and Confirmation; Two Departed Deacons; The Congregational Union in Debt; The Pulpit of the Age; The Queen's Eightieth Birthday; The English and the Transvaal; The Welsh Party; Pension for the Old; The Liberal Gain; The Clergy Relief Bill, &c.

Our Members of Parliament have failed to agree to the formation of a Welsh Party. This is a step backwards. The late Osborn Morgan used to ridicule the idea of a Welsh Party, but long before he died, he realized the need of it. Although he was a Churchman and an Anglo-Welshman, yet he discovered that the interests of Wales were safe only in the hands of a Welsh Party. It is strange to see the Welsh members of Parliament relapsing to their old condition of helplessness prior to the revival of Welsh nationalism. The majority of them to-day is Welsh and Nonconformist, and they ought to know the needs of their country; but it appears the people will have to lead them to the realization of their mission.

Fiction is the leading feature of the August number of "Harper's Magazine." Among the short stories which it contains are "Allie Cannon's First and Last Duel," by Seumas MacManus; "The Lady of the Garden," by Alice Duer; "The Tree of Knowledge," by Mary E. Wilkins; "The Angel Child," by Stephen Crane; "The Sorrows of

Don Tomas Pidal, Reconcentrado," by Frederic Remington; "A Duluth Tragedy," by Thomas A. Janvier; and "When Mrs. Van Worchester Dines," by Anna Wentworth Sears. The main story in "The Drawer" is "A Compounded Felony," by James Barnes. There are further installments of "Their Silver Wedding Journey," by W. D. Howells, and "The Princess Xenia," by H. B. Marriott Watson. The more serious features are Mr. Sandham's article on "Haiti the Unknown," another chapter of Dr. Wyeth's "Life of General Forrest," Admiral Beardslee's paper on "Episodes of the Taiping Rebellion," and Lieutenant Calkins' study of "The Filipino Insurrection of 1896." Bliss Carman and Thomas Dunn English are the verse writers of the number. The illustrations are throughout uncommonly attractive.

In her article on the "Antiquity and Stability of the British Church," in the June number of "Yr Haul," Lady Ramsay says: "Nonconformity was unknown in Wales a hundred years ago; but now it is a heartrending spectacle to see chapel arrayed against chapel fighting for political capital, united in nothing except in their opposition to the Mother Church; it is a spectacle which pains every one who loves Christian unity. It would have pained the hearts of the leaders of Nonconformity, a hundred years ago, Howell Harris, the good and godly man who tenderly and solemnly protested against those who departed from the Mother

Church in his time rather than remain in it, showing its excellence by leading faithful lives within its fold. Also Daniel Rowlands, who with his last breath advised his son to stand with the Church in spite of all. Certainly, there is no good to religion and good morals in these continuous contentions and unrighteous enmity towards the old Church."

To everyone, but especially to those whose reading time is limited, the value of an unbiased journal of criticism must be apparent. "Literature" is just such a journal. Its criticism of new books are written by men whose opinions are looked up to the world over. Its literary news is authoritative, and the special articles which appear in its columns are from the pens of the best known men of letters in this country and England.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for July is, as usual, interesting and instructive. Among a choice collection of material are the following: The Rev. R. H. Morgan, M. A. (with portrait); Curiosities of the Bible; The Rev. David Howell, Swansea (with portrait); Williams and Phillips (two veteran ministers of Swansea, with portrait); A Gentleman no One was permitted to See (A Story); Temperance in America; Sir James Outram (with portrait); with an entertaining miscellany.

In the "Drysorfa" for July we find the following articles: The Rev. John Evans, Abermeurig (with portrait); The Claim of God and the Duties of Man (Art. III.) by the Rev. J. J. Roberts, Porthmadoc; Reminiscences of the Revs. William Charles, Gwalchmai; John Ogwen Jones, B. A., Rhyl; and Richard Owen, Cana, Anglesey; by the Rev. B. Hughes, St. Asaph; the Welsh Abroad, by the Rev. Evan Rees (Dyfed); Athanasius, by the Rev. Grif-

fith Ellis, Bootle; Monthly Notes, Reviews, Reports, &c., &c.

There is an old saying that a country is stronger than a lord, and, certainly, stronger than a committee. Not often is met a body of men more obstinate and intractable than the majority of the executive committee of the Cardiff Elsteddffod; athwart every sense and reason, they insisted on having intoxicants inside the territory of the Elsteddffod during the sessions, as a sore temptation to the people that would surely attend, and a degradation to the only national institution we have. But the folly touched the nation's heart, and compelled it to speak out in unmistakable terms. Resolutions poured in on the committee from all directions; from religious societies, leaders of choirs, and the Welsh Press was not silent in the crisis. Last, but not least, the General Assembly of the Welsh Presbyterians at Liverpool lodged also its protest, which helped to turn the scales. Within a week, a resolution was passed to exclude intoxicant beverages from the Elsteddffod grounds. We are glad enough to throw up our hat and celebrate such a victory. This repays all the efforts of the Assembly. We also believe the fight has been fought for the last time, and no other National committee will attempt such another movement.

The forthcoming numbers of "Harper's Weekly" will be invaluable to those who wish to follow the progress of events in the world of sport. The golf tournament at Chicago, the trial races for the selection of a defender of the America's cup, and the track games between the American and English university men will all be treated in detail. A new story by John Kendrick Bangs, entitled "The Enchanted Typewriter," will appear as a serial in

the "Weekly" during the latter part of summer.

Contents of the "Traethodydd" for July: Preaching, by M. C. Morris, Ystrad; The New Methodist Hymnal, by Dyfed; The Bard and his Harp (A poem); The College Career of the late Tom Ellis, by Principal T. F. Roberts, M. A., Aberystwyth; A Popular Book, by J. Owen, M. A., Criccieth; and other articles, poems, correspondence of the Rev. Thomas Charles of Bala, and reviews.

Among the contents of the "Cerddor" for July are the following articles: A new celebration for the next century, by D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac.; Reviews; Miss Maggie Davies in America; Notes and a Miscellany of interest. No. 40 of the Series of Musical Biographies is Mr. D. W. Lewis, Brynaman, and the musical number is by E. Broome, "By the Waters of Babylon." In his remarks on the anglicisation of the *Eisteddfod*, a writer objects energetically to converting a purely Celtic institution into English. It is Saxons we behold on the platform of our *Eisteddfodau*, he writes, and in the Saxon tongue the adjudications are rendered. We have nought against the Saxons as Saxons; but we complain that the Welsh are so ignored. A Welsh "beirniad" ought to be every time on hand as co-adjudicator, so the decision may be delivered in the language of the people. How droll it is to have the Saxon dubbed "Chief Musical Adjudicator in our National festivals!"

What accounts for the bad sermons of the Middle Ages? Was it not what they preached about? Generally, trash and nonsense was the material of their sermons. A series of sermons was preached by divines in Vienna, in 1430, on the "History of the Thirty Pieces of Silver." They said that Terah, Abra-

ham's father, coined the money, and that they circulated until, finally, they came to Mary's possession, as a gift to Jesus when a child, from the wise men; that Mary gave them to the priests in Jerusalem at the time of her purification; and that they were kept in the Temple until given to Judas for betraying his Lord. Was there anything in such balderdash to inspire a preacher? Far less as spiritual *fabulum* for a congregation in sore need of the bread of life? Other matters of import preached on were Mary, the saints, purgatory, and the fire of hell, and oft the preacher is said to have brimstone to burn in the pulpit as an illustration of the eternal punishment of the lost. Seeing and hearing such nonsense is it strange that the people left the house of God.

"The Dividing line between Matter and Spirit" is continued in "Cwrs y Byd;" "Penrhiwgaled" (a drama) is drawing to an end; The Origin of the Historical Books of the Old Testament; Spiritualism; The Way of the World—the Order of Things; The Social Foot-ball; Correspondence. Obituaries, Poems, &c., &c.

During the last half century, says "Cwrs y Byd," society never was in such turmoil and so unsettled as at present. There has been, many a time, more noise, more superficial excitement, shouting and threats, but the discontent of to-day is deep, wide and serious. Discontent in the past was a mere puff of wind or a passing humor; the discontent of ignorance, easily satisfied and quieted by a piece to eat, or a drink to swallow, but people now are discontented because they intelligently realize their lack of natural rights. The present discontent is like the incipient tremor of a great earthquake, which will not pass by without toppling over some old systems.

We have been all along contending and wrangling continuously about things of secondary import, and sending to Parliament representatives who do not help the people. Here we are, miners, quarrymen, tradesmen, laborers, etc., working and slaving all our life, and yet we have nothing, not even ground enough to grow a leek to celebrate St. Davids Day! The people should pay more attention to their own affairs, and less to worthless celebrations. How well it may be said of us, in the past, that the blind has been leading the blind. Let us henceforth walk in the light of the rights of man. The system must be changed; the earth must be freed from the shackles of the lords.

Among the contents of the "Dysgedydd" for July are the following papers: The late Rev. Dan Jones, Ford, Pembroke, by the Rev. D. Lewis, Rhyl; Does the Grain of Wheat Prove the Resurrection, by the Rev J. D. Jones, Abercanaid; Reminiscences of the Great Revival of 1859 (Sixth Paper), by W. J. Parry, Bethesda; Shon Robert, Pantyrone, by the Rev. T. R. Davies, Burnley. In the "Events of the Month," the editor passes some severe comments on two notable cases of disrespect to the dead. However, a man may hate the living, once he is dead, his remains become sacred, and every one is disposed to show becoming respect to them. But in England and Wales he notices two cases which seem to show that the old saying of "nihil nisi bonum de mortuis" is being forgotten, and a behavior of blaguardism towards the dead is likely to become more common. General Kitchener commanded the remains of the Mahdi to be thrown into the Nile, and parts distributed among his officers as mementoes. For this act of uncalled for barbarity, the General was elevated

to the House of Lords, and 30,000 pounds sterling voted to him by Parliament as a pecuniary compensation. The other case is the Rector of Flint's malicious attack on the memory of the late Tom Ellis, based on a letter received from some one who has been proved to be ignorant of the facts in the case, or a wilful calumniator. The statement has been subsequently shown to be unfounded, Mr. Ellis having never been in receipt of a salary during his Parliamentary career. The story was an utter fiction, and the Rector was a mere cat's paw.

A very valuable and interesting manuscript recently discovered in Marsalands, Llandudno, has come into the possession of the Rev. D. O'Brien Owen, Carnarvon. It is in the handwriting of the late Rev. Owen Jones, F.S.A. (Meudwy Mon), the well-known Welsh historian, and is of foolscap size, containing about 500 pages of very beautiful handwriting. Its contents include pedigrees of the well-known Welsh families of Gwynedd and Powis, the descendants of the Fifteen Royal Tribes of Wales, and poems in the form of "awdlau" and "cywyddau," with notes on some difficult passages in the same by the ancient Welsh bards.

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A GOOD RULE.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak, three gates of gold.
Three narrow gates—first, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" in your mind
Give truthful answer; and the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"
And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.
—The Designer.

SCIENTIFIC

The stomach, kidneys, and entire digestive tract react strongly upon the eyes, and if the latter are to be kept clear and bright one cannot eat too carefully.

A Baltimorean who has been a close student of household economics has recently made a comparison of the weight of paper with the weight of food supplies purchased. In one day's purchase it is said that the paper wrapping amounted to about ten per cent of the total. In a list of supplies costing about \$1.40, he found that the paper which was weighed with the provisions cost $14\frac{3}{4}$ cents. He claimed that this was altogether out of proportion.

Nuttall has determined that the smell of freshly turned earth is due to the growth of a bacterium, the *Cladothrix odorifera*, which multiplies in decomposing vegetable matter, and more rapidly in the presence of heat and moisture. Hence the odor is especially marked after a shower, or when moist earth is disturbed. In dry soil the development of the bacterium is arrested, but it is immediately resumed with vigor as soon as moisture is restored.

As for the baby, its eyes, those little "windows of the soul," should receive the tenderest care. The parasol of the coach should be dark green or blue; never white, which, of course, is pretty. It ought never to be allowed to face the glare or any swaying object. The latter causes strabismus, or cross-eyes. Myopia, or short sight, comes usually from reading at a very early age; so whenever it is possible the mother should have the children in the open

air or in the kindergarten until the little ones have accumulated force enough to carry them safely through their studies.

A Boston physician, Dr. Simpson, maintains, according to "Cosmos," "that the use of artificial teeth is bad for old persons, because it enables them to eat meat. The teeth, he affirms, fall out naturally at a certain age, because nature means that at this particular time of life we should limit ourselves to a vegetable diet. Dr. Simpson insists that his ideas on this point are by no means as paradoxical as they may seem to some people."

Mrs. Ernest Hart, who recently made a trip around the world, appears to come to the conclusion that meat-eating is bad for the temper. She says that in no country is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill-temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England. If we compare domestic life and manners in England with those of other countries where meat does not form such an integral article of diet, a notable improvement will be remarked. In less meat-eating France urbanity is the rule of the home; in fish and rice-eating Japan, harsh words are unknown.

A certain old lady, who has exemplary in her own estimation and that of her neighbors, boasted of making her father's shirts, as a little girl, all by hand. Some of the work done in 1808 is still to be seen. As she was then but eight years old, and most of the work done after tiresome hours at

school, sitting upright, on backless forms, and admonished by the mistress's thimble taps, she doubtless felt pretty tired, she used her young eyes and hands by candle-light. The grandchildren of that abnormally industrious little girl are now paying the price of those fairy stitches in depleted health and impaired sight.

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SCIENCE OF SKULL-TAPPING.

Certain disciples of Charcot, notably Gilles de la Tourette, have recently evolved a new scheme, or rather a new aid to diagnosis, in the sound of the skull. They tap the skull with a little hammer and according to the character of the note it gives out they conclude as to the condition of the brain. The skull of a child gives out a note of higher pitch than that of a man. In old age the skull sound rises again. The thickness of the skull can be determined after some practice, and any disease or fracture betrays itself by the peculiar sound. Some skulls, according to the doctors, give out a veritable sound of a cracked pot, and so the popular term "cracked" for a person of eccentric intellect is fully justified.

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SHAKESPEARE AND INSANITY.

In a work just published in Berlin entitled "The Representations of Insanity in Shakespeare's Plays," the author, Dr. Laehr, demonstrates Shakespeare's wonderful insight into human nature and the phenomena of insanity. He shows how Shakespeare's delineation of the onset of insanity in King Lear is entirely in accordance with the knowledge of the medical profession to-day on the subject, although it was entirely misunderstood by the medical profession of Shakespeare's day. Besides Lear, he selects the case of Hamlet for

examination and discussion, and he treats his subject in the masterly way which characterizes the German scientists.

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INDIVIDUAL CUPS.

The use of individual cups in the communion services is the subject of an approving editorial in "The Lutheran Observer." The editor speaks of being present at a service in which the individual cups were used, and says: "The quiet solemnity with which all this occurred removed every vestige of prejudice and apprehension which we previously entertained in regard to this method of administering the Holy Supper. It was really more solemn and impressive than the old method, and we advise any pastors who have doubts and prejudices in regard to this improved method of administering the sacrament to attend on such an occasion in order to judge of its adaptation and character for themselves."

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ABOUT CHEESE.

"Cheese," said some wisecrack long ago, "digests everything but itself." "Never was there a greater error perpetuated by a popular proverb," says a writer in "The National Druggist," (though the class of sententious sayings, which pass for concrete wisdom, are responsible for many and great mistakes). It aids in the digestion of nothing, and being almost totally indigestible, simply adds another burden to an already overburdened digestive system. The feeling of comfort produced in a person of robust digestive faculties by partaking of a little—a very little—cheese is due entirely to the excitation of the flow of digestive fluid, provoked by the ingestion of a completely indigestible substance."

THERE IS DANGER IN BEARDS.

"The beard," says "The British Medical Journal," "has lately fallen under suspicion of being the haunt of bacilli. It has been hinted that surgeons who wish to keep inviolate the aseptic faith should for conscience' sake sacrifice what Parolles calls 'valor's excrement.' * * * But the beard may, we are now told, be a means of conveying infection quite apart from surgical operation. Dr. Schoull, of Tunis, has long been so convinced of the dangers which lurk in the beards and moustaches of men suffering from tuberculosis, that he has made it a rule to insist on the thorough disinfection of these masculine adornments when the wearer will not consent to part with them. He has made experiments by innoculating material obtained from the hairs of the beard and moustache in guinea-pigs, and the results have convinced him that the danger to which he calls attention is a real one."

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CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Celery is a cure for rheumatism; indeed, it is asserted that the disease is impossible if the vegetable be cooked and freely eaten. The fact that it is always put upon the table raw prevents its therapeutic powers from being known. The celery should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft, and the water drunk by the patient. Put new milk, with a little flour or nutmeg into a saucepan with the boiled celery, serve it warm, with pieces of toast, eat it with potatoes, and the painful ailment will soon yield. Such is the declaration of a physician who has again and again tried the experiment and with uniform success. Acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause of rheumatism, and while the blood is alka-

line there can be neither rheumatism nor gout.

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THE EFFECT OF DRINK.

The worst is that the drunkard punishes his children for his own crimes. Insanity, idiocy, moral depravity, hysteria, epilepsy are only too frequently the lot of the offspring of a drunken father. It may be argued that the medical men can exaggerate by choosing extreme cases, but that these cases exist is in itself worth thinking about. But the doctors do not, as a rule, discriminate against the dram drinker. A Swiss physician closely watched twenty families. Ten were moderate drinkers or abstainers, ten were used to excess for some generations. The former had altogether sixty-one children. Five of these died young, two were malformed, two were slow of development, two suffered from St. Vitus's dance. In the families of the heavy drinkers were seventy-five children. Twelve died young, and only nine were healthy. The rest were idiotic, misshapen, deaf and dumb, or epileptic. Of eighty-three epileptic children at the Salpetriere, sixty had drunken parents.

Eggs subjected to alcoholic vapors give misshapen, sickly chickens. Dogs treated to doses of alcohol have epileptic young, or fail to produce live young at all. No wonder that terror seizes the heart of nations. Unless there is a change for the better, the majority of people in future generations will be unfit to live. Nor has all been told. We have statistics of those who dies or are locked up as the result of alcoholism; but the many who go about free, who manage to do some kind of work, to marry and to beget children are not counted. They give the nation its death wound, from which it can not well recover.—"Figaro," translated for the Literary Digest.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

Dr. Henry Naunton Davies was essentially a Rhondda Valley man, having been born in Dinas 72 years ago, and spent the whole of a very busy professional life in the district. He belonged to a well-known medical family, his father, the late Dr. Evan Davies, and grandfather enjoying an extensive practice in Dinas and the district around. He was privately educated in Swansea, and eventually proceeded to Guy's Hospital. He qualified in 1854, and became L.R.C.P. of London and Edinburgh, and M.R.C.S. England. Before qualifying, however, his father died, and until the deceased gentleman qualified the late Dr. Price, of Llantrisant, carried on the practice. He took up his residence at Porth at a time when the now populous valleys were dotted with straggling farmhouses and cottages. He lived to enjoy a very extensive practice, which increased with the remarkable development of the coalfield. He was surgeon to the Dinas, Penygraig, Clydach Vale, Lewis Merthyr, Ynyshir, Hafod, and Glamorgan Collieries, and had in his service a number of assistants. By his colleagues in the profession he was regarded as a skilful and learned physician in whom they could place every confidence, and his kindness and tenderness to his patients made him extremely popular. He was of a quiet, unassuming disposition, and was unobtrusively charitable. It is said of him that he never charged a poor patient for his services, and that he was never known to send an account for services rendered professionally to clergymen and ministers. A few years ago he was the recipient of a handsome address and a full-size painting of him-

self by the public, who in that way gave tangible expression to their respect for him and appreciation of his long and devoted services to them. He was surgeon to the Tynewydd Colliery during the memorable inundation in 1877, and for the zeal and bravery which he then displayed he was presented with some valuable plate from the Mansion House Fund, and a gold medal from the British Medical Association, he being the first gold medalist of that association. It will be remembered that for about 10 days six men were entombed in the colliery, and when it was discovered that they were alive Dr. Davies joined the rescue party and went below, where he remained a day and night in order to attend the unfortunate men when they were reached. Upon that occasion he turned the long room in the Tynewydd Hotel into a temporary hospital, where the rescued men were removed and attended to. It was then that Dr. Davies conceived the idea of establishing a hospital in the district, and from that day he never rested until the present Cottage Hospital was erected in Porth, about six years ago. He was regarded as the father of that institution, and too much cannot be said of the time and money he sacrificed in its behalf.

There are now four LL.D.'s in Wales—the Rev. J. Bowen Jones, Brecon; the Rev. Gurnos Jones, Pyle; Mr. Charles Wilkins, Merthyr Tydfil; and last, but not least, "Morien," Treforest.

Dr. Joseph Parry has been asked by the committee of the Liverpool Nation-

al Eisteddfod for next year to write a new work which will be performed at one of the Eisteddfod concerts. The work is to be a dramatic cantata, with a libretto founded on a Welsh historical subject. In performance it will take an hour and a half. Dr. Parry's other commissioned works drew large audiences at previous national gatherings—"Nebuchadnezzar" at Liverpool, "Saul of Tarsus" at Rhyl, and "Cambria" at Llandudno.

Rev. Wm. A. Eardley-Thomas graduated B. A. from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., June, 1896; was ordained deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church, May, 1899 (Trinity Sunday); received the degree of M. A. June, 1899, from his Alma Mater; graduated also June, 1899, from Berkeley Divinity School, Middleton, Conn. He has taken charge of two missions in Maine—

Henderson and Sherman—his headquarters being at Henderson. Mr. Thomas is proud of his Welsh ancestry, and always glad to meet a fellow clansman. He is engaged in hunting up his Welsh forebears.

His father, Wm. Eardeley-Thomas, son of Daniel and Sophia (Applebie) Eardeley-Thomas was born Aug. 23, 1839, in Aberayon, South Wales, and came to this country when 14. January 1, 1862, he married in New York City Harriet Elizabeth Maltby (1832-1893), daughter of Joseph and Betsey Goldsmith (Chase) Maltby.

Daniel K. Davis, of 2618 Sixteenth Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn., was drowned at a point about 100 miles from Fort Cudahy, Alaska, June 7. Mr. Davis was alone in a boat on the Forty Mile Creek when the craft struck a rock and capsized. The accident was witnessed by five men on the shore. They could not render assist-

ance. The body has not been recovered. Deceased leaves a wife and four sons. Mr. Davis and a number of others left home for the Klondike late in 1897. Some of the members of the party soon became discouraged, and returned. Among these were J. W. Williams, a Franklin Avenue druggist, who learned of his friend's sad death. Little has been heard from Mr. Davis, but it is thought he was not successful in his search for gold. Mr. Davis was a Welshman, forty-nine years of age. He went to Minneapolis in 1882, and four years later was elected to the lower branch of the State Legislature from the Thirty-third district.

Mr. T. Chalmers Davies, whose beautiful poem "Bunch of Violets" appears in "Current Literature" for July, and credited to the "Cambrian," is the son of the Rev. T. C. Davies, for 25 years pastor of the Second Avenue Welsh Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, Pa. We leave Mr. Davies' productions to praise him in their own felicitous way.

Madame Anna Williams, the popular Welsh singer, was the first person who ever sang in the Albert Hall, London. The Queen wished to ascertain the acoustic properties of the building, and Miss Williams, then quite a girl, sang a song without any accompaniment. For this the Welsh singer received a gold watch and chain from her Majesty.

Marie Trevelyan, the gifted authoress of many books about Wales, has established a novel record. She is the first lady in the United Kingdom to write a railway guide. The railway route she so fascinatingly describes in her new volume is the Barry, and this, like all her books upon Wales, have been written in the town of her birth, old Llanilltyd Vawr.

THE LATE REV. DANIEL I. JONES,
CINCINNATI, O.

The Rev. Daniel I. Jones, son of Isaac and Gwen Jones, was born in Perry Township, Gallia County, Ohio, July 31, 1841. He was the youngest of five brothers who grew to maturity and became heads of families. In his depar-

Ohio University at Athens. At the age of sixteen he taught school.

When about 18 years of age he was licensed to preach the gospel by the church of which he was a member. About this time he was encouraged by the Rev. Mr. Halsey, who was then Secretary of the Ohio Home Missionary Society of Congregational Church-



Rev. Daniel I. Jones, Cincinnati, O.

ture but one remains. As a child he was gentle, kind, conscientious, industrious and obedient. When 13 years old he united with the Welsh Congregational Church at Ty'nrhos, where his father and mother and three brothers, John, William and Edward were members. He and his brother Thomas became members at the same time. Having attended winter schools for some years, at the age of fifteen he entered the preparatory department of the

es, to attend the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, and serve some churches in the county. He was ordained to the ministry by a Congregational Council at Olive Greens in 1865. In 1864 he graduated in the scientific course at the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in the classical course in 1867. In the same year he entered Lane Seminary, graduating in 1870. During his course in the Seminary, in 1868, he became pastor of the Columbia Congre-

gational Church, in Cincinnati. He continued in this position till 1872. During this pastorate he was married to his now bereaved companion, Miss Mary Frances Burgoyne, May 11, 1871, by whom he has had eight children, two dying in infancy, six remaining—two sons and four daughters. In 1872 he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Belpre, Ohio, where he remained two years. During 1875 he lived on his farm. In 1876 he became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Pleasant Ridge, where he continued till 1881, when he became publisher and editor of "The Cambrian."

While publishing "The Cambrian" he was also the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Ludlow, Ky. In 1889 he sold his interest in "The Cambrian," and became pastor of the Riverside Congregational Church. In 1889 he became pastor of the Congregational Church in Zanesville, Ohio, which position he held till 1893, when he returned to Cincinnati, and became pastor of the Storrs Congregational Church. He resigned this pastorate in 1898. During the past year he preached often until his health failed. He was a good writer, a clear, logical and instructive preacher, a sympathizing pastor, a faithful and devoted husband, a kind and affectionate father, a true and generous friend. He had many friends, and will live long in the memory of those who knew him best. He had served God from childhood, and when he came to walk through the valley and shadow of death he had no fear. He ended his journey June 14, 1899, at the age of 57 years, 10 months and 14 days. He was buried June 16, from the First Presbyterian Church, where he was also married.

A large congregation gathered to pay their last tribute to his memory. His body rests in Spring Grove Cemetery, by the side of his infant children, until the day dawn and the shadows shall flee away.

Having received a notification that on the recommendation of Mr. Balfour her Majesty has been pleased to approve the grant to him of a Civil List Pension of £40 a year in consideration of his services to Welsh literature, the Welsh literary policeman, Mr. Charles Ashton, will now, like the Vicar of Wakefield, be passing rich on £40 a year. Mr. Ashton had already received in 1895, on the recommendation of Lord Rosebery, a grant of £100 out of the Royal Bounty Fund.

Cardinal Manning in his early life was pretty well in the hands of Welshmen. The late Mr. E. S. Purcell, in his "Life of Cardinal Manning," says that "in his tenth year (1817) Henry Manning was sent to school at Streatham, kept by a Welshman of the name of Davies, a clergyman of the old sort, as the cardinal used to describe him. He had as his assistant his nephew, David Jones, and as usher a man named Rees. Owing to illness, Henry Manning remained only two years at this school." In the same volume the cardinal, in "Notes and Reminiscences" of his Oxford life, written a few years before his death, says:—"By that time, I may say, I began a real turning to God. I read also Irving's books on prophecy, and went to hear him preach, and a cracked-voiced Welshman in Longacre of the name of Howell, a wonderful and original thinker, who greatly interested me."



Milton's mother was a kinswoman of Oliver Cromwell, and a native of South Wales.

Dr. Owen Pughe's Welsh Dictionary was almost twice as large as any English dictionary previously published.

Cardiganshire supplies the youngest knight in the Queen's birthday honors. Judge Lawrence Hugh Jenkins is only forty-one, but he is evidently a great lawyer to have climbed so high as the Chief Judgeship of the High Court of Bombay so young.

When at Crymmyrch recently the Rev. S. Baring-Gould was so delighted with the village choir's rendering of the beautiful tune "Crugybar" that he has since written a hymn to the same metre, with the object of introducing the tune in his parish.

A most interesting feature of "Morfen's" new book on "Tonyrefall" is an excellent photograph of the Methodist chapel, with the venerable William Evans in the pulpit. The patriarch is shown in a favorite attitude, and the portrait is exact.

"Cibll," plural "cibllon," are Welsh words for "toast" and "toasts." What patriotic Welshmen, when called upon to propose the toast of the immortal St. David, has not been anxious to secure a better word for toast than "llwnodestyn?" Why not revive the use of "cibll" and "cibllon?" Both Dr.

W. O. Pughe and Chancellor Silvan Evans give these words in their dictionaries.

Welsh hymn-tunes are almost all written in the minor key, and so, according to "T.C.U." in the "Ymofynydd," are the majority of the hymns themselves:—"Gormod o dinc dyffryn Beca, tinc bechgyn y bac-sis sydd yn emynau a thonau Cymru, a rhy fach o'r tinc sydd yn llawenhau."

Cardiganshire has some interest in Oom Paul's friends. The second daughter of Alderman T. David, of Laugharne, is married to a brother of the Secretary of State for the Transvaal (Mr. Van Biscoeten), and another daughter is about to be married to the high-sheriff of the Transvaal.

The Cardiff librarian, Mr. J. Ballinger, has made a rare find. The ravages of book worms are familiar to most people who handle old books, but the insect itself is rarely met with. The librarian has just found a good specimen in an old edition of "Canwyll y Cymry," and another was recently sent to him by Mr. T. H. Thomas, R.C.A.

A Welsh educationalist in Cardiff states that the Sonnenschein-Melkley system of teaching to read is exactly that which has always been in vogue in Wales since the days of Griffith Jones, Llanddowror. It suits Welsh to a nicety, on account of the phonetic character of the language, and what

the authors aim at is to treat English as a phonetic language as much as possible.

Bishop Thirlwall, in "Letters to a Friend," writing 5th April, 1867, says:—"In the last volume of the Camden Society there is a portrait of Cristina Queen of Sweden. Is it not odd that it represents her in a regular Welshwoman's hat with a very broad brim? I suspect this kind of hat must have been common in England at one time, and that its survival in parts of Wales shows how much more conservative Welshwomen are than their English sisters."

The total area of cultivated land in Wales continues to decrease year by year. Comparing the years 1898 and 1897, corn crops have declined from 402,257 acres to 379,448, green crops from 117,369 to 115,024, and permanent pasture from 1,930,332 to 1,923,829. Clover, sainfoin, and grasses under rotation have increased from 374,038 to 380,558. The total acreage under crops and grass in Wales has fallen from 2,833,190 to 2,826,774.

An idea of the extent of the fishing industry in West Wales may be gathered from the fact that some six or seven hundred open sailing boats are at work when the season is at its height. The fish are caught chiefly off the South Irish coast, and the boats come from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, some, indeed, belonging to France. Sometimes a lot of money is made. A few years ago mackerel were bought at Kinsale for 1s. per 100, and sold at Neylands for £1 per 100, the original catchers getting next to nothing.

The Celtic character has all the failings, and all the good qualities, of the solitary man; at once proud and tim-

id, strong in feeling and feeble in action, at home free and unreserved, to the outside world awkward and embarrassed. It distrusts the foreigner because it sees in him a being more refined than itself, who abuses its simplicity. Indifferent to the admiration of others, it asks only one thing, that it should be left to itself.

The memorial era may now be said to have been fairly ushered in in Wales. Scarcely a week passes without the discovery of some new claimant to a national memorial. Mr. W. Payne, of Southsea, is very warmly taking up a proposal to commemorate the work of Dr. Owen Pughe, the lexicographer, by the erection of a statue at Dolgelly, Dr. Pughe having been born in the adjoining parish of Talyllyn in 1759. Vocabularies before Dr. Pughe's time, he states, did not contain more than 15,000 words. Dr. Pughe added 100,000 words!

The place occupied by Wales among the nations of the United Kingdom is higher than it was thirty years ago, but it might easily be higher still. Wales is small, and the Government might try many experiments in Wales that could not well be tried in Ireland, or Scotland, or England. Wales is so law-abiding—see the positive dearth of offenders in Merioneth—that almost any change might be tried without fear of evil results. The masses of the people are so intelligent and well-read that there is no fear of excesses.

The competition among different towns for the honor of being considered the capital of Wales increases. The Bishop of Chester recently claimed that Chester was the capital of North Wales, if not of the whole of the Principality, and now Liverpool has started to compete with Cardiff by adding to the City Library a number of works in the

Welsh language, and having these, together with all the English works relating to Wales, catalogued for the use of Welsh students. Verily the Celtic revival is spreading.

A Carnarvon paper—the “Herald”—is pretty severe upon the Rev. H. Price Hughes with reference to his ruling at the Welsh Wesleyan Assembly at Machynlleth that all serious business should be discussed in English. “Somebody else said,” remarks our contemporary, “that there were many who could not understand English, whereupon the president hoped they did not desire to insult him and other English people who were present. What a lot of twaddle! The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is a Welshman, and he had no business to forget his language.”

One of the most valued privileges of the Welsh colonists in Patagonia from the first settlement in the sixties has been the right to elect the magistracy by popular vote. The Argentine Government has, however, just taken the unprecedented and extreme step of appointing its own nominee in the Rawson district without consulting or even notifying the Welsh colonists. Though the colonists have held indignation meetings to protest against this deprivation of rights, they find themselves helpless in the face of the military force the Argentine Government has drafted into the colony.

About the end of August a unique four day gathering will be held at Llandrindod Wells. Last summer a committee, consisting of representatives of the four denominations, was formed at Llandrindod, with the view of arranging for a convention, or, as the Welsh title goes “Cymanfa i Bobl Ieuainc Cymru.” The convention will be conducted on somewhat similar lines to

the Society of Christian Endeavor, with this difference, that it will be limited to Wales. The main object of the convention is said to be the deepening of the spiritual life.

Here is an extract from an article on the “Mediaeval Sunday” in this month’s “Nineteenth Century:”—“In Wales and in the remoter parts of the kingdom, into which Puritanism never completely penetrated, the Sunday sports lasted on down to the beginning of the present century. The football, tennis, dancing, and other amusements took place more frequently in the churchyard, and in many a Welsh village to this day the public house will be found adjoining the churchyard, with a private entrance made of old times through the churchyard wall, for the convenience of the players.”

A remarkable epitaph may be seen in Llanwonno Churchyard over the grave of a certain local athlete, popularly known as Gitto Nyth Bran. It is of course in Welsh, and this is a translation:—

In memory of
Griffith Morgan,
Nythbran,

in this parish. He died in 1837, aged 37 years. He was a plucky runner. He beat one named Prince, of the parish of Bedwas, in a 12-mile race, which he accomplished in seven minutes under the hour.

Then follow two englynion commemorating that performance.

In the “Evangelical Alliance Quarterly” for July appears an article by the Rev. T. R. Jackson on “Religious Life in Wales.” A stranger, he says, is at once struck with the tenacity with which the Welsh hold to their language, “especially for the worship of God and the preaching of His Word.

There is," he continues, "intense love for the truths of Scripture, and marked willingness amongst many to fall in with the annual invitation of the Alliance to united prayer, but there is hardly any brotherly unity between the Church of England and the Non-conformist bodies. Though there is little enough of this in England, there is distinctly less in Wales."

The June number of the *Cymru* contains a bardic story full of pathos. In the Aberaeron *Eisteddfod*, held many years ago, a prize was offered for an englyn suitable for a memorial stone to a hypothetical sailor drowned abroad. The prize was awarded to a farmer who at the time had no seafaring relative. Soon afterwards, however, his younger son went to sea, and during his first voyage lost his life in the English Channel. At Rhydwyn a stone has been erected to his memory, and his father's prize englyn, composed many years in advance, became his epitaph:—

"Iach hwyliodd i ddychwelyd—ond ofer
Fu dyfais celfyddyd;
Y mor wnaeth ei gymeryd,
Ei enw gawn, dyna i gyd."

A rather amusing incident is told which illustrates the old proverb of entertaining angels unawares. A certain lady, the wife, in fact, of a general officer in high command at the Cape, was introduced to a stranger at a large reception, who appeared to be extremely interested when he found that she was about to go out to South Africa. He made many inquiries as to her probable movements, and gave her a good deal of very excellent advice as to climate, outfit, and the rest of it. "You seem to be very well acquainted with Africa," said the lady; "may I ask whether you have worked it up, or whether you have actually been out in the country?" "Oh, yes; I have been

in Africa," he replied, with an amused smile. "I fancy you did not catch my name—it is Stanley."

Trust a Welshman for making the whole world a land of song. An interesting incident occurred lately at Windsor Castle, which was visited by nearly 6,000 persons, the time of admission having, by the Queen's command, been extended a couple of hours for the convenience of the exhibitors and visitors at the Royal Counties Show. A party had been shown through the State apartments, and were about to leave the Castle, when a Welsh gentleman from the Cape suddenly stopped in the audience chamber, and, addressing the rest of the visitors, said that if they could spare him a few moments he should like them to join him in singing "God Save the Queen" as a return for the great kindness which her Majesty had shown in allowing them to visit the Castle. The party complied with his request, and a verse of "God Save the Queen" was heartily sung by the party in the Royal room.

Possibly the most valuable addition to the Welsh collection in the Cardiff Library is the first 66 numbers of the earliest Welsh newspaper, "*Seren Gomer*," of which 85 numbers appeared in all—the price of the first 66 being 6½d. each, and of the last 19, 8d. each. No. 1 is dated "Dydd Sadwrn, Ionawr 1, 1814," and, like all succeeding numbers, is 4pp. imp. folio. The printer was D. Jenkins, of Castle Street, Swansea, while the editor's name, Joseph Harris "*Gomer*" is familiar to all as one of the staunchest adherents of the Welsh language. These 66 numbers are the more interesting because they were once the property of Walter Davies, "*Gwalter Mechain*," who, in notes on the margins, identifies several anonymous writers.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

A girl, named plain "Mary" at her birth, dropped the "r" when she grew up and became Miss May. As she began to shine in a social way, she changed the "y" to "e," and signed her letters Mae. About a year ago she was married, and now she has dropped the "e," and it's just plain "Ma." That's evolution.

At Aberystwyth, Wales, a wedding was solemnized lately in which all the parties concerned bore the name of Jones. The bridegroom was Richard Jones, and the bride was Elizabeth Jane Jones. The witnesses were John Robert Jones and Anne Jones. The minister was the Rev. R. E. Jones, and the register Rev. William Jones.

A friend of mine once shared the box seat with the driver of a stage-coach in Yorkshire, and, being a lover of horses, he talked with the coachman about his team, admiring one horse in particular. "Ah," said the coachman, "but that 'oss ain't as good as he looks; he's a scientific 'oss." "A scientific horse!" exclaimed my friend. "What on earth do you mean by that?" "I means," replied Jehu, "a 'oss as thinks he knows a deal more nor he does."—London Telegraph.

Not long ago a whiskey barrel exploded in a saloon in Rockdale, Texas, doing considerable damage. A man had lighted a cigar and threw the match into the bunghole. Since high explosives are entering into the manufacture of whiskey, it would be well

for "Uncle Sam" to confiscate all the "old soaks" and use them as ammunition for the big guns.

A Yankee met a Welshman in charge of a cart loaded with turnips, and, according to the "Men of Harlech," the following conversation took place:—

Yankee: "What are these—apples?"

Welshman: "No, mun."

Yankee: "I thought they were. In my country apples are as big as them, stranger."

Welshman: "But these are gooseberries, mun."

"Mary Had a Little Lamb" has been translated into modern Greek, and has been added to the musical repertoire of several schools in Athens. Wherever the piece is introduced it is greatly appreciated by the rising Athenians. But local tastes had to be gratified, and these required a modification of the English sentiment. In Greece it is not customary to make a pet of a lamb. A young goat is the favorite, a dark haired specimen being preferred, so the Hellenic version begins: "Mary had a little kid, its coat was black as coal."

A Cincinnati man recently advertised his desire to sell a valuable secret for 50 cents. He stated that he would tell how he was cured of drinking, smoking, swearing, staying out at night, going to races, gambling, and how he gained twenty pounds in weight in two years. Several persons sent him 50 cents each, and here is the secret they received: "Just cured of all

the bad habits named by an enforced residence for two years in the Ohio State prison."

At a bridge where tolls are levied on all vehicles and on all pedestrians, a cyclist recently sought to non-plus the toll-taker by dismounting and carrying his machine on his back. He thus considered himself to be a foot-passenger, and tendered the half-penny demanded of such travellers. But the toll-keeper was not to be had in this way. "Twopence, please," said he, "What for?" was the reply. "Am I not a foot-passenger?" "No," came the unanswerable retort, "You're a cart!"

When Miss Nightingale was a child, says a writer in "Little Folks," under the heading of "Who's Who and What's What," in the July number, she had many dolls, and her great hobby was to affect to believe that they each in turn caught a serious illness and needed the most careful nursing. There was one rag baby that had fever so badly that her life was despaired of; and little Florence would only go to her own bed one night on the positive assurance of her nurses and her mother that they would watch beside the sick doll.

AN OPEN QUESTION.

The Tenth Commandment says: "Thou shalt not covet ——" and goes on to name specifically that which shall not be coveted; and as a general clincher adds—"nor anything that is thy neighbor's." Now while the Sacred Classic does not say in this language, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's occupation nor his income, neither shalt thou covet his white elephant nor his post-office nor his judgeship," yet the above quoted "nor anything that is thy neighbor's" en-

tirely covers the ground and leaves it an open question whether a religious person can be a politician or not.

THE EARLIEST BIRD.

An ornithologist, having investigated the question of at what hour in summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing, states that the greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it pipes as early as half past one in the morning, the blackcap beginning at half past two. It is nearly four o'clock and the sun is well above the horizon before the first real songster appears in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush, and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally, the house sparrow and the tomtit occupy the last place on the list. The investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation for early rising. That much celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise until long after the chaffinches, linnets and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about.—Boston Transcript.

THEOLOGY IN ROMANCE.

This is a prescription from "The Latimers:"

"My mother, God bless her! use tuh say that religion was mixed a good deal like her recipe for cup cake—one cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, and four aigs. One of theology, says she, two of human natur', three of downright honesty, and four of charity. Beat 'em up well with sound common sense, says she, an' there's a religion good enough for a Christian or anybody else. Now, you see Miss, the Doctor he's the theology in good! heft, an' maybe some of the other ingrejents too. But he's powerful short on human natur'."

❁ THE CAMBRIAN. ❁

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CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

By Professor D. J. Evans, M. A.

Christianity is the only religion and the first system of morals and law to recognize the rights of women and children; and concede to them the benefits of these rights.

The recognition and the concession, however, have not been prompt or complete. Gradually and grudgingly has the adult male been persuaded to give to woman the place of an efficient helpmeet, and to the child the help and opportunity to become a true image of God as it had a right to be helped, seeing that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Although the lot of childhood now in this country is, in many respects, pleasanter than in former times both here and elsewhere, yet many of the highest and most helpful rights are either withheld or violated. One of the commonest violation, or rather, the right most generally overlooked by parents is the right of proper training as member of a community. In a community there must be laws to obey and concessions to others'

rights to be made, and every orderly member of a community must, sooner or later, learn to heed these two necessities. Obedience is easy when a habit. The child that has acquired the habit of obedience finds it easy to obey. This obedience, however, is not running at the nod and beckoning of any one, but respectful submission to proper authority. A child is old enough to form habits as soon as it recognizes self. The infant a few months old, knows the difference between an efficient nurse and an inefficient one, It knows the difference between comfort and discomfort. When it has learned this, it is old enough to acquire habits, and one of the earlier habits that a child can acquire is to submit to the will of another. This is obedience. But a child will grow rebellious, if it has been allowed to indulge its curiosity, and then suddenly prevented. I have seen children "in arms" reach for the needle or the scissors, and the mother

would push these articles beyond the child's reach. Immediately the child begins to devise some way of circumventing the mother. Generally this is done by raising a wail to annoy the company, and make the mother glad to stop the wail by indulging the child. Two or three occurrences of that kind, when a child is from five to twelve months old, will destroy the mother's authority, and she never need to hope for obedience from that child. "But," says a mother, "how can I make the child understand that I am not willing for it to have the forbidden articles?" Not by removing them. Better rap the little hand, and make the little fingers smart with pain, than to foster disobedience. If the child does not heed your "no," and displeased looks, then make the child see that physical pain is the consequence of disobedience. One or two results will teach an infant that a "mamma's" no will lead to pain if not heeded. But unless the mother is one of the calm and unchanging kind, there will be no good results. In the training of children, lack of fixedness of purpose is fatal.

In the second place, parents neglect the rights of a child when they fail to teach it obliging manners. Nothing gives a man greater influence among his neighbors than a disposition to help others. This is not altogether an inheritance, but mainly the result of training. A child can

acquire the habit of unselfishness. The equable temper and the kindly mien are largely acquirements, and are acquired and established by cultivating them. We seek to cultivate the memory by exercising it. We aim to strengthen the judgment by using it, so we can increase benevolence by doing benevolent deeds. Parents often hope to make their children unselfish by making great sacrifice for the children. They may as well hope to improve a boy's memory by committing poetry for him, as to hope to see him unselfish from their self abnegation. In most families if the number of children is great, the eldest daughter is kind-hearted and unselfish and thoughtful for others, while the youngest child is selfish and despotic. The explanation is easy. The eldest child, especially the eldest daughter, is obliged to "give up" to the younger. She must make sacrifices on every turn to those younger, and thus, she practices unselfishness and acquires the habit of kindness and helpfulness toward others. On the other hand, the younger children are accustomed to service from others, they acquire the habit of selfish enjoyment. All this tends to prove that moods of temper and disposition can be developed by exercising them. Parents owe it to a child as its right to develop all the higher mental and moral powers and conditions of its soul.

AN ECCENTRIC WELSHMAN.

By Tom Jeffreys.

A man is eccentric when that which he does makes him new or unknown by those who are about him. The train was two hours behind time arriving at Countyville (we shall call it), O., and the sun was like an actor making a final appearance to acknowledge a round of applause as the curtain was being lowered. The fast sinking sun was disappearing in the midst of a red light, when the passengers were issuing out of the station and making for the little town a quarter of a mile south. As soon as I had stepped outside, I was accosted by the driver of a common-looking rig with "Hotel, sir!" I stepped in and was there in a jiffey. The house stood on the corner of the main street, and a blind lane ending in a carpenter shop. After an enjoyable supper and a comfortable smoke, I took a stroll around town, on the look out for Welsh names over places of business, but in vain. I watched several dairies, but they all seemed to be in the hands of Philistines. Finally, I moved up to a policeman to inquire of him if any Welsh resided in town.

"Not that I know of," said he, except McCook, the undertaker."

It would not have been polite, I thought, to contradict Mr. Policeman, but I could swear, by all the gods in Greece, that "McCook"

could not be Welsh; and yet after reconsidering the matter, this McCook may have had cause to disguise his identity under an assumed name.

"What chapel does he attend?" I asked, knowing that Welshmen are mostly chapel-goers; to which he answered, "He attends no chapel; he goes to St. Mary's, the Catholic Church."

That took my breath away, and strengthened my doubts as to his being Welsh, because a man of the name of McCook and also a Roman Catholic could not be Welsh—hardly!

"Thank you for the information," I said to Mr. Policeman, and proceeded down street to interview Mr. McCook, the hypothetical Cymro. In a minute or so, I was passing the McCook undertaking establishment, wherein I noticed the trappings of death, and in the window a small sized casket beautifully inlined with white satin. Turning sharply on my heels, I went back and entered the door and inquired for Mr. McCook.

"Take a seat," said a young man of 20 or 22 years, "Mr. McCook will be here in a minute."

After a few minutes wait, a grey headed man of sixty walked slowly in, and bade me time of day. I told him I was a stranger, and had been

doing a little re-connoitring as a pastime. Being a Welshman, and having a natural leaning towards people of my blood, I told him I had made inquiries about Welsh people in town, and had been informed that he was Welsh. I also added that I doubted his Welsh descent, chiefly on account of his name.

"Whether you are Welsh or not," I said, "you certainly have an Irish or Scotch name."

"Well, that's so," he added, looking at me, amusedly; "but you must know, names are precarious things—things that change—things that you may don and doff like hats and coats."

"That's so," I said, echoing his expression.

"You know," he proceeded, "what Shakespeare says about the rose, how it would smell as sweet with some other name; so I am going to show you that my name McCook is no obstacle in my way to talk the 'hen iaith;' and then he galloped out extracts from Goronwy Owen's "Cywydd y Daran," Dafydd Ionawr's "Trindod," Emrys' "Creadig-aeth," and odd couplets from Ceiriog, Islwyn, and other minor poets.

At the close of this flood of elocution, I warmly congratulated Mr. McCook as a Welshman "o waed coch cyfa;" but, asked I, "how did you get that McCook name?"

"Well," he replied, "I'll tell you all about it. I was born right in the center of Wales, in Dolgelley; but very soon moved to Dowlais, Glamorgan, South Wales, where my

father went into the saloon business, doing well in a pecuniary sense, but deteriorating morally. My mother was an excellent woman, and witnessing father's degradation, she suffered greatly—father and she frequently contending for sovereignty in the house. There were many wranglings and quarrels and unpleasantnesses not a few, and we children always sided with mother, and the old man often had to retreat from the fray. Ultimately, in God's time, father died, leaving us pecuniarily embarrassed (I believe that's the proper way of expressing it), or in more intelligible words, almost penniless. The family came to this country and we reached this town when I was about 15 years. My predecessor in this establishment employed me as help, and gradually working myself into his heart and winning the affections of his only daughter (my wife), I succeeded him at his death; but I want you to understand that Mrs. McCook is virtually the owner, myself being her helpmate," he said with a mischievous wink.

"I understand," I put in.

Then he proceeded: "I'll tell you how I came by the name McCook. My name was John Jones, but I have been long known by the name of John McCook. My father-in-law's name was McCook; and the first time I came to his presence, an awkward looking lad, he asked me to pronounce my name, and I gave him with considerable pride—"John Jones, Maes Coch." "My good-

ness!" said he, "you are a McCook too! "People commenced to dub me McCook, and my mother dying at the time, I resolved to wear my new name, which has never injured me a bit since." "In fact," he said, "I am proud to belong to a notable class of Welshmen who have honored Wales, although they have been the cause of much disputation, namely H. M. Stanley, Dr. William Gull, Oliver Cromwell, Tom Jefferson, Garfield, and a host of other celebrities who masquerade as foreigners. They are true Britons, though, who instinctively carry out the old bardic custom of bearing fictitious titles."

"You don't mean to say," I interposed, "that the Welsh names of those you have just enumerated were obstacles to their career?"

"Well," he replied, "I don't know exactly how it is—but this appears plausible to my mind that they never could have attained their high positions with their Welsh names. Jefferson Davis is an exception; although "Jefferson" may have helped the hero of the "Lost Cause" rather than the Davis part of it. I have often wondered whether John Rowlands could have discovered Livingstone as successfully as the same man did under the famous name of Stanley? Could Oliver Cromwell have thrashed the Royalists as thoroughly under the old family name of Williams? Old Williams, Pantycelyn, wrote excellent hymns, but could a Williams have won such victories as were gained at Marston

and Naseby? I have read considerable history, and my belief is, that the Welsh heroic age ended at the time the present family names were adopted. A man of the name of Jones or Davies, etc., is risking whatever fame he may have attained because the names are so innumerable, that the probability is his inheritance would be divided among many, or appropriated by a wrong namesake. Caradog, Caswallon, Glyndower, Tudor, etc., stood out isolated for heroism; even our bards to-day are conscious of the fact that they can't produce anything in the line of versification without the help of the magic of 'ffugenwau.' I have never seen a 'pryddest,' or 'awdl,' or an 'englyn' yet owned by a Jones, Evans or Davis. I have often wondered also whether I would have succeeded so well in the undertaking business had I stuck to my unheroic name of 'Shon Ddwywaith.' Now I am sure, you will allow that it requires considerable heroism to habitually face death, the way I have to do. Preachers, doctors, lawyers and singers achieve success under their baptismal names. In the vocal line of music, Davies is a very fortunate name, and Williams and Roberts are attaining greatness as doctors; preachers, also, do excellently well without bardic or fictitious names. The conspicuous trouble is with first class heroes—men of national prominence—leaders of supreme light and leading, fully equal to the demands of the Welsh as a nation, a race. Have we a Washington, a

Shakespeare, a Bacon, a Darwin, a Kitchener, say? Have we a hero that can represent the full power of the race? Can we ever hope to have first class men without first importing a fresh supply of heroic names? This seems to me to be the supreme defect in Welsh nationalism of to-day. We have, certainly, men able to represent every parish, district and county in Wales, but have we men or a man to represent the whole Welsh empire? Have we a hero or a leader in Wales to-day wherein the "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," its rights and aspirations, are incarnated worthily? Have we a Moses or an Aaron in the British Parliament to-day influential and authoritative enough to talk to the Pharaoh of Toryism? I don't believe we have; I am through; I have had my say."

"That peculiar view of Welsh achievement seems plausible," I interrupted, "but Mr. McCook, don't you think your reasonings and con-

clusions are the direct offspring of your occupying an exceptional position; and, as you well know, circumstances alter views as well as cases. Strange positions suggest strange arguments; and the peculiarity of the position you occupy, viz., a Welshman masquerading under a Scotch or Irish name (what is it?) may account for the peculiarity of your views. They are, certainly, original; and they amuse, even if they won't hold water. Now, finally, before leaving, I would ask you a question which has occupied my mind much since I knew of the fact, viz., what induced you, a Welshman, to become a Roman Catholic?"

"Well," said he, as we were nearing the door, "I'll tell you in a few words. When a lad I saw so many crosses at home, that it is no wonder I became Catholic!" and then laughing heartily, he bade me "Good bye," and we parted in the best of spirits.



AT TWILIGHT.

T. Chalmers Davis, Idlewood, Pa.

In leaf-cathedrals vast and dim,
The low winds chant their vesper hymn;
Sweet day, in misty stole of gray,
Passes in golden calm away.

Upon the tow'ring mountain heights
Soft glow the sunset altar lights,
And dimly through the twilight bars
Shines evening's rosary of stars.

KINGS OF THE WELSH PLATFORM AND PULPIT.

By R. Jones Evans, Chicago, Ill.

The first line in our Welsh National Anthem is "Y mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn anwyl i mi." A Welshman is not the only person who has that feeling. His native country is dear to the exile and emigrant, wherever he is, and of whatever nationality he may be. And those beautiful lines of Longfellow, where he described Priscilla in "Miles Standish:"—

"I have been thinking all day * * * *
Dreaming all night, and thinking all day
of the hedge-rows of England—

They are in blossom now, and the country
is all like a garden;

Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song
of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces
of neighbors,

Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip
together,

And, at the end of the street, the village
church, with the ivy

Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet
graves in the church yard.

Kind are the people I live with, and dear
to me my religion.

Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself
back in old England.

You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help
it, I almost

Wish myself back in old England.

is but the experience at sometime or
other of every one who is away from
his native land. But to none is his
native country dearer than to a
Welshman. To him

"Hen wlad y gân oludog yw
A bro ddedwydd y beirdd ydyw."

Our native land is a very interesting country in many respects, and other nations are coming to see more of its beauty, and to take more interest in it day by day. Though not very extensive, it is one of the most beautiful countries, a country in which nature displays herself in her wildest, boldest and loveliest forms. Its beauty is beauty in miniature. We have no Niagara Falls with its immense volume of water hurling itself with tremendous force against the rocks below, but we have the Swallow Falls of Bettws y Coed, quite as pretty if not as magnificent. If we have not the Rocky Mountains with their lofty peaks, we have the Eryri of unequalled beauty and grandeur.

But it is not its scenery alone that makes Wales dear unto us. Scenery soon palls unless it is associated with remarkable events, and the names of illustrious men. Of these the past history of Wales is full. I know of no country which has been the scene of events more stirring than those recorded in the history of the Welsh. Their struggles have been so imbittered, so protracted, and so courageous as to win even the admiration of their enemies, and as Mynyddog said,

"Mae yno hen feddrodau fyrdd
Yn cuddio hen wroniaid
A symledd pur hen dywyrch gwyrdd
Uwch llwch yr hen ffyddloniaid."

Of remarkable men, Wales has produced its full share. . First, we have the men of action, Madoc Ap Owain Gwynedd, then the terrible Owen Glyndwr, who for fourteen years contrived to hold his own against the whole power of England, then there was Rhys Ap Thomas, the best soldier of his time.

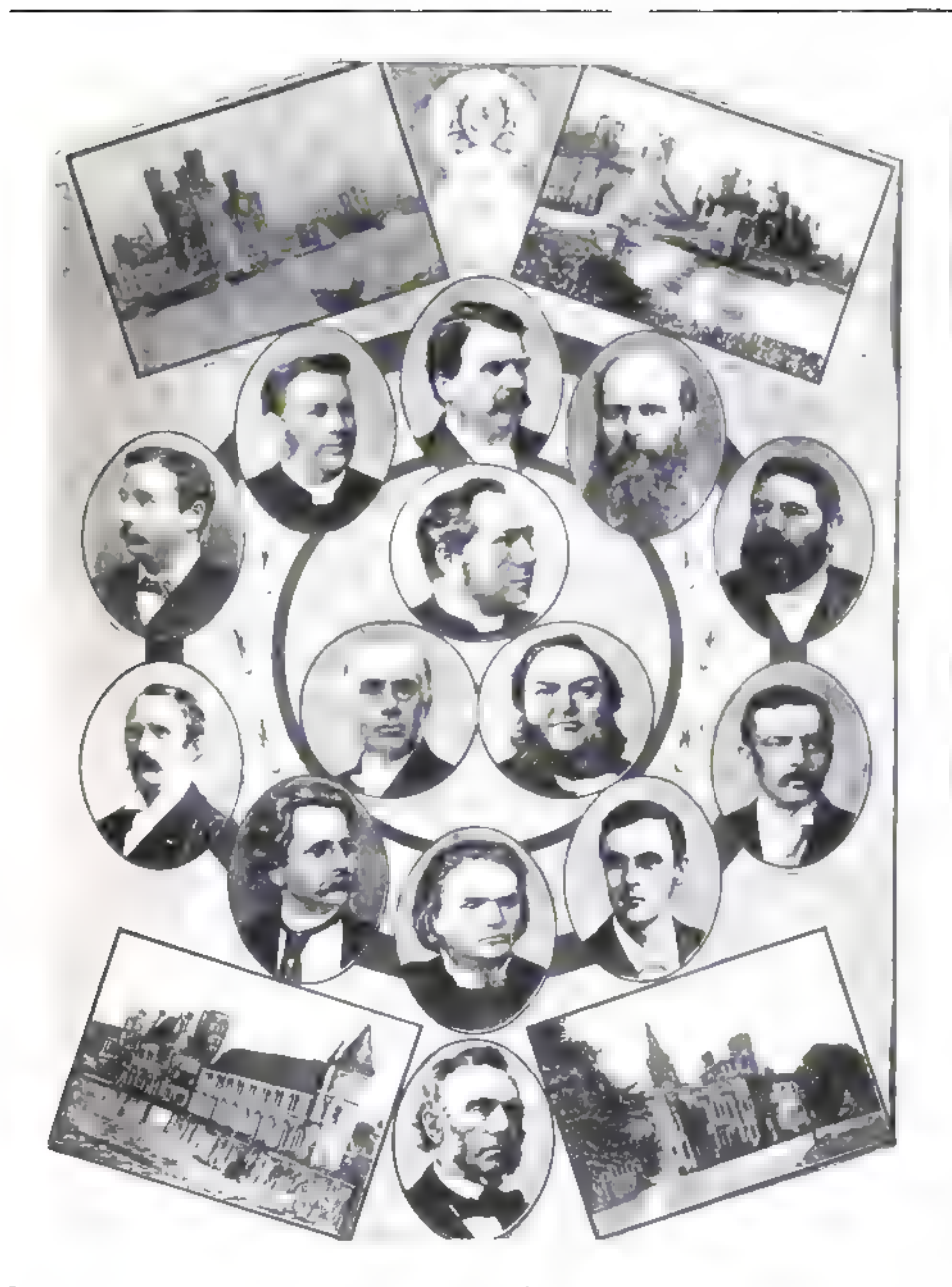
For men of genius Wales was for a long time particularly celebrated. Among the most famous being Taliesin, whose poems throw great light on the primitive priesthood of Europe. Then we have Dafydd Ap Gwilym, a contemporary of Chaucer, and who may be styled the grand poet of nature; also Goronwy Owen, who was one of the finest poets of the last century, and whom we are told after narrow escapes from starvation both in England and Wales, died a master of a small school at New Brunswick sometime about the year 1780. But that is not the only periods in the history of our nation which has produced such shining lights; we have men to-day in almost every part of the globe who are a credit to any nation, men who are able to stand side by side with the most learned and the most prominent men of the century.

With this issue we present to our readers a picture of a few of these eminent persons. In this group we have representatives of the political, musical, educational, and Eistedd-

fodic or literary and poetical platforms. The pulpit is also represented by men of unsurpassed brilliancy. On the political platform, we have Mr. David Randell, who was elected to represent the Gower Division of East Glamorganshire by the telling majority of 3,528. He was the first solicitor to be elected as a labor member of Parliament. During his parliamentary career he has been able to pass into law some very useful measures. He has the reputation of never having taken the case of an employer against a workman.

On this platform we have also W. Abraham (Mabon), the well known representative of labor, who was elected in 1885 to represent his fellow-workmen in the British Parliament, and this he has done with faithfulness ever since, raising his sonorous voice at every opportunity to defend the right of labor and for the protection of the "life and limb" of the miner.

Another who plays a prominent part on this platform is D. Lloyd George, the "hamlet boy" of Criccieth (as he was mockingly called when he first contested the Carnarvonshire Boroughs against the wealthy land owner of Gwynfryn). He is considered among the most ready debaters in the House of Commons. He may be termed the prize fighter of Wales, always alive to any danger that threatens the political, social or the religious welfare of his country. He is also an orator of a high degree, well versed in the rules



KINGS OF THE WELSH PLATFORM AND PULPIT.

of rhetorics, his thoughts plain and clear, and he has acquired that control over his ideas so that they may come when they are called for. His memory has all its stock so ready that without hesitation or delay it supplies whatever the occasion may require.

In this group we find another, who was for many years a prominent and a mighty figure on the Welsh platform, and who was to a great extent the originator and the inspirator of almost all the social and political reformations of Wales during the last forty years—the late Thomas Gee of Denbigh. He was a man of extraordinary brilliant talents, which he used throughout his life for the advancement of the social, political and religious standard of his country. The columns of the “Banner and Times of Wales” for over forty years were under his editorship, and it is generally admitted that there is no newspaper published in Wales, the contents of which are more elevating or purer. On the platform he was as powerful as at his desk. As a speaker he was remarkable for profound earnestness, clarity of statement, close and sound reasoning, and deep pathos.

Before Wales had recovered from the shock occasioned through the death of Mr. Gee, another king on the political, as well as on the educational platform, was taken away, the late Thomas E. Ellis, whose memory will long be cherished by his countrymen. He first appeared before the public in 1886, and from then

until his death none was more popular and more revered. So much has been written recently by capable writers, that it would be presumption on the part of an ordinary writer to try and add anything, except that an admirer may be allowed to join the multitude to place another wreath on his grave. It will take a long time for Wales to realize thoroughly the great loss sustained through the removal of Mr. Ellis. Mr. Lloyd George said in referring to his death, that it seemed to him some misfortune, which he could not understand, that always followed the Celts. Soon after a capable leader appears he is suddenly removed. So with Mr. Ellis; when their hopes were almost realized he was unexpectedly taken away. Mr. Ellis was a most able man, and it is questionable if Wales ever gave him due credit for his abilities. He made no public attempt at displaying his learning and ability. We have seen him called upon at various meetings, and without any apparent preparation delivering able and learned addresses—models of composition and delivery. And the fact that he raised himself to such honorable positions as he held, is in itself a sufficient indication of his ability. The first Welshman to be appointed a Parliamentary Whip, and the first common man from any of the four nations to achieve that honor. And it is doubtful if such a young man ever held an office with any of the political parties. He was a mighty man in council; his wisdom, his judgment

and his strong common sense made him a reliable leader. These rare qualifications also made him a well-liked speaker in the House of Commons. His style of oratory, his clear and sound logic, blended with the characteristic Welsh enthusiasm suited the House. His eloquence consisted not in the multiplication of many words delivered with express speed, rather the sincere conviction of the truth and right of his subject, and a profound mind under a perfect discipline. Combined with these qualifications—the ingenuity of his reasoning, the sincerity of his expressions, and pregnant thought—was his pleasant disposition, and the silver clearness and sweetness of his voice. Now this is silenced. He is at rest at 40 years of age. His working day was short, but through his perseverance and diligence it may be well written on his tombstone, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant.”

On the educational platform we have Principal Rhys of Jesus College, Oxford, whose talents have secured him a place of honor in the gallery of the illustrious men of the century. In the “*Geninen*” of July, 1898, Principal Rhys gives a very interesting history of his career, and of the development of educational facilities in the Principality. The contrast is very conspicuous. It shows that Wales is a progressive country. It has often been said that the tenacity with which we hold to our native language keeps us back in the race of life. That may or may

not be true, and it is not within our province to discuss the question in this article, but this we do know, that during the Victorian era no part of the British Empire has made such progress educationally as Wales has. The Welsh of sixty years ago had no educational system at all. The Welsh of to-day (according to Sir William Harcourt, and his name and reputation are sufficient guarantee for the correctness of the assertion), has the most perfect educational system. The educational ladder is complete, and the young men and young women of Wales are climbing it by the hundreds.

Another who has taken a prominent part on this platform is Professor O. M. Edwards, the successor of Mr. Ellis as representative of Merionethshire. His motto in life is—“*Codi'r hen wlad yn ei hol*,” and he believes in education as the best lever. Being an excellent scholar himself, and having reached that distinction through hard work and severe struggles, he is well able to sympathize with his fellow countrymen in their endeavors on behalf of education. Besides being an enthusiastic educationalist, he is the author of many interesting and readable books, and the editor of several periodicals, and the tenor of all his writings is to make *Cymru Fydd* excel *Cymru Fu* a *Chymru Sydd*.

Our next platform is the Eisteddfodic. The two representatives here are grand old men—Hwfa Mon and Dr. Joseph Parry, one, the archdruid of Wales, the other, one of its most

distinguished composers and adjudicators. The first belongs to the poets, who in older times were ranked with the philosophers. There are some who cannot make out what a poet is good for, especially a Welsh poet. The ancients managed to make a good use of them as perceptors in music and morality, composing their songs to set forth the exploits of their heroes, and in some of their verses are preserved the secrets of the Druidical religion, their discipline, their principles of natural and moral philosophy, their astronomy, and the various mystical rites of their religion. At that time poetry fulfilled Cowper's definition, that the art of poetry is to touch the passions, and its duty to lead them on the side of virtue. The representative whom we have selected is a poet all over. His personal appearance bespeaks a poet, and if he was to relate his experience it would be in the words of another poet.—Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions and language. Still though popular as he is, it is doubtful if any of his work, more than that of other Welsh poets is known outside of his own nation. This does not however prove the statement of some of our English critics who maintain we have no poetry or literature. The chief reason is that Welsh poetry has not yet found a translator. Poetry is of so subtle a spirit that in the pouring out of one language to another it will evaporate a great deal,

and if a new spirit is not added in the transfusion there will remain nothing but the skeleton.

Our other representative belongs to the musicians. He is a doctor in the art "that calms the agitations of the soul." He has served his nation well for more than a quarter of a century, and has the advantage over his friend Hwfa of having become known to the world. Musical notes are the same to every nation. Some of his works are well known on the English stage, such as "Virginia," "Sylvia," "Dream Poem," and the "Pilgrim's Chorus," but to the Welsh he is endeared on account of "Aberystwyth," and other congregational tunes.

As representatives of the pulpit we have four men whose names will be cherished for many years to come, and it is a sad task to prefix the word "late" to three of the four. Dr. Lloyd, the late Bishop of Bangor, is the last to cross to that land "from whose bourne no traveller returns." He had a very successful career as a teacher at Dolgelly, Bangor, and Brecon, and in 1890 he was appointed Bishop of Bangor, but owing to his poor health had to resign a few months ago. During his episcopal life he was well spoken of as a candid, straightforward and conscientious person, and, unlike some of the Welsh bishops, his enemies were few.

The works of God are full of variety. This is found in every part of his universe, and among all his creatures. On the surface there is a

strange similarity, but underneath that is a conspicuous distinctiveness. The sun in some respects resembles other worlds, still it has its own distinguishing features. Some mountains are so much alike that we pass them by unnoticed, but there are other mountains, which by some strange instinct we are compelled to look at and admire. It is so also among men. So many of them are alike that we do not trouble to inquire about them, but others are so prominent that we are compelled to look at them. Such was Dr. E. Herber Evans. He always seemed to claim attention, and excite our admiration, whether it was on the street, on the railroad platform, on the stage, or in the pulpit. He was an enthusiastic political speaker, a distinguished lecturer, and an eloquent and impressive preacher. Dr. Evans was a man of many talents, but all were consecrated to the great work of his life as a preacher, and it is as a preacher he will be remembered. His sermons were sometimes profound and philosophical, oftener simple and practical, but always eloquent and full of the sweetness and the cheering news of the gospel. We often hear preachers whose discourses are dry, methodical and unaffecting, and delivered with such dead calmness that the audience instead of being awakened to remorse are actually sleeping over these methodical and laborious compositions. Not so with Dr. Herber Evans. He always delivered his sermons with life and perspicuity. His

enthusiasm kindled as he advanced, and when he arrived at his peroration it was in full blaze, and a sight not easily forgotten.

Another king of the Welsh pulpit was the late Rev. John Evans (Eg-lwysbach). He was also a man of many talents, but all were subservient to his high calling, as a minister of Christ. When first we saw him entering the pulpit, we were inclined to admire his personal appearance, his bright eye and his intelligent expression. When he began preaching we admired his style of composition, his smart illustrations, his musical and melodious voice. But very soon we lost sight of the preacher, and were enveloped in the sermon. In pulpit eloquence the great difficulty is for the preacher to give the subject all the dignity it deserves without being too self-important—to think highly of his message, but humbly of himself. This is what captivates the audience, and brings them blessings. John Evans will be greatly missed from the Wesleyan pulpit, and in his death Wales lost one of its finest and most eloquent preachers.

Our other representative of the Welsh pulpit, Dr. Charles Edwards, Bala, is a leader in thought, and has a high reputation in the theological world. Dr. Edwards could also be well classed as one of the greatest educationalists of Wales. Through his personal contact with the students under his care at Aberystwyth College, and especially his influence over the talented young men who

now play a prominent part in Welsh public life, he has effected a permanent service to his country. He has also made himself a name among the Biblical students of the world, and his contributions to Biblical literature are classed among the foremost. But we prefer to think of him as one of the kings of the Welsh pulpit. It is there we find his influence at its best. His sermons are the result of deep thought and extensive study. It is said of Demosthenes that he never made an oration on the sudden—he never rose to speak unless he had studied the matter; and he used to say that he did this to show the people of Athens how he honored and revered them, because he was careful what he spake unto them. So it may be

said of Dr. Edwards. He appeals to the intelligence of his hearers. We have heard of some preachers who pride themselves on having delivered extemporaneous sermons; but clever as those persons may be, the extemporizing faculty is never more out of its place than in the pulpit, where eternal results depend on every word that is delivered.

Although some of the kings of the Welsh pulpit have been called to reign in a higher kingdom, their good influence remains a permanent factor in the history of the Welsh people, and the lives of these great men remind us—that “we can make our lives sublime, and departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.”



THE CYMRY BEFORE THEY CAME TO BRITAIN.

The Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips.

(Continued.)

But granting that Gamir was Kimmeria, and that the Gomeri or Gimiri were Kimmerioi or Cimmerii, who spread over Western Asia and the whole of Europe at an early date and frequent intervals, what evidence is there that the Cimmerii and the Cimbri were the same? Their names, to say the least, are substantially the same. Their slight variations are perfectly natural. In

passing from Greek into Latin K becomes C, which in Latin is always hard, like the Greek K; and in passing from earlier into later Latin M slides naturally into B; while E R changes equally naturally into R I, according to the laws of mutation and the analogy of language. Moreover, the length of time and the changes of events, which must have occurred since the nation inhabited

the regions of the Black Sea, were sufficient to account for the change and corruption of Cimmerii into Cimbri. Besides the distance between the localities, especially in those remote times when there was neither a standard of speech nor frequent intercourse of the people, may also account for the fact. Aside from this the Cimmerii and the Cimbri possessed the same distinguishing characteristics. Their mode of life and natural temperament were precisely the same. The prints of their feet, wherever they have been discovered, correspond exactly. They are found in that part of the earth where we should naturally expect to find them. Tradition identifies the Cimbri with the Cimmerii, and locates them on the west of Europe, where history finds them. It was the general opinion among the Greeks and Romans that the Kimbroi or Cimbri were descendants of the ancient Kimmerioi or Cimmerii. This we learn from Possidonius and Strabo, who follows him. "Quum Graeci Cimbros Cimmeriorum nomine afficiant." Diodorus Siculus expressly states that those who were anciently called Cimmerii were, in process of time, through corrupt pronunciation, called Cimbri. Plutarch in his "Life of Marius" identifies the Cimbri with the Cimmerii, and locates them on the north west of Europe. Pliny and Ptolemy do the same. "In the same quarters of Germany," says Tacitus, giving the name of the victors to the country of its former possessors, "adjacent to

the ocean dwell the Cimbri, a small state at present, but great in renown. Of their past grandeur extensive vestiges still remain, in encampments and lines on their shore, from the compass of which the strength and numbers of the nation may be still computed, and credit derived to the account of so prodigious an army."

In B. C., 1076, as we have said, the Cimmerii made an attack on Greece, and threatened the destruction of the Grecian States. In the sixth century before Christ the Celtic-Cimbri drove the Tuscans from Northern Italy, and possessed their land. About B. C. 390 the same people under the command of their king, Brennus, left their homes, crossed the Alps, devastated Italy, captured Rome, murdered the Senate, burned the Capitol, compelled the people to pay them 100 lbs. weight of gold for leaving the city, and would have departed with their booty unmolested were it not for imprudence and delay, which caused their destruction. The same people also, about B. C. 280, under the leadership of their king, marched eastward, entered Macedonia, threatened Greece, and invaded Asia, where they established themselves, and were called Galatians, to whom in after years the Apostle Paul wrote one of his masterly letters. Between B. C. 113 and B. C. 101 the Cimbri and Teutons struck Rome with terror, and threw Europe into convulsions. Three hundred thousand men under arms, and used to the battle

with as many women and children of the same spirit and experience, on the wing to seek their prey, and on the alert to pounce upon it, hover over the continent, and finally light upon the Roman Empire with the intent to tear it to pieces, and devour it. They captured five Roman generals, destroyed five consular armies, and were on the point of planting their talons in the Roman eagle, when Caius Marius came to the rescue and snatched it from their claws. As to their courage, their spirit, and their force and vivacity with which they made an impression," says Plutarch, "we may compare them to a devouring flame. Nothing could resist their impetuosity; all that came in their way were trodden down or driven before them like cattle. Many respectable armies and generals, employed by the Romans to guard the Transalpine Gaul were shamefully routed, and the feeble resistance they made to the first efforts of the barbarians was the chief thing which drew them toward Rome. For having beaten all they met, and loaded themselves with plunder, they determined to settle nowhere till they had destroyed Rome and laid waste the whole of Italy."

"After so many misfortunes," remarks Vellius Paterculus, "the Roman people thought no general was capable of repelling such formidable enemies as Marius." Nor was the public opinion falsified. In his fourth consulship, in the year of Rome 652, "Marius engaged the

Teutons beyond the Alps, near Aquae Sextiae, killing on the day of battle, and the following day, 150,000 of the enemy, and entirely cut off the Teutonic nation." "Livy says that there were 200,000 slain, and 90,000 taken prisoners. The succeeding year he defeated the Cimbri, who had penetrated into Italy, and the Adige in the Raudian plain, where now is Rubio, killing and taking prisoners upwards of 100,000 men. That he did not, however, obtain an unbought victory over this warlike people, may be conjectured from the resistance he met with, even from their women. We are told by Florus that "he was obliged to sustain an engagement with their wives as themselves, who entrenching themselves on all sides with wagons and cars, fought from them, as from towers, with lances and poles. Their death was no less glorious than their resistance. For when they could not obtain from Marius what they requested by an embassy, their liberty, and admission into the vestal priesthood, which indeed could not be lawfully granted, after strangling their infants, they either fell by mutual wounds or hung themselves on trees or the poles of their carriages in ropes of their own hair. King Boiorix was slain not unavenged, fighting bravely in the field."

We retrace the martial steps of the Cimbri, Cimmerii, Kimmerici, Gomeri, over a period of two and twenty centuries, and over a distance of two thousand miles—from Caesar to Gomer, and from the British

Islands to the Caucasian Mountains, and everywhere discover, in Europe as in Asia, on the Baltic as on the Black Sea, their antiquity, their number, and their valor. Besides the evidence of their existence and prowess in these historic localities, where they stood long and sank deep, we find the prints of their feet in nearly all the countries of Europe and Asia from the Caucasian Mountains to the British Islands—along the Danube, across the Alps, through classic Greece and martial Rome, everywhere. Among others we notice Cambrilla in Spain, Coimbria in Portugal, Cambric in France, Cumberland in England, and Cambria in Wales, or Cymru, which is the native appellation of the Principality. To unprejudiced minds who have thoroughly studied the subject the Cimbri and Cimmerii must appear identically the same people. "Thus far," says Sharon Turner, "we have proceeded upon the authorities, which remain to us in the classical writers of the primeval population of Europe. From these it is manifest that the earliest inhabitants of the north of Europe were the Kimmerians or Kimbri; and that they spread over it from Kimmerian Bosphorus to the Kimbric Chersonesus; that is from Thrace and its vicinity, to Jutland and the German Ocean, from which the passage is direct to Britain."

We have in our discussion of the area occupied anticipated all the Cimbric nations, but have thus far only followed the footsteps of those

bearing the name of the mother nation—the Cimbri, Cimmeri, Kimmerioi, Gomeri. During the two and twenty centuries from Gomer to Caesar many changes naturally occurred. Families became tribes, tribes nations, and nations under their own name, or the name of the parent stock, became strong and powerful; and, acting alone, or in connection with others, extended their migrations and won their victories, till they had spread themselves from the mountains of Ararat to the Isles of Britain, and had established themselves in many localities into permanent governments, whence they not unfrequently issued forth to make incursions into the territories of weak nations, or to make room for the advancing columns of stronger ones. Long before the appearance of history to record their existence and describe achievements they had taken possessions of extensive areas, had become the understrata of a vast population, and had played an important part in the drama of nations. They had possessed and inhabited from the Black Sea to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Strait of Gibraltar. They had left their impress on Asia and Europe, on the east and the west of the Alps, on the north and south of the Danube and the Rhine. They had become many nations, and each nation many others.

Of these Cimbric nations, the most conspicuous were the Celtic, Belgic, and the Aquitanic; and of these na-

tions the most conspicuous was the Celtic. This may be in consequence of its central position, superiority of numbers, and near proximity to the Greeks and Romans, for we find its name in nearly every part of Europe, and in many parts of Asia. Nor does it always stand alone, but often in connection with others, such as *Celtae-Berian*, *Celtae-Scythian*, and *Celtae-Grecian*. Indeed so conspicuous was it at the birth of secular history that Herodotus could see but few nations in western Europe save the Celtic; and that historians who acknowledge the priority of Cimbric nation give the precedence to the Celtic. As the Cimbric was the mother nation from which the Celtic and many other nations had sprung, the natural order, and the only order to save confusion, is the Celtic-Cimbri, the Belgic-Cimbri, the Aquitanic-Cimbri, or whatever may be the nation from the Cimbric stock. Why, then, invert the order? Why give mother's place to the daughter? Why call the Cimbric *Celtae*? Even Dr. Pritchard, who questioned the propriety, yielded to custom. Had he yielded to what was right we would have had from his masterly pen instead of "The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," "The Eastern Origin of the Cymric Nations." All through his great and noble work he used the Cymric language to prove the Eastern origin of the Celtic nations. In doing this he did well, for there is no language now extant as Celtic, and as mother tongue there never was. The Gaelic is, without a

doubt, Celtic, and the Celtic Cymric, which is the mother language of all these languages of central and western Europe, so commonly called Celtic, and which should be acknowledged the generic nomenclature? But when the Gothic and Savonic waves of migration came from the east the Cymric nations were either inundated in the countries which they occupied, or driven westward toward the coast and the islands beyond, which may account in part for the understrata of Cymric life and character in the nations and languages of Europe, and for the preference given to the Celtic nomenclature in speaking of the nations and languages of Europe; for in this western movement of the Cymric nations it was the fortune of the *Celtae* to occupy the centre, which was the nearest and best known to the Greeks and Romans, who were the historians of antiquity, especially in Europe.

As the tribe of Judah, which occupied the most favorable position and became the most numerous, assumed importance, and imparted his name to the seed of Abraham, so we may suppose that the *Celtae*, who occupied the most favorable position, and became the most numerous, assumed importance and imparted their name to the seed of Gomer; but we should not on that account assert that Abraham was son of Judah, or that the Cymry were descendants of the *Celtae*. If the Cymry were descendants of Cimbri, the Cimbri of the Cimmerii, and the Cimmerii of

the Gomeri, they could not have been descendants of the Celtae. The priority of existence made it impossible. Their origin receded to within a few steps of the deluge. From the time of Christ they could retrace their line of descent over the lapse of two and twenty centuries, and could see it issue from the loins of Gomer. If, then, the Cimbri were of the same blood, the Celtae must have descended from the Cimbri and not the Cimbri from the Celtae, and should bear the same nomenclature. In this the best scholars, who have thoroughly and impartially studied the subject, now substantially agree. "It was the opinion of many," says Diodorus, "that the Celtae themselves descended from the ancient Cimmerii, who, by a corrupt pronunciation, were called Cimbri." "The Gauls who overran Asia," he continues, "were denominated Cimmerii." "And in his account of the Lusitanians he calls them the most valiant of the Cimbri." Appian is equally emphatic when he writes, "*Celtae sive Galli quos Cimbros vocant.*" Again when he writes that the "Nervii, a most powerful Belgic nation, were descended from the Cimbri and the Teutons." Caesar before him had affirmed that the Aduatuci, a tribe of Belgic Gaul, were descended from the Cimbri and the Teutons." Sallust, Cicero, and other prominent writers, designate the Cimbri and the Teutons Gauls. Vallerius Maximus in speaking of their invasion of Italy, says, "Sertorius qualified himself for a spy

by assuming the Gallic habit, and learning that language. "*Per idem tempus adversus Gallos ab ducibus nostris, Q. Caepione et M. Manlio, male pugnatum.*" "Marius Consul absens factus, et ei decreta provincia Gallia." Ipse ille Marius—influentes in Italian Gallorum maximas copias repressit." "From an exhaustive analysis of the subject, Niebuhr concludes that the two nations, the Cimbri and the Gael, may appropriately be comprised under the common name of Celts." Or he might have said with more propriety, under the common name of Cymry, for he elsewhere calls them the ruling people. "The Celts of the Spanish peninsula," says Rawlinson, "seem to have been Cimbri, for as Niebuhr shows, they formed the bulk of the Gauls, who invaded Italy, and these are expressly said to have been of the Cimbric branch." "The Cymry," remarks the same author, "or rather, the Celtic hordes generally, for in the name Cimmerii may have been included many Celtic tribes not of the Celtic branch, spread themselves by degrees over the plains of central Europe." "Diodorus tells us," says Dr. Arnold in his history of Rome, "that the Romans included under the common name of Gauls two great divisions of people, one consisting of the Celtic tribes of Spain, of the South and centre of Gaul, and of the North of Italy; the other embracing those more remote tribes, who lived on the shores of the ocean and on the skirts of what he calls the Hercynian

Mountain, and eastward as far as Scythia."

"The name Celts," observes Dr. Borlase in his *Antiquities of Cornwall*, "was anciently of great extent, comprehending all those nations which were sometimes distinguished by name of Scythians, Cello-Scythians, Getae, Galatian, Gallo-Grecians, Celtae-Berians, Teutons, Germans, and Gauls; and this great portion of mankind was still more anciently and when more united called Cimbri, and this last name reaches back to the dispersion, being derived as most authors agree from Gomer." "The ruffian hired to kill Marius, Lucan calls a Cimbrian, while Livy and Plutarch call him Gaul." "Those who plundered Delphi under Brennus are generally called Gauls, but Appian in his *"Illyrics"* calls them Cimbri." If, then, we read history aright, and if history be the right expression of facts, the Celtae were Cimbri, the Cimbri Cimmerii, and the Cimmerii Gomeri; and to avoid confusion we should bear in mind that the Cimbri, Cimmerii, Gomeri, were the mother nation, from which sprang the Celtic, Belgic, Aquitanic,

and many other nations; and that those who called themselves Celtae, the Romans called Galli, and that those whom the Romans called Galli, the Greeks called Galatae. Under these and kindred names, which are not infrequently interchanged, we retrace the martial steps of the Cimbri, and read their mighty achievements on the continents of Europe and Asia. "The researches of modern historians," observes Sir Thomas Nicholas in his *Annals and Antiquities of Welsh Counties*, "un- equivocally favor the opinion that under the names Gauls, Gaels, Gwyddyls, Celts, Cimmerii, Cimbri, Cymry, Brythons, Lloegrians, Scots, and Picts, only one race under different tribes or clan divisions, political organizations, and periods of existence is spoken of, and while different degrees of diversity through shorter or longer periods of estrangement and foreign admixture had intervened, still no such diversity prevailed as would materially affect their unity, and integrity, and hence their classification as one people."



WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

The red rose says 'Be sweet,'
And the lily bids "Be pure"
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum
"Be patient and endure."
And so each gracious flower
Has each its several word,
Which read together maketh up
The message of the Lord.

NADAB AND ABIHU, OR THE PERILS OF PRIVILEGES.

By J. Vinson Stephens.

Nadab and Abihu were the eldest sons of Aaron, the first high priest of Israel, and thrice blessed were they to be his favored heirs. But their terrible end exemplifies the truth that as high towers and lofty spires are more exposed to the storms and the destructive lightnings than the humbler buildings which surround them, so also are men who have been exalted into heaven along the altar-stairs of pleasant, privileged surroundings more open to the fire of heaven's anger when it is kindled than men born and bred in obscurity. The great Teacher says that the sins of Capernaum will be more intolerable in the day of judgment than those of Sodom, which is but another expression of the principle demonstrated in the sad calamity which befell the sons of Aaron, namely that irreverence, profanity, drunkenness are more intolerable in a Christian community than in localities where temptations are rampant. Opportunities bring with them corresponding responsibilities. The man unto whom five talents are entrusted is expected by heaven and earth to produce better returns than he to whom only one is given. The man brought up in the backwoods is not expected by society to be so refined and cultured, and sensitive, as the

one who has received the delicate touches of society and education.

When a graduate uses slang it grates on our feelings much more harshly than when the same words are uttered, even with deeper and broader emphasis by an ignorant person. There is nothing more intolerable than sin in high places, and it is the lofty position of these young men that makes their calamities end so unspeakably sad. The flame which devoured them should have kindled their censers to burn in the holy presence, therefore, they were but the arrogant victims of their own presumptuous contempt of an enviable duty. And such sorry sights could be seen in these days were it not that their own commonness strips them of every element of wonder.

The frightful fate of these proud priests divested of its gorgeous, flashing, terrible colors, is a fair representation of what occurs every day amidst us, namely that of a young man in the bloom of life converting inestimable blessings into hideous curses. What a glorious privilege it was to be the eldest sons of the high priest. No Jewish youth could conceive of a greater distinction conferred upon him than that. O! what an honor to be born into the priesthood! What

a blessing to be brought up under the shadow of the altar, and within the sweet sound of the strange accent of the Shecinah! O! what an unspeakable privilege to be priests of the Lord, to have one's duties pertaining to the altar and its rites, to the sanctuary's solemn service of sacred sacrifices, and its incense of sweet smelling. No honor on earth could vie with that. The position of the priest was a kind of a link which joined heaven and earth together. The prayers and the praises of the people ascended through him into heaven, and the blessings, the benediction of the benign God descended through him upon the nation. They were earth's representatives in heaven, and heaven's ambassadors on earth. Incomprehensible honor and destruction! Yet all this was conferred upon Nadab and Abihu, the two young men who were devoured by God's fire. Heaven's choicest blessing by their own wilful abuse was converted into the most hideous curse. Young man, do not forget the solemn fact that the nearer you are to the altar, the nearer you stand also to the devouring flames of God's anger when it is kindled. Opportunities are fraught with collateral responsibilities. Scarcely a week had passed since these sons of Aaron were standing at the altar witnessing the sacred fire consuming the sacrifices of the people which they had placed upon it, but that very same fire now devours them! Better far would it be, since they abused this privilege, had they been

elected to do some menial service outside the camp; in other words, it would have been better for them had they not been the sons of Aaron, and the nephews of Moses and Miriam. They were not level-headed enough to go through the ordeal. Fame, honor, social standing made them conceited and presumptuous. We know these young men! These modern Nadabs and Abihus who graduated at some high school last summer, but are now correcting the mistakes of Moses and Aaron, that is, finding fault with their parents and all who are interested in their welfare. Moses with divine accent, his voice still quivering under the influence of the awfulness of Sinai, read unto them their ordination charge; their godly, pious, father, Aaron, with his face blanched by the radiancy of the Shecinah emphasized their duties; Miriam with her quick, tender, poetical genius warned them of their awful responsibilities, but what did they care of the warning of a fidgety old aunt, of the charge of a stringent severe uncle, and about the religious cant of a bigoted father? Who were they to give instructions to them? They knew what to do, and how to do it also. Fire of their own kindling could burn the incense as well as a spark from the altar, and so they substituted common for sacred fire, and thereby betrayed the most lamentable irreverence. But God used the flame which they so presumptuously ignored in their shameful death, and the revealing of his own glory. The

one solemn meaning of the sad calamity is, that men convert by their willful abuse the choicest blessings of heaven into the most hideous

curses. Do not forget that the choicest the blessings the more sure and rapid is their corruption.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

It is time, old time at that, that the committee on music of the National Eisteddfod of Great Britain, should recognize the talent and culture of Welsh-American musicians. In the appointment of Professor Daniel Protheroe, of Milwaukee, as one of the adjudicators of the musical contests of the Liverpool 1900 National Eisteddfod, the committee has honored itself, and all their countrymen in the United States. Professor Protheroe understands the purport, scope, and spirit of our national institution, and we will add that when his turn will come to deliver the adjudication, it will not be announcing a "decision," but a logical and convincing adjudication from the standpoint of musical interpretation. We heartily congratulate "Dan Bach" (Gwilym Eryri is responsible for this) upon this appointment, and we all know that he will perform its duties well.

It was in the summer of 1878 when the writer was similarly honored by the National Eisteddfod, in the appointment to adjudicate, in company

with the late Madame Edith Wynne, Signor Foli, and the late Eos Morlais, the tenor, soprano, and penillion contests of the Birkenhead National Eisteddfod. I well remember listening, in preliminary contest at that festival, to 46 tenors, and 26 sopranos. Eos Morlais and myself had a fearful task in choosing the best three out of so many excellent voices, naturally excellent, not one of which, though, evinced much culture. Eos Dar, in the final contest, out-did himself, winning the prize in a very worthy manner. The writer had the honor of delivering the adjudication, and he will never forget the compliments that followed, for what he considered an ordinary American adjudication.

We have just gone through the annual period of National and State Musical Societies and Associations. The "papers"—essays, rather—read at the same can safely be termed as good, bad and indifferent, just like the rest of us. It has been given to but few men or women to write a living "paper" on such a living sub-

ject as music. All "papers" on any phase of the "heavenly art," should have much of the "heavenly heart" in them—much of that "something" that thrills and tingles the very soul. Some of the "papers" read are in admirable taste, and no one can surmise the amount of good done by them through the thousands of earnest representatives who attend these educational gatherings. But, is it possible that among so many thousands, not one "orator" can be found to "speak" from the heart the language of the higher emotions, the possibilities, and the very message of music to the soul, rather than have this reading, reading, reading of these dry, unimpassioned "papers?" Much more do we cry for an "oration" when we are pained by poor readers. It seems as if it had been given only to a few to be able to read well. A good reader must exhibit the oratorical temperament. Some of the "papers" read poorly must fail, though the readers might be good musicians. Let us have an occasional oration in the spirit and power of a Browning or a Sidney Lanier, that will give us a spirit of forgiveness for all poorly read "papers."

Visiting Kansas City lately, the writer was agreeably surprised to

find that his arrangement of "The Bells of Aberdovey" and "Lili Lon," had been introduced and charmingly sung at "Musical Evenings" held in some of the best residences. This was done, and will be done again, by Mr. Henry Harris and his friends. These Americans appreciate our exquisite melodies. On one occasion, during an "Evening of Languages," where German, French, Italian, Irish, English and Welsh songs were sung, the palm was given by unanimous consent to the American lady who sang the Welsh melodies already mentioned in *Cymraeg gloew*. Verily, verily, other nations have already risen, and will rise to teach us the beauty and worth of our own *alawon*.

The July number of the "Etude" is a John Sebastian Bach number, rich in Bach literature, in which we have an interesting account of John, Christopher, Heinrich and others of the numerous family. John Sebastian himself was twice married; result, 21 children. A fine portrait of the famous composer goes with the number. The great Sebastian was a veritable Klondike of musical resources. The artistic world has lived greatly, and will continue to so live, upon his wonderful productions.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

"What brought you here, venerable bard?" said he with unfeigned astonishment.

"The same ill fate that brought you," said the pseudo bard with a sullenness that seemed very real.

"Ah, methought that even thieves honored your profession," said the prince indignantly.

"They may honor my profession, but certainly not my person, for I had no more intention of coming here than you had," was the reply.

"Enough of this," said Hoel with a frown. "I am in no mood to listen to your whining. Iolo, let us have some refreshments."

Trahaiarn as well as the rest was sufficiently hungry by this time to welcome the prospect of something to eat; but it was by no means certain that his needs would be supplied, until cold beef, venison and bread were brought to him. The Welsh had been given to hospitality so long that even outlaws would not add the pangs of hunger to the other sufferings of their captives. The prince was therefore furnished with his full quota of drink as well as food, when the meed and cwrw (ale) were passed. Both the eating and drinking, however, seemed rather

unreal to him. As yet he had had but little opportunity to weigh his chances, or to indulge in thoughts of the princess. Everything had taken such a strange turn that both his late experiences and present condition seemed more like a dream than reality to his half stupified mind. Then the bardic performances of the hermit, who after much show of reluctance, received a harp from one of the outlaws, tended to give additional force to the illusion, as did also the hilarity of Hoel and his men. But for the consciousness that all was not well with him, a consciousness that grew more vague with every drink he took, he would have joined in the merriment; but long before the harp was laid aside he fell into a deep sleep.

Upon waking he found himself lying on the bare ground near the fire, and recollecting where he was he rose to a sitting posture, and saw that he was alone with two armed outlaws. How long he had slept, or what had become of all the rest, were questions upon which the guards would give him no satisfaction. They were evidently the roughest and most villainous looking of the whole band, and the prince felt that

his life, to say nothing of his comfort, was of little value in such presence. He was now in a state to fully realize his precarious condition. That he was held captive for mercenary purposes seemed far less probable to him than that the outlaws were acting as the tools of some political enemies. Indeed the more he thought of the matter the darker his prospects grew. Was the sun of his prosperity to set in the morning of its glory? Were all his hopes to perish by the hands of the basest assassins? Life never seemed so sweet as now, and the princess was never more lovely than Trahaiarn's imagination now pictured her to be. Should he ever see her again? He tried to dismiss the question because of the pain it gave him, but he could not. The sight of the ruffians before him made it recur again and again, and each time it seemed more unbearable.

In the meantime the day was fast advancing towards noon, and the sentinel that paced in front of the cavern was not without thoughts of dinner, when two of his comrades approached carrying a large deer, and disappeared into the cavern.

Not far from the mouth of the cavern, on the bank of the river Alyn, was an artificial mound upon which stood the ruins of a castellet of much antiquity. In the midst of these ruins stood the hermit and Caradoc, lord of Portascyth, engaged in a vigorous discussion.

"I am glad that the hateful sycophant is in our power at last," said

Caradoc; "the saints have favored us for once. He has done not a few things to merit my revenge, and I am sure that the usurper's fate would have been settled long ago had he not interfered. But he shall no longer stand in my way, for I shall soon grant myself the pleasure of ridding the world of his presence. By my faith, you have been very kind to capture him alive, for otherwise I would have been deprived of this unexpected pleasure."

"Methinks that the part that I have taken in his capture gives me a right to have a voice in this matter," said the hermit. "Methinks also that the wisdom of my counsel in the past ought to add importance to my words at this time. I do not blame thee for wanting to dispatch the prince without delay; but there is a better course open to thee, and that is to keep him in close confinement and in constant expectation of death. Were he put to death immediately thou wouldst be doing him a kindness; but if he be permitted to live, and his life rendered as miserable as threats and evil reports can make it, thou shalt have a fuller revenge, and he hell on earth."

"It goes hard with me to give up the pleasure I so much desire, though I much like your advice."

"The pleasure will keep, and time will increase it. Then when thou thinkest his cup of bitterness is full, and thy ambition satisfied, thou canst have thy pleasure with interest."

"But what if he should slip through

our hands, and find his way to Rhuddlan:

"It would be easier for a bird to escape from a snare than for him to gain his liberty, unless Hoel turns traitor, which is not more likely to occur than that Gryffydd should exchange his crown for a cowl, and his castle for a monastery or a cave."

Thus assured, Caradoc now left the ruins and entered the cavern, accompanied by the hermit. The prince still sat on the ground near the fire, silently regarding the preparations that were being made for dinner, when the newcomers arrived upon the scene, and he readily recognized the one as the traitor whom he first knew as Idrys, and the other who no longer appeared in the guise of a bard, as the hermit whom he had suspected of harboring the traitor. Who had hired the outlaws to attack him was no longer a matter of conjecture. Even before Caradoc spoke a single word, Trahaiarn became convinced that he and no other man was responsible for his captivity, and this conviction filled him with hatred as intense as that which showed itself in his enemy's face. For a moment each regarded the other as two tigers might before pouncing upon each other, and their hands instinctively sought the weapons which the one missed, and the other was strongly tempted to use. Then the prince emitting the lava of his hatred exclaimed,

"So to thee, arch-traitor, and chief of cowards, I am indebted for my presence in this den of thieves. The

act is worthy of the actor. Thou hast ever been as cowardly as thou art base. Thou didst not dare to attack me thyself, but thou must needs hire a band of assassins to fall upon me. Thou hast deprived me of liberty, but not of honor; of weapons, but not of courage. I spit in thy face, I curse thee and the whole brood of cowards to which thou dost belong. Would that I had my faithful sword that I might send thee to the bottomless pit!"

"I will send thee there instead," retorted Caradoc with a fiendish laugh, playing nervously with the hilt of his sword, while the hermit's hand rested on his arm. Thou art now in my power, and I shall not forget to make thee pay dearly for thy present insolence no less than thy past offenses. The world is too full of base sycophants like thee for its own good, and I shall do it the favor of plucking out thy heart, and throwing it to yonder dogs."

"Vile coward, thou canst well afford to heap threat upon the head of a weaponless foe," said the prince with intense bitterness. "It shows the consummate baseness of a heart that never knew the touch of heroism. Be it known to thee, however, that nothing that thou shalt do to my body can injure my soul. The sooner thou puttest thy threat into execution the better, for I hate thy presence more than I fear death.

"Then I will add to thy life the bitterness that should be in death," was the taunting reply.

"It is not wise to engender strife,

but to turn away wrath, said the hermit. "He that loves not his enemy despises the gospel. Let peace prevail."

"Ha, ha, good! Give us a sermon, father Howel," cried several voices.

"Ay, let the magpie speak sentiments which his heart never felt, and the hawk preach to the sparrows," said the prince, sneeringly, as he resumed his place to wait developments.



THE PRINCE OF THE SEA.

George Coronway, Wilkesbarre, Pa

When Dewey, our hero so loyal,
Returns to the land of the free,
We'll give him a welcome most royal.
We'll hail him the prince of the sea;
We'll praise him in song, and in story,
We'll honor, we'll cherish his name;
His valor made brighter our glory—
Extended our power and fame.

His country he served with devotion—
Foul tyranny fell 'neath his might;
He weakened the sway of oppression,
And strengthened the arm of the right.
We'll hail him with booming of cannon,
With music melodious and free;
And under the flag of our union,
We'll hail him as prince of the sea.

He stood on the deck of the Olympia,
Determined the battle to gain;
He signaled: "Ye braves of Columbia,
This day we'll remember the Maine."
He led on his warriors to glory,
Beneath the proud flag of the free;
We'll praise him in song and in story,
We'll hail him the prince of the sea.



FIELD OF LETTERS

Dr. George James Jones (Llew o'r Llain) of the Presbyterian Church, Forest, O., has written a new book, which is soon to be published by a leading New York publishing house. Authors often have much trouble in finding a publisher who is willing to risk his cash on the product of their brains, and the manuscript is returned with thanks very often. Dr. Jones is to be congratulated. In a letter to the author the publishers say: "We congratulate you upon having written such an excellent work." We are sure that the many friends of the successful author will rejoice in this remarkable achievement, and will wait with pleasure the appearance of the book, and will then buy it.

For the biography of the late Principal Herber Evans, D. D., by the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, excellent materials are available, including Herber's interesting diaries, which have been handed over to the biographer. The task of writing the "confiant" is to be commenced forthwith, but it is not likely that the work will be completed before the end of next year.

Among other papers of interest in the July number of "Yr Haul," are two articles entitled "The Evolution of Religion," and "The Corrupting Tendencies of the Age." In the former the Rev. J. Edwin Davies, B. A., reviews the opinions of Spencer, Lang, Tylor, Grant Allen and others. The article is comprehensive, and deals sensibly with rationalism in its relation to the origin and growth of religion. "J. W." also

furnishes valuable remarks on the evil tendencies and corrupting influences of modern practices. The "Haul's" literature is improving in tone and quality.

The French illustrated paper, "L'Univers Illustré," gives a full page of illustrations depicting various scenes connected with the Cardiff Elisteddfod. In the centre is a very good likeness of Hwfa Mon, to whom the members of the delegation showed such a marked deference. The other five pictures portray various episodes of the Gorsedd ceremony, which seems to have been the chief attraction of the Elisteddfod to our Breton brethren.

The "Dysgedydd" for August opens with the Rev. D. Lewis, Rhyl's, second article on the late Rev. Dan Jones, Ford, Pembroke, as a preacher and a minister; Some of the Essential Qualities of a sermon, by H. I. J.; Recollections of the Revival of 1859; Mission News and Obituaries; Events of the Month by the Editor; Reviews, Poetry, &c. In the "Conference at Maesmymwyon" the author furnishes a satirical sketch of religious life among the Welsh—the ways and means by which the religious machine is operated. Mrs. Anne Griffiths, Caergwrle, also writes instructively of Humility.

In a neat and cheap little volume recently issued, and entitled "Leaves from the History of Welsh Nonconformity," Mr. J. E. Southall, of Newport, gives us an account of the trials and persecutions of Welsh Quakers in the 17th century. These were at one time a power-

ful body in Wales, especially in Montgomeryshire and Merionethshire, where they suffered much for their religious principles. The autobiography of Richard Davies, the Welshpool Quaker of the Cromwellian period, which is incorporated in Mr. Southall's little volume, throws much valuable light incidentally upon other phases of the Nonconformist movement of that age, and thus makes the work of more general interest. Mr. Southall is himself a prominent member of the Society of Friends, and a striking instance of an English man of business mastering the Welsh language.

"Trysorfa y Plant" and "Cymru'r Plant" as bright and entertaining as usual. Among the illustrations are a portrait of John Elias, and a meeting of Friends in front of Fair Cottage, Llanwrtyd, S. W. In "Cymru'r Plant" Winnie Parry's description of Penybryn during the sojournment of the Two Boys is felicitous. The peace of the place was immediately disturbed, and Hannah never before was known to have been so troubled and worried; the cat and the dog Spot were longing for the old-time peace and quietude. The cat could no longer enjoy her nap on the sofa in the parlor; Spot now kept as far away as possible from the mischievous boys. Sallie, the mare, was kept trotting and galloping round the enclosed patch where she before had enjoyed such quiet. Everybody and everything were in disorder and confusion during their stay there.

The leading article in the "Cerddor" for August is "Part-Writing" by D. Emlyn Evans; Musical Competition, by David Jenkins; A National Elsteddffod Adjudication; Reviews; No. 41 of the Series of Musical Biographies, Rhys Evans, Aberdar; The First Day of Spring (Music), by Mendelssohn; Notes and Musical information interesting as

usual. In closing his article on "Part Writing," the writer says: "No student will attain proficiency but by starting in the beginning, and perfecting himself gradually as he moves along. He will not succeed without industry and patience; and he should not think for a moment that the task is harder to him than to those who preceded him over the same path. This is the road which every one must tread in order to become an artist. There is no royal road, or short cuts to the attainment of proficiency in the art of music, except to those who are satisfied with being apprentices, cobblers and tinkers!"

The "Cronici" deals rather sarcastically with the "Dysgedydd" for the stand it made recently upon the temperance question. In a moment of weakness the "Dysgedydd" was drawn into sympathy with the friends of the liquor traffic. Half-hearted advocates of temperance are very often moved by Pharisaic tears in the eyes of those who trade in intoxicating drinks, or who seem to be addicted to its use. The "Dysgedydd" is convinced that the greatest enemies of temperance are temperance people themselves, especially those who are connected with the United Kingdom Alliance; and the affair of the fight with the National Committee, which made an effort to furnish the Elsteddffod with liquor strengthens the conviction." And, again, it goes on to state "that such actions as the prohibition of the sale of liquor on the grounds of the Elsteddffod causes young people to desert the ranks of temperance." Young folks who favor the sale of intoxicants near to a public assembly, certainly, do not figure for much in a civilized community. The "Dysgedydd" must be recovering from a serious spell of sickness.

In "Cwrs y Byd" for August, the "Dividing line between Matter and Spirit"

is followed; The end of the drama "Penrhiwgaled" is not in sight; "The Prophets" is an article to interest the reader; "Holy Britain" and "Christianity Wronged" cannot fail to please the lover of independent thinking. "The Course of Things" and "The Order of Things," by the Editor, are always entertaining and instructive. "Cwrs y Byd" has a sharp eye for the evils of society:

—The great sin of the churches of to-day is spiritual drowsiness and mental laziness, and the natural consequence is an indifference to the general principles of right; the duties of religion being relegated to the officers, who believe piety is to be lording it over God's heritage.

—The Peace Conference in the Hague was a mere meeting of Phariseism. Even when talking peace the nations represented were preparing for war. It is hard to fathom the hypocrisy of the English—talking peace in the conference, and at the same hour plotting against the independence of the Boers.

—Parliament is also playing into the hands of the clergy. Relief after relief comes to them; in 1836, tithes were converted into hard cash; now, again, the clergy are relieved of their taxes. The next thing will probably be free conveyance.

—One of the greatest questions of the age is what to do with our daughters? All the positions and professions suitable to ladies are filled, but there is one left which is yet comparatively unsought and uncared for, viz., housekeeping. There are an abundance of lady companions, nurses, clerks, cooks, &c., &c., but housekeepers, they are to be pitied!

—Raising preachers is a problem among the Congregationalists. The Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Wesleyans, etc., perform this work better than they. The Bishop finds a vacancy

for a poor cleric out of place; the Methodists find something to do for a preacher out of charge; and the Wesleyans increase the supply to meet the demand. But Congregationalism in Wales is quite indifferent to the fate of a young preacher just out of college.

The contents of the "Trysorfa" for August are as follows: "Converting the Sinner," by the late Rev. Joseph Thomas, Carno; Recollections of the Rev. David Howell, by the Rev. Thomas Levi; The Rev. Ebenezer Evans, Bodedern, by the Rev. W. Prichard, Pentraeth; Augustine, by the Rev. W. J. Williams, Hirwaen; Christianity and the Fine Arts, by the Rev. H. Barrow Williams; Reports, Reviews, Obituaries, &c., &c.

In the days of the apostles and their immediate followers singing psalms" meant "chanting." One of the first examples of these chants in that age is that verse in Timothy, "And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness, &c., &c." Towards the end of the third century, special officers were appointed to superintend and care for the singing, called "cantores;" and, gradually, in consequence, congregational singing fell into disuse. In fact, the council of Laodicea prohibited singing by the congregation; but the people would never be silenced wholly.

Then came into fashion the antiphonous style of singing, viz., musical responses, and the people in many places, would sing the responses. In the sixth century the style of intoning the lessons came into vogue, which has continued in the church until to-day. The singing of the first Christian ages was very simple; but very soon, some attention was paid to sacred music, and in 330 A. D., a singing school was first established by Bishop Sylvester of Rome. Singing was much improved by Ambrose of Milan (375-390). The Gregorian style

was introduced in the seventh century. Hymns and psalms were generally and exclusively sung in Latin, but from the days of John Huss, Wycliffe, Luther, &c., hymns were written in the vulgar tongues. This gave great impetus to sacred music.

In "Young Wales" for July we find an excellent paper by the late T. E. Ellis, M. P., on "Domestic and Decorative Arts in Wales," followed by a sketch of the Life of Llywelyn Ap Gruffydd, Prince of Wales and Lord of Snowdon, by the Hon. Mrs. Bulkeley-Owen. The other articles are "Tom Ellis as a Student at Aberystwyth," by Professor Angus, M. A.; "The Theological Colleges of Wales in Their Relation to the Welsh University," by Professor T. Evans, M. A.; "A Plan for Welsh Particularism" (III.), by Robert Owen of Welshpool.

Llywelyn fell fighting for his country on the 10th of December, 1282, far from his beloved Snowdon, in South Wales, near the town of Builth, in a valley which ever since bears the name of Cwm Llewelyn. The exact circumstances of the fatal day are unknown. Some writers say the Prince was betrayed; one thing, however, is certain, that he fell in the attack upon the bridge Orewin by a spear wound from one Adam de Francton. For three long hours, while the battle lasted, the dying Prince lay that bitter winter day, untended upon the ground. The treatment accorded to the body of a fallen but an honorable foe was a disgrace to the conquerors. They exposed the head of our Prince, ornamented with a silver crown in ridicule of the prophecy of Merlin upon the highest turret of the Tower of London.—Mrs. Bulkeley-Owen in "Young Wales."

Men-servants, in the last century, says "Young Wales" for June, were as a rule hired by the year, their wages being from £4 to £9 with their board

and lodging. In many cases, the servants and the farmer's family lived together. Laborers were often hired by the day also, their wages being from 8d. to 1s. with victuals, to from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 10d. without victuals. In Denbighshire, farmers went to the market place in towns, such as Denbigh and Wrexham, during harvest time, and hired men for the day, paying them from 1s. 6d. to 3s. with victuals. Walter Davies refers to a curious custom which was in vogue at Rhuddlan. There, the laborers used to meet together in the village on Sunday mornings, and were then hired by the neighboring farmers for the ensuing week. The hours of labor were from 13 to 14 a day in summer, and, according to Walter Davies, "from morning twilight till evening dusk" in winter. The fare was a scanty one in many cases. Salt meat, barley bread, skim milk, cheese, butter, oat cakes, porridge, and butter milk were the usual food of the hill farmer and his family. The better class farmer of the vales was, of course, more liberal in his diet. Walter Davies says, with reference to this class of farmers, that he who partook of their dinners partook of the genuine comforts of life. They grew wheat, and could afford to turn some of it into bread for their own use. Their hill neighbors grew little wheat, and they made use of barley and oats instead.

Mutton could be bought for 3d. per pound; kid, the same, and fowls at from 10d. to 1s. a couple. This gives an idea of the price of provisions in 1798. The Rev. William Williams remarks, in his "Observations," that he had seen butter sell at 3d. per pound, "but now" (i.e., in 1802), he continues, "it is not sold under eight pence, and sometimes as high as nine pence, or ten pence, or even twelve pence." According to Pennant, wheat sold, in 1796, at from 10s. 6d. to 15s. a bushel; barley 5s. to 7s.; oats, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 3d.; and beans, 7s. to 8s. a bushel.

SCIENTIFIC

A package of gum camphor is a good thing to slip in one's trunk in the summer. It is a hint from an Adirondack guide that a small piece of the gum about the size of a walnut, burned over a candle so as to produce smoke, but not flame, will drive away, for that night at least, all mosquitoes in and about one's apartment.

Paper teeth are the latest thing in dentistry. For years some substance has been sought for which could replace the composition commonly employed for making teeth, and a fortune awaited the man who was lucky enough to hit upon the right material. Although paper has some disadvantages, they are small compared to its many qualifications, and paper teeth are likely to be used exclusively, at least until a more perfect material is found.

The ancients' use of the mace introduces us to a remarkable instance of ecclesiastical casuistry. The clergy was forbidden to shed blood, and as thus the sword was inhibited it might have been thought was sufficient to keep them from the battle-field. But not so. They adopted the mace. Though they could not cut a man's throat, yet might they break his head. So Bishop Otho, half brother of William, fought alongside of the Conqueror at the bitter battle of Hastings with great effect, the brothers being, as you may say, a "pair of nut-crackers."—Notes and Queries.

Iced chloroform, according to "The Medical Times," has been used as an anesthetic in Prof. Shorburg's clinic in the Julius Hospital at Wurzburg, Bavaria, in over 14,000 cases without a single unpleasant result. The advan-

tages claimed for this preparation of chloroform are the quickness of its action, its comparative freedom from danger, and the absence of the nausea and depression so common with other anesthetics.

POMPEII AT PARIS.

At the present time it is hard to say what will or will not be built as an attraction at the Paris Exposition. Novelties of all kinds have been suggested, but most of them have not been approved of by the authorities, or they have been abandoned owing to financial reasons. The latest project is a representation of Pompeii as it appeared before its destruction A. D. 79. Archaeologists and artists have warmly approved of the attempt, and the Italian Minister of Fine Arts has promised to give all possible aid in insuring accuracy. The time is now very short in which to produce any satisfactory work.

WHY BABIES ARE CROSS.

It seems almost absurd to advise mothers not to pinch babies' feet, and yet physicians say that much of the irrefulness and irritation of babyhood is due to tight shoes and stockings. Not tight, perhaps from a grown-up standpoint, but sufficiently snug to hurt the tender, soft flesh of baby's feet. The shoes that are got for the very little baby are often actual instruments of torture because of some slight roughness or pressure.

And small stockings are frequently a means of injury as are small shoes. Always buy both shoes and stockings at least one size larger than the so called "easy fit." This rule should hold

good until the foot has ceased to grow. The result would be a generation of healthier, better-tempered and more graceful men and women.—Demorest Magazine.

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SEA WATER FOR SPRINKLING.

"The Merchants' Association of San Francisco has been trying the experiment of sprinkling a street with sea water," says "Appleton's Popular Monthly Science," "and finds that such water binds the dirt together between the paving stones, so that when it is dry no loose dust is formed to be raised by the wind; that sea water does not dry so quickly as fresh water, so that it has been claimed when salt water has been used that one load of it is equal to three loads of fresh water. The salt water which it deposited on the street absorbs moisture from the air during the night, whereby the street is thoroughly moist during the early morning, and has the appearance of having been freshly sprinkled."

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CENTENARIANS.

With regard to centenarians, I am reminded that some years ago the late Professor Humphry, M. D., F.R.S., of Cambridge, published an elaborate paper on centenarians whose histories he had investigated. Many of his examples were found in workhouses. I suppose the absence of the morrow and the calmness of mind which results when one has not to worry over the bread and cheese aspect of life, tend to favor longevity. It is notorious that annuitants live long because they don't worry. Some of Dr. Humphry's cases exhibited extraordinary features. These old folk did not appear to be at all particular concerning what they ate or drank, and I suspect the real secret of longevity is the starting with a sound constitution. It is wonderful what an amount of hard

wear the human frame will stand, provided you have a sound body to begin with. Teetotalism has been regarded as favoring long life. Perhaps it does, but I have always smiled over Dr. Humphry's words regarding, at least one of his centenarians, when he said of this aged gentleman that he not only drank like a fish, but drank everything he could get.—Dr. Wilson.

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THE WAY TO KNOW THEM.

To the experienced eye the roughish or granulated surface of the perfectly fresh egg distinguishes it at once from the more shiney or polished surface of the one that has been under the hen a day or two. We can pick out every fresh egg among a nestful of those that have been sat upon two days, even in the dark. The secret is very simple. Just scratch over the surface with the finger-nail; if it grates the egg is fresh, but if the nail slides smoothly, the egg is old. A little practice makes this a sure test.—"Dakota Farmer."

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ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICANCE OF SPINES.

Charles E. Brookes has endeavored to arrive at general conclusions relating to the origin and significance of spinosity from the study of plants and animals. He considers that spines, whether prickles, thorns, or horns, represent a stage of evolution, a degree of differentiation in the organism, a ratio of its adaptability to the environment, a result of selective forces, and a measure of vital power. The spines of plants are referable to two main categories. The first is the restraint of the environment causing the suppression of structures; thus, in desert or arid regions leaves and branches may be suppressed to form spines. The other category is intrinsic suppression of structures and functions; this includes those prickles of brambles

and climbing plants that are not produced by suppression of stipules, leaves, etc. Spinosity is a limit to variation, since organs of various kinds are changed into spines, but spines are never changed into other organs.—
American Journal of Science.

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A LIP GUARD.

That a drinking glass may communicate disease is now admitted by all sanitarians, and the persons who are compelled to make use of public drinking fountains may relieve their minds to a great extent of the fear of the infectious microbe by supplying themselves with the lip guard and protector which has recently been patented by a Boston inventor. It consists of a metal or rubber shell, which slips over the edge of the drinking glass, and is held in place by the natural spring of the material. This prevents one's lips from coming in contact with the edge of the glass, and thereby avoids infection.

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THE SIZE OF THE SUN.

The earth on which we stand is, no doubt, a mighty globe, measuring as it does 8,000 miles in diameter; yet, what are its dimensions in comparison with those of the sun? If the earth be represented by a grain of mustard-seed, then on the same scale the sun should be represented by a cocoanut. Perhaps, however, a more impressive conception of the dimensions of the great orb of day may be obtained in this way. Think of the moon, the queen of the night, which circles monthly around our heavens, pursuing, as she does a majestic track, at a distance of 240,000 miles from the earth. Yet the sun is so vast that if it were a hollow ball, the moon could revolve in the orbit which it now follows, and still be entirely enclosed within the sun's interior. For every acre

on the surface of our globe there are more than 10,000 acres on the surface of the great luminary. Every portion of this illimitable desert of flame is pouring forth torrents of heat. It has, indeed, been estimated that if the heat, which is incessantly flowing through any single square foot of the sun's exterior, could be collected and applied beneath the boilers of an Atlantic liner, it would suffice to produce steam enough to sustain, in continuous movement, those engines of 30,000 horse power which enable a superb ship to break the record between Ireland and America.

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LIQUID AIR AS A CAUSTIC.

According to "The Tri-State Medical Journal and Practitioner," the use of liquid air as a cautery is already spoken of favorably. "It having a temperature of 312 degrees F. below zero, its action is, to all intents and purposes, the same as that of the most powerful actual cautery. It does not really burn, but utterly kills the tissues, leaving a blister not unlike a burn. Hence it has been suggested for cauterization in surgical practice. It is not only a good deal cheaper than the ordinary cautery, but it is much more efficient, and its action can be absolutely controlled. A well-known surgeon has already performed a difficult operation on a cancer case with liquid air, and he has reported the case as cured."

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MUSIC STUDY AND NERVOUS DISEASE.

"Dr. Waetzhold, a specialist in nervous diseases whose opinion is an authority in Germany, has just published an article," says "La Science Illustree," June 3, "in which he asserts that the abuse of music in general and of the piano in particular, predisposes directly to most kinds of neurosis, chlorosis, dyspepsia, brain trouble, and other ma-

ladies of this type. By 'abuse' the author means, for example, the premature age at which parents cause young children to begin the study of the piano, prolonged exercises at scales by young girls for three or four hours a day, etc. According to the observations of Dr. Waetzhold on 1000 women who had begun piano lessons at the age of twelve years, more than 600 are to-day subject to some form of nervous disease. On the other hand, of 1,000 women that had never touched a piano, scarcely 100 had ever suffered from nerve troubles. The author declares in conclusion that the study of the piano should never be begun before the age of sixteen years."—Translation made for "The Literary Digest."

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PLANTS THAT SEEM TO REASON.

Do plants think? said a St. Mary planter. Have they powers of reason or any way of determining what is going on around them? The questions seem rather fantastic, I admit, but they are prompted by some very curious observations made at my home only a few weeks ago.

"My daughter, who is very fond of flowers, has a morning glory vine growing in a box on her window ledge. While watering it recently she noticed a delicate tendril reaching out toward a nail in the side casing. She marked the position of the tendril in pencil on the wood, and then shifted the nail about an inch lower. Next day the little feeler had deflected itself very noticeably, and was again heading for the nail. The marking and shifting were repeated four or five times, always with the same results, and finally one night the tendril, which had grown considerably, managed to reach the coveted support, and we found it coiled tightly around it. Meanwhile another bunch of tendrils had been making for a hook that was formerly used for a thermometer. Just

before it reached its destination my daughter strung a cord across the window sash directly above. It was a choice, then, between the old love and the new, and as a morning glory always seems to prefer a cord to anything else, it wasn't long in making up its mind. In a very few hours the pale, crisp little tendrils—which, by the way, convey a surprising suggestion of human fingers—had commenced to lift toward the twine. Next day they reached it, and took such a firm grip that I don't believe they possibly could have been disengaged without breaking the fibre. Scientists are no doubt familiar with such phenomena, and, if so, I would be very glad to learn whether they have formulated a theory on the subject. To me it seems simply inexplicable.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

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CURIO FACTORIES.

A well-known curio expert states that there are factories in Europe for the manufacture of all kinds of works of art that are likely to attract the collector. Modern articles of china are stamped with old marks so cleverly that even experts have been deceived. Arms and armor are treated with acids which eat away the metal, thus producing the same effect as the ravages of time. Carved ivories are stained with oils to make them yellow, and are subjected to heat to make them crack. Pieces of furniture have holes drilled to represent the worm holes, and so on, until there will in time be very little in the way of curios which are in themselves really curious. Paris is one of the strongholds of this class of forgers, while in Hungary there is a factory where Dresden china is imitated in a fair manner. There is, however, one safe way, and that is to buy through reputable dealers. Forgeries in all works of art very rarely get into the dealers' hands. As a rule they are sent to auction rooms.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

"Eisteddfod" means a session or sitting of the bards.

This year's Eisteddfod was conducted in a specially-constructed pavilion in the beautiful Cathay's Park, Cardiff, S. W.

Eluned Morgan, the Welsh Patagonian editress, has invented a word to do duty for "pic-nic." It is "gwigwy!"—that is, "a feast held in the grove."

When a man in Brittany apes Parisian manners, and wants to hide his Breton nationality, he is called a "Shoneen," which is the equivalent of Dic Shon Dafydd in Wales.

The first day of the Eisteddfod, July 18, fully came up to expectations. The attendance in the morning was not very great, but when the chief choral came on there was an immense attendance.

The Cardiff choir which was successful on the first day, included amongst its 154 members a number of professionals. Then, owing to the dearth of bass and tenor voices, these departments were reinforced by people from Rhymney!

Criticising one of the recitations at the Eisteddfod, Cynonfardd stated his opinion that curses should always be pronounced with a downward emphasis. They were always directed to the earth—sometimes below the earth! The American bard raised a hearty laugh

when he observed that the male competitor gave the curses with most effect, possibly because he was more used to giving vent to them.

James Bonwick, F.R.G.S., author of the well-known work, "Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought," and many other works, bestows upon "Moriën's" "Guide to the Gorsedd," &c., the following extraordinary description:—"It is a book brought straight from Heaven."

The 1866 Castellnadd Eisteddfod was one of the greatest failures in the history of eisteddfodau. It was the time of the fearful cholera scourge, and when the day came round the pavilion was not half filled, the epidemic being then prevalent in the district.

Miss M. A. Jones, the conductress of the Swansea Ladies' Choir, was congratulated on all hands at the Cardiff Eisteddfod, the second day. The choir had made up their minds to win, and had a rehearsal early in the afternoon in one of the Cardiff chapels. Their victory was very popular.

The introduction of Mrs. Herkomer into the Gorsedd circle was specially interesting. It is well known that she is Welsh "o waed coch cyfan," and to hear the professor speak her praises one would think she had painted his pictures, painted his enameled, and arranged his great school, so much does he say as to the aid her faithful affection has afforded him in his strenuous life. She

has for "cyfenw" the name "Cymraes," as typifying the great qualities of our countrywomen.

"Two compositions for an orchestral suite were sent in," said Sir Fred Bridge on the second day of the Eisteddfod, "one by Berlioz and the other by—well, I will not try to bring the name (Ysbryd Llewellyn) out, for my false teeth would fall out! But one was unfinished, and the other was—rubbish!"

Matthew Arnold, no prejudiced critic, once when referring to the Gorsedd and the Eisteddfod, said that the fact that the Welsh people took delight in them, and in literature, poetry, and song, proved that there was something Greek in them, something which in the English common people could not be found.

There are many under the impression that a bard is necessarily a poet. The Welsh word "bardd" does convey that meaning; because in ancient times almost all knowledge was imparted in poetic or metrical form, but nowadays it includes persons who are religious teachers, and others who are interested in sciences and arts.

Lord Castletown, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, expressed himself as much impressed with the beautiful and dignified spectacle of the Gorsedd. But he did not think the Irish would imitate the Welsh in the matter of the Gorsedd. Their gathering was a congress only, and they could not yet aspire to the height of the Welsh Gorsedd.

It is worthy of notice that although the Breton deputation at Cardiff included representatives of the higher, middle, and working classes they everyone appeared in national costume. The Marquis de l'Estourbeillon was, of course, most gorgeously attired, while

M. F. Jaffrennou, who represented the middle class, was very prettily dressed. The working man's costume, though not so pretty, was very distinctive.

Lord Tredegar was very witty in his speech. There were many subjects he might touch upon, he said, such for instance, that of the musical pitch. But he remembered the saying that "You cannot touch pitch without making a fool of yourself, and so he would leave that subject to the papers for the silly season!"

"Cochfari" maintains that all the jokes directed against him as to what execution he may do with the Gorsedd sword under certain provocations are misdirected. He always emphasises the fact that it is a sheathed sword—emblem of peace. But once he was caught off his guard. Asked if it would not be an admirable weapon to decapitate a Dic Shon Dafydd, he impulsively said,— "Yes—that is the only kind of execution I would agree to as 'justifiable homicide.' "

The art of mead brewing is evidently not lost in Wales. To fill the Hirlas Horn at the Gorsedd the first day of the Eisteddfod, Mrs. Thomas, of Llwynhelig, near Cowbridge, sent a supply of mead which she had brewed nine years ago. For the second day's Gorsedd Mr. Jeremiah Williams, of Llanelly, agent to Sir Arthur Stepney, sent a supply, and for Friday the supply was provided by Mr. Godwin Edwards, of Cardiff.

M. Paul Barbier will not be happy until he gets up another Pan-Celtic gathering. His own object in life at the present moment is to arrange such a demonstration in connection with the Paris Exhibition. The genial professor has a comprehensive scheme in view, and is confident of success. At present, however, progress is slow, for, as the

professor explains, "Everybody is away holidaying just now, and there are but few left at home to consult with." One feature of the scheme is the holding of a Welsh Gorsedd in the French capital.

The movement for presenting the Archdruid of Wales with a national testimonial is beginning to take shape, and arrangements are being made for holding a meeting of the committee to complete the preliminaries in time to issue a public appeal for subscriptions at the ceremony of proclaiming the Liverpool National Elsteddfod in September. The secretaries have issued an appeal inviting a number of well-known Welsh elsteddfodwyr and others to join the committee. Lord Mostyn is the president of the movement, and Sir John H. Puleston the treasurer.

The ceremony of crowning the victorious bard naturally attracted a great deal of interest, and a large audience was present to witness it. The subject of the crown poem was "Y Dyddanydd Arall" (The Other Comforter), for which the prizes offered were £21 and a silver crown of the value of £10. There were ten competitors, and Elfed read the adjudicators' report, which returned the Rev. Gwylfa Roberts, Llanelly, as the winner of the prizes. The ceremony of crowning was very picturesque. The winner was represented by Elfionydd, upon whose head Mrs. Ceiriog Hughes placed the silver crown. Mr. Ben Davies sang as the "crowning" song his favorite "Y Fam a'i Baban." In answer to a vociferous encore he gave "Mentra' Gwen."

A great event of the Elsteddfod was the adjudication upon the ode for the chair. The subject chosen for competition was a very popular one, an ode not exceeding 800 lines on "William Ewart Gladstone." The prize was £21 and a

carved oak chair valued at £10. Dyfed, Pedrog, Isaed, Elfed, and Ceulanydd adjudicated upon the six poems sent in. None of the poems were, however, deemed worthy of the prize, and the chairing ceremony was dispensed with. The adjudicator in announcing the fact greatly deplored that there was no one worthy of being installed.

Opinion differ as to the age and origin of the Gorsedd and its ceremonies. The meeting of the bards of Britain, "Yn ngwyneb haul, llygad goleuni" ("In face of the sun, the eye of light") some consider to have been given its present form during the time of the Tudor dynasty. But it may be looked upon as a survival of the traditional Round Table of King Arthur, which in its turn embodied some similar institution previously existing among the Britons of ancient times. Whatever be its origin or its age, it is an institution around which the natives of Wales of all sorts and conditions from the highest aristocracy to the working classes, rally, and which plays a most important part in the encouragement of learning and culture in our country.

The chief choral event of the Elsteddfod was reached about 4:15 P. M. of the first day. The Pavillion was packed. Already the choir was on the gallery in readiness when the results of other competitions were being announced, and a great cheer of welcome emanated from the assembly when Cynonfardd proclaimed that the first choir to sing was Newport. The conditions could not have been more admirably suited to the importance of the occasion, the vast audience while evincing the keenest interest, being evidently desirous of giving every one of the competing choirs the fullest measure of fair play. Then with the concluding bar of each of the difficult and somewhat impressive tests the audience burst into torrentious ap-

plause. The chosen pieces were "Blest Pair of Sirens" (Sir Hubert Parry) and "Why Rage Fiercely the Heathen?" (Mendelssohn), the latter being unaccompanied by any instrumental music. The first prize amounted to £150, with £5 worth of music to the conductor; the second prize being £50, while £5 5s. was awarded to the conductor of each of the unsuccessful choirs. The several choirs sang in the following order:—1. Newport Choral Union, conducted by Mr. Fred Jones. 2. Carmarthen Choral Society, Mr. A. J. Silver, F.R.C.O., conductor. 3. Cardiff Choral Society, Mr. D. C. Davies. 4. Pontypridd United Choir, Mr. W. Thompson. The contest closed about 20 past 6 o'clock. The Cardiff choir won.

W. T. Holmes of Taylor, Pa., writes in the "Drych" about a Welsh chapel in a coal mine near Swansea, S. W., where the miners every Monday morning hold a prayer meeting between the hours of six and seven. The meeting was held for the first time in 1845, soon after an explosion of fire damp which killed six miners. A religious convention was held on the hill near by soon after the sad accident, and as a result, the underground prayer meeting was inaugurated by the following Welshmen: Thomas Jones, David Evans, Thomas Griffiths, Evan Hopkins, John Lewis, Thomas Gray, David Lewis, W. Rees, William Jones, John Owen and David David.

This chapel is probably the most unique in the world. It was dug out of the six foot vein, carefully propped with timber, with seats and pulpit, upon which is kept a Bible in a tin box. The place is lit with candles, the ordinary lamps in use being prohibited on account of the smoke they produce. It having been consecrated to public worship by the miners, the chapel is treated with as much, if not more reverence

than a regular house of God, and these religious manners profess to have enjoyed the presence of the Almighty there more really than at meetings above ground.

Is there something in the air of the Principality especially conducive to voice development? asks "The Morning Leader." Craig-y-Nos holds Patti in thrall. Welsh singers, of whom Mr. Ben Davies, the popular tenor, is one always find their way to our hearts. Now, at the Cardiff Eisteddfod, the latest Welsh nightingale has awakened to find herself famous at the age of 15. There were many entries for the soprano competition, but only four selected in the preliminary trial to appear before the audience, and Miss Amy Evans, of Tonypandy, who was the last to sing, is said to have fairly electrified the audience. Her voice is beautifully pure and sweet, and the air chosen, "Hear ye, Israel," was sung with such refinement and expression that Mr. Ben Davies, who was adjudicator, confessed himself greatly moved, and said that with care the young lady should become one of the greatest singers Wales has ever produced. Commenting on her performance, he described it as marvellous, and her voice as a natural gift which no art could have produced. Wales is to be congratulated, and Miss Amy Evans's career will be watched with interest.

I have never known a publican become a parson (says "Martin West" in the "Church Gazette"), but I have known one or two parsons who have turned publicans. One has a pub. in London, and I believe is much respected. You will not find his name in Crockford, although he has not resigned his orders. A Welsh curate fell in love with a pretty widow, who kept a snug public, in Pembrokeshire I think it was. He married her, and went to live at the pub. Of course he lost his curacy.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

THE LATE REV. J. HUGHES PARRY,
UTICA, N. Y.

Mr. Parry's death which took place August 8, was due to exhaustion. On May 14 last he began fasting in the hope of securing relief from chronic ailment of the bowels, and for 47 days he took nothing except cold water. He lost 36 pounds in weight, and grew very

he could not rally. At first he showed some improvement, but the reports of his condition were mainly discouraging. He had lost the power to assimilate food.

The trouble came upon him soon after he settled in Utica, six years ago. He consulted various physicians, but was unable to obtain relief. Some diagnosed his trouble as a kind of dyspepsia, while



Rev. J. Hughes Parry.

weak. His eyesight became impaired, and when the fast ended he was practically blind. He did not secure relief from his trouble. The people of his church did all in their power to aid him, demonstrating in a remarkable degree their affection for their pastor. The fast ended on Saturday, July 1, and on the following Monday he was taken to Poultney, Vt. It was hoped that he would regain his strength rapidly, but his vitality had been so greatly reduced by his long abstinence from food that

others called it catarrh of the bowels. Through a friend in North Wales he heard of the treatment known as "The Rest Cure," given by a Pennsylvania doctor, under whose care he finally placed himself. The treatment required the fasting. In Mr. Parry's case the abstaining from food caused much suffering, but finally his desire for food disappeared. The case attracted wide attention.

J. Hughes Parry was born in Fronheulog, Dinorwig, Wales, September 3,

1844. His father, Henry Parry, was a deacon in the village church for 52 years, and his mother's father was the founder of a Calvinistic Methodist church in the place where he made his home. The atmosphere of his early boyhood was one of education and refinement, both of which were mirrored in his later life. He was educated in the Normal College at Bangor, North Wales, where he was graduated in 1862. He succeeded John C. Roberts of the "Y Drych" as master in the school at Cwm-rheidol, and afterwards he taught successively at Goginan, Froncysyllte and Caerwys. While teaching school he occasionally supplied the pulpits of nearby churches during the absences of the pastors. He was called to the ministry, and in September, 1873, took charge of the church at Crewe, the language of the congregation being Welsh. In 1877 he was called to the pastorate of the English church at Trallwm, the English name for which is Welshpool. After successfully serving three years he became pastor of the church at Croesoswallt, known in English as Oswestry. After eight years of service there he took charge of a church at Holyhead. Seven years ago he visited America and stopped in Utica.

A year later he was called to the pastorate of Moriah Church, Utica, N. Y., and on the second Sunday in January, 1894, he began his labors. His six years of service, five of which were most active, brought him into close relations with every one of his people. They honored him for his stalwart manliness, and loved him because in his daily life he set them an example of Christianity, which was typical of the ideals his scholarly interpretation of the Scriptures made for them. While he was pastor of the church in Welshpool he married. His wife and their three children, Harry, Gladys and Olwen survive him, as do four brothers, Robert H. of South Poultney, Vt.; Morris Parry

of Anaconda, Col.; Hugh of Carnarvon; Henry, and a sister, Mrs. Jane Hughes of Liverpool.

The funeral was held from Moriah Church at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, August 12. The attendance was large. The remains were removed from the parsonage to the church at 10 o'clock in the morning. The church was draped in mourning, and in the rear of the pulpit was the inscription, "Our Pastor at Rest."

The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. Among them were two Bibles from the Ladies' Aid Society and from Mr. Parry's Bible Class; a piece from the Christian Endeavor Society, bearing this inscription: "In loving remembrance of our pastor." The Welsh Calvinistic Church of New Hartford sent a large pillow, suitably inscribed, and the choir gave a handsome floral harp. A large bunch of white rosebuds, 55 in number, indicative of Mr. Parry's age, came from ex-District Attorney and Mrs. Thomas S. Jones.

The music was furnished by the choir of 24 voices, under the direction of William R. Thomas. It consisted of the hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light," "O. Arglwydd, Dena'm Serch a'm Bryd," "Mae Nghyfeillion Adre' Myned." Rev. B. Davies, Whitesboro, read the Scripture lesson. Prayer was offered by Rev. George Lamb of Holland Patent. Remarks were made by Rev. John J. Williams of Rome, who presented resolutions of sympathy adopted by the Rome church; also similar resolutions from the Thirteenth Street Welsh Calvinistic Church of New York. Rev. John W. Morris of Slatington, Pa., also spoke. Among the others present were Rev. Dr. Gwesyn Jones, pastor of Bethesda Church, and Rev. E. C. Evans of Remsen. The services were conducted by T. Solomon Griffiths. The bearers were T. Solomon Griffiths, John Lewis, John R. Jones, William C. Jones, David P. Salisbury, Elias Ellis, J. C. Roberts and Wil-

liam S. Jones. Interment was made in Forest Hill Cemetery.

There was a large congregation at Moriah Church Sunday evening. T. Solomon Griffiths presided at the evening service. Letters of condolence upon the death of Rev. J. Hughes Parry were read from the congregations of Bethesda Church, the New York Mills Welsh Church, the Welsh Baptist Church of Utica, and the Welsh Bible Society of Utica.

Two sermons were delivered. Rev. E. C. Evans of Remsen spoke in English, and Rev. John W. Morris of Slatington, Pa., in Welsh. Rev. Mr. Evans preached from the text Hebrews xi: 5, and Genesis v: 24. During his sermon Mr. Evans made this reference to Mr. Parry:

"This is a consoling thought to-night amidst the sacred griefs and sorrows which surround the death of our dear brother. He is henceforth with the Lord. Enoch has been from early ages a type of a goodly life. There have been many Enochs since his time. Many of God's people have followed in his footsteps, and have secured the same blessings. And among them it may be said of our deceased brother that he walked with God. He preached against the wickedness of the world around him. He received a testimony of approval from God, and finally he has been removed to enjoy the reward of his labors in our heavenly home."

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July 28, four generations of good Welsh-American stock celebrated the golden wedding anniversary of "Uncle Davy" Richards and his most estimable wife at their home in Knoxville, Tenn. The affair was one of joyous greeting, kindly words, and general happiness. No merrier gathering was ever held in Knoxville, nor one fraught with more pleasure to each and every participant.

The lovely grounds and residence of "Uncle Davy" were brilliantly lighted in

honor of the occasion—a celebration which but few persons ever have the pleasure of celebrating. During the evening, between the hours of seven and eleven, hundreds of friends of the host and hostess made glad the hearts of the members of the four celebrating generations by their presence and glad congratulations for the two who have braved together their allotment of the storms of trouble and the wealth of success for fifty long years. Perhaps three hundred guests enjoyed the hospitality of this happy home on the occasion. During the progress of the reception delightful light refreshments were served, after which the company adjourned to the open air, where, from the broad portico, "Uncle Davy" addressed his assembled friends, thanking them for the many congratulations showered upon him and his wife, and giving some of the experiences which had befallen them during their joint pilgrimage of fifty years.

The blessing of the Father was asked by Rev. P. M. Bartlett, of Maryville, and the speech was begun. Uncle Davy first told of his landing in America from his ancestral home. He was asked by custom house officials what he had, and what he was worth. He told them that he had nothing, but that he was worth one hundred thousand dollars. Then he explained why he was worth that amount. He told the custom house people that he had two good, strong hands, a strong body, and a good head, and that if these were not worth a hundred thousand dollars to him in America he would go back to his old home.

He told of the years which he and his good wife have spent so well together, of his marriage, and later of the joys and sorrows which had come to them. Sometimes, he said, they had been on the top waves of success, with good financial surroundings, and at other times the reverse had been the case.

Sometimes they had more than enough, and at other times they could have used more. The speech was a very happy one, and was sincerely appreciated by the crowd of admirers who listened.

A very happy feature of the occasion was the presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Richards of a number of beautiful and costly presents in honor of their fiftieth anniversary. While the names of all present cannot be given three prominent ministers, all of different religious faiths than that of "Uncle Davy," were present to add their congratulations, Rev. Dr. P. M. Bartlett, of Maryville; R. R. Sutherland and J. H. Frazee, of Knoxville.

The Rev. W. D. Williams D. D., of the Church of the Holy Apostles, New York City, was the preacher, by special invitation, in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, August 13. This magnificent structure, in process of erection, will be, when finished, one of the finest, perhaps the most costly and best church edifice in the United States.

Herbert A. Lewis of 161 Dudley Avenue, Utica, N. Y., died August 22, at Dr. Guillaume's Sanitarium, near Boonville, N. Y., of consumption. He had been ill about three months, and had been camping in the hope of benefiting his health. With him were his mother, Mrs. B. F. Lewis, and his sister, Miss M. Ella Lewis, both of Utica.

Mr. Lewis was the son of the late Benjamin F. Lewis of the "Drych" Office, and was born in Utica a few months less than 26 years ago. He was graduated from the Utica Free Academy in 1894, and that fall entered Wesleyan University in the class of 1898. He was popular among his fellow students. He was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi, and of the Mandolin Club of the University. He left college when his father died two

years ago, and worked for a year in New York. Then he returned to Utica and entered the employ of the Telephone Company. He was a member of the South Street Methodist Church, and in every way was a most exemplary young man. Last winter he was president of the Chautauqua circle of the church. Everyone who knew him held him in high esteem.

He is survived by his mother, three sisters, Miss M. Ella Lewis, Mrs. F. A. Clarke, Miss Jennie D. Lewis of Utica, and five brothers, William A. Lewis of Maxon, Kas., Benjamin M. Lewis, Secretary of the East Side Y. M. C. A. of New York, John E. Lewis of Derby, Conn., Samuel R. Lewis of Utica, and Rev. D. M. Lewis of Mohawk.

At a meeting of old boys held at the Llanarth National Schools immediately after the funeral of ex-Bishop Lloyd of Bangor, with Mr. J. C. Evans, headmaster, Grammar School, Bala, in the chair, it was unanimously decided to solicit the help of all pupils educated by the late ex-Bishop of Bangor at Dolgelly, Friars, Bangor, and Christ College, Brecon, in raising a fitting memorial to the late bishop, and to urge upon all to show their appreciation in a substantial manner. The following were appointed as a committee: Mr. J. C. Evans, Bala, and the Rev. Edmund Jones, vicar of Llanidloes (representing Dolgelly); Messrs J. J. Lloyd Williams, headmaster Oswestry Grammar School, and J. Morris Jones, Bangor University (representing Friars School, Bangor); the Rev. J. Church Jones and Mr. F. M. Thomas, solicitor, Brecon (representing Christ College, Brecon); and Mr. W. P. Owen, solicitor, Aberystwyth, was appointed general honorary secretary, to whom subscriptions may be sent.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

As the steamer was just starting from Calais, an English passenger shouted out to a French friend, "Au reservoir." To this the Frenchman, with equal ignorance of any language but his own, responded, "Tanks."

Through a long course of inductive reasoning a western paper arrives at this result: "Fish being rich in phosphorous, and phosphorous being the essential thing in making matches, it stands to reason that girls should be partial to a fish diet."

After taking a snap shot of Tenby church recently an English photographer was puzzled to find on his plate the image of a vessel dressed in bunting and upside down. He read in the newspapers next day of a launch at Pembroke, seven miles away, and concluded that he had photographed a mirage.

The famous chemist Kalimeyer has a scene with his wife, who finally bursts into tears. "Your tears don't have any effect with me—for what are they? A mighty small percentage of phosphorous salts and a trace of chloride of sodium—all the rest is water."—Lustige Blaetter.

A curious event recently occurred in Oklahoma. The village of Mountain View, Oklahoma, was organized in a day. A rival town existed about a mile and a half west, and it was deemed advisable to consolidate it with Mountain View. The rival, "Oakdale," was purchased entire, for \$34,380, and is now

being transported to Mountain View. This is probably the first instance where one town was bought out, and moved en masse.

A Gaelic visitor to Cardiff has been telling the local Irishmen that the bi-lingualist is always a fuller man than the uni-lingualist, and he quoted Napoleon's remark that "if a man knows two languages he is twice a man!" It was just as if he had two hands, two feet, or two heads more! Thus, Mr. Pearce explained, "what you can't see wid your English eye you can see wid your Oirish eye"—an observation which brought down the house.

It is the binding law in an Adirondack camp that whoever complains about the food must do the cooking until the next complainer receives the penalty. A story is told that at one camp the cook becoming tired of his job put an overdose of pepper on the fish. The first man who took a mouthful swore mildly, saying: "You've got enough pepper in this dish," then recollecting himself, quickly added, "but pepper is a good irritant, and makes food palatable."

Two country clergymen had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date, says the Syracuse, N.Y., Standard. One of them made the following solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous: "My dear brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure of stating that on next Sunday the Rev. Zachariah B. Day will preach for you. Now, sing two verses of hymn No. 489, 'That awful day

will surely come.' " And it took him some time to discover why the congregation smiled.

In a criminal prosecution recently tried in York, Neb., the jury, after a brief deliberation, returned the following remarkable verdict:—"We, the jury in the above-named case, do not believe one word that the witnesses have sworn; neither do we believe that any of the attorneys have spoken the truth, nor that either of them could do so, even if he should care to take the trouble to try."

An Irishman went out on a little spree. He didn't get home till three o'clock in the morning, and was barely in the house when a nurse rushed up to him and informed him that he was the father of triplets. The Irishman looked up at the clock, which marked the hour of three, then at the three in the nurse's arms and said—"Oi'm not superstitious, but thank Hiven that Oi didn't come at twilve!"

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AN ODD BIRD'S NEST.

The oddest of all birds' nests is the one built by the tontobane, a South African songster. It is built of cotton, and always upon the tree producing the material. In constructing the domicile the female works inside and the male outside, where he builds a sentinel box for his own special use. He sits in the box, and keeps watch or sings nearly all the time, and when danger comes in the form of a hawk or a snake he warns the family, but never enters the main nest.

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HE COULDN'T SWIM.

Two Irishmen were about to be hanged during the rebellion of 1789. The gallows were erected over the margin of a river. When the first man was drawn

up, the rope gave way. He fell into the river and escaped by swimming. The remaining culprit, looking at the executioner, said, with genuine native simplicity and an earnestness that evinced his sincerity: "Do good Mr. Ketch, if you please, tie me up tight, for if the rope breaks I'm sure to be drowned, for I can't swim a stroke."

—o:o—
OOM PAUL.

President Kruger of the Transvaal, the celebrated Oom Paul, who is so conspicuous a figure because of his contests with Great Britain, has a family of relatives living in Chicago. August C. Kruger is the head of that branch of the race, which traces its ancestry back to Gustavus Adolphus, the warrior king of Sweden, known as the "lion of the north." This Kruger said in a recent interview that he considered Paul to be the reincarnation of the Swedish monarch, and was sure he would come out all right in the end. One thing is certain, unless the Transvaal's president makes the concessions demanded by the Uitlanders, he will have as big a military task on his hands as ever confronted his distinguished royal ancestor.

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CONSIDER THE HEN.

There is something almost pathetic in the faithfulness to business and the unwavering diligence of the ordinary hen, when she gets her heart set on hatching out a brood of chickens. She will sit all day on an old doorknob and dream of the happy day when she can strut around in the back lot with a dozen or so of fuzzy chicks at her heels, scratching and clucking and swelling out her feathers with self-importance. In order to satisfy this motherly instinct she is not only willing, but frantic, to deny herself all of the ordinary pleasures of life. She doesn't care for a "good time." She is perfectly content to stay at home and attend to her maternal duties, and

has no concern about how her feathers are adjusted, or whether her comb hangs straight.—Punx Spirit.

—o:o—
A COMFORT.

Some will be glad to know that they have the Prince of Wales to back them up in the quaint theory that next year begins this century. It might have been thought that the discussion was at an end, and that it was generally accepted that the new century began with the year 1901, but now that the Prince of Wales has given his support to the idea that the year 1900 belongs to the new century the question is certain to be reopened. His Royal Highness is not in the habit of speaking without his book, and it turns out that he has a precedent in favor of the view he takes. In the reign of George II. an Act of Parliament was passed to assist in determining the date of Easter, and in the course of that Act the phrase is used, "for the next century, that is to say, from the year 1880 to the year 1899 inclusive."

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DOES NOT APPLY.

"The Higher Critics do not question the authority of the Scriptures. They point out what they believe to be errors or interpolations in the text or mistaken theories of authorship, such errors as were almost inevitable in the transcriptions and retranscriptions by which only the copies of the sacred books could be multiplied before the invention of printing. But the clergymen who think that women should remove their hats during divine worship take bolder ground. They assert that the explicit mandate of St. Paul is devoid of authority now. Says the Rev. Dr. Jesse F. Forbes, of the Adams Memorial Presbyterian Church: 'What Paul said about women worshipping with uncovered heads does not apply in this case, or to modern circumstances generally.' Dr. Kraeling, of the Zion Lutheran Church, says that if St.

Paul were to see some of the modern headgear, he would be of modern mind, and not so insistent that it be retained in the churches.—Brooklyn "Times."

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A CLEVER APPRECIATION.

There is an interesting and clever appreciation of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the new number of the "Arena" by Adachi Kinnosuke, a Japanese critic. When "Plain Tales from the Hills" first appeared, the writer says that he gasped, smiled, soliloquised, and said, among many other things: "This man may write how a hen picked a grain, and I would pronounce his account artistic." Kipling (he continues) is one of those who pick a man up, knock all his old notions about literary excellence with a whack or two right between his eyes, take him to the mountain top, show him the beauty of simplicity in style and diction, and say: "Now here, when I can speak my thoughts into life in the words of a peasant, what's the use of murdering them under the weight of a thousand adjectives and polite phrases?"

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BRIGHAM YOUNG'S ARGUMENT.

When Brigham Young was directing the theocratic government of Utah, the Mormon missionaries in England converted a one legged man. This man conceived the idea that the prophet in Salt Lake City might affect a miraculous restoration of the leg which he had lost in an accident, so a month later he presented himself, weary and travel stained, but full of cheerful hope, before the head of the Mormon church and told his desires. The prophet said he would willingly get him a new leg, but begged him first to consider the matter fully. This life, he told him, is but a vale of tears and as nothing compared to eternity. He was making the choice of going through life with one leg and having two after the resurrection, or of having two legs through life and three after. The man found the prospect of being

a human tripod through all eternity so uncongenial that he accepted with resignation his present lot and excused the prophet from performing the miracle.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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BOILING EGGS FOR THE BISHOP.

Bishop Paret (Episcopalian) of Baltimore, some time ago was the guest of an Episcopal family in West Virginia. Learning from the bishop that he liked hard-boiled eggs for breakfast, his hostess went to the kitchen to boil them herself.

While so engaged she began to sing the first verse of the well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages." Then she sang the second verse, the bishop, who was in the dining room, joining in. When it was finished, there was silence. The lady herself came into the room a few minutes later, carrying the eggs, and the bishop remarked:

"Why not sing the third verse?"

"The third verse?" she replied. "Oh, that's not necessary."

"I don't understand," replied Bishop Paret.

"Why, you see, bishop," she replied, "when I am cooking eggs I always sing one verse for soft boiled, and two for hard boiled."—Penny Magazine.

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A DOG'S BED.

We have seen a little dachshund which would not go to her basket until the blanket had been held to the hall stove. This she required to be done in summer as well as winter, though the stove was not lighted. A spaniel kept in a stable used always to leave its kennel to sleep with the horse. Hounds make a joint bed on the bench after a long run, lying back to back, and so supporting one another. But sporting dogs should have proper beds, made like shallow boxes, with sloping sides. They are far more rested in the morning than if simply left to lie on straw. This was

noted by a clever old Devonshire clergyman, a great sportsman, who observed that his best retrieving spaniel used always to get into an empty wheelbarrow to sleep when tired. The dog's bed should be a rough reproduction of the barrow without the wheel.—Spectator.

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QUEER ADVERTISING.

A dangerous criminal was about to be executed in Calcutta. While his last toilet was going forward an Englishman who had just landed begged five minutes' conversation with him, which was granted. All that was heard of the interview was the final remark of the criminal. He called after his visitor: "Five thousand dollars to my heirs? You understand?" When the hangman had prepared for his sad duty the culprit claimed the right to say a farewell word. Lifting up his voice he roared aloud to the assembled multitude: "All you who listen hear my dying statement: The best coffee is the coffee of Messrs. Chickory, Chewem & Chocker, of Calcutta and London!"—Chicago Evening News.

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THE DEAD IRISHMAN.

The Irish body snatchers had rifled a grave and hid their booty in a corner of a churchyard, when it occurred to a half-tipsy fellow, who had been watching them unobserved, that it would be pleasanter to be driven to the nearest town, than to walk. He accordingly secreted the dead man under a hedge and lay down in his place. He was duly transferred to a cart, but when about half the journey was over one of the men who had touched his hand screamed to his friend, "Good heavens, the body is warm!" Hereupon, in a deep voice, the supposed dead man remarked, "If you had been where I've been for the last two days, you'd be warm too!" In a moment he was left in full possession of the vehicle!—Duff's Library.

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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THE EISTEDDFOD MUSICALLY.

By J. W. Parson Price, New York.

“Mor o gan yw Cymry i gyd.”

I do not know how old that line is, but I do know that it is nearer true now than it was fifty years ago. At that period good choirs were few and small, and confined to few of the largest towns. At present large choirs are found in nearly all of the smaller towns. The study of music—especially choral music has spread all over the country to even the very remotest rural districts, and to such a high degree of excellence that the rural choirs often vanquish some of the best choirs of the larger towns at the various eisteddfodau. Witness those of Treorky and Castell Newydd Emlyn, last August.

Every place has its ups and downs in music as well as other things. Until recent years, Aberdare, Merthyr, Dowlais, Rhymney, &c., almost held the lead in South Wales, while at present they are almost in the rear, excepting for male voice choirs, which seem to hold a prominent place in the pub-

lic eye. There are also some very good female choirs in those districts but the mixed voice choirs are neglected, and all this to the detriment of all voices concerned, for the very reason that the voices in all such part singing are narrowed in their compass; for instance the upper tenors are kept up in the higher tones so long, until a practice of doing so for a few years makes them lose their lower tones, while the reverse is the case with the lower basses, and the middle voices suffer in the same way by being confined. The same thing is applicable to female choirs, and anybody who has paid the least attention to voice culture can perceive that at a glance. In the Rhondda no less than seven fine male choirs competed on most of the choruses selected for them, while the female and mixed choirs were slighted and neglected. At Saron, Aberaman, they had a fine male choir of one hundred strong, but neither female nor mixed choir.

At present, Aberdare is almost musically dead. In years gone by it was a stronghold of choral music. Mountain Ash, alone, sent a male choir and a female choir to the Cardiff Eisteddfod this year. From the Rhondda, Aberdare, Merthyr, Rhymney and Tredegar Valleys, why? ups! then downs! Still, the Eisteddfod had its fill of competitive work, but not of the best quality, although good, and interesting as well as entertaining.

The crowning of the bard was quite theatrical in sentiment and display, but were it not for Ben Davies' magnificent rendering of "Y Fam a'i Baban" in connection therewith it would have been rather tame. That scene alone was worth the admission for that day.

Other most thrilling incidents of the Eisteddfod were the singing of "Aberystwyth," "O Fryniau Caer-salem," and "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" by the vast audiences in attendance. The effect was religiously grand; nothing short of an immense Cymanfa ganu could produce such an imposing awe. It seemed as if some of the gates of Heaven had been thrown open!!!

On the walls all around were names and pictures of bards, musicians and preachers who had passed to the beautiful beyond—Ieuan Gwyllt, Ioan Emlyn, Edith Wynne, Gwilym Gwent, etc., etc.—the very sight of which aroused the vast multitude to the highest enthusiasm, until they repeated and repeated to their hearts content with tears

of joy streaming down their cheeks. Surely it was like a little slice of Heaven on earth. None but preachers, bards, and musicians, to which trinity all the Cymry belong, could produce such an effect. And yet, some of the sky pilots who have never been finished by God or man kicked against such scenes because they could not lead the van. God forgive them. But talking of kickers—there were others; thousands! but held their peace bravely. Their kicking was against the poor indifferent services of the musical adjudicators. Excepting Messrs Ben Davies and Dan Price, who delivered intelligent and instructive adjudications on some of the solos, not one gave general satisfaction on any of the choral competitions, and only two of these decisions were acceptable, viz.: the second mixed choral selections, and the female choral competition. Generally, adjudicators make their notes of the various renderings, compare them, give their reasons, come to a decision and select one of their own number to announce the result in the form of an adjudication. Whether this was done or not at Cardiff the audience never learned. The English members of the board made would-be witty speeches—having no bearing on the performances of the choirs, and finishing by simply saying—"We have come to the conclusion that that number is the best."

In the male choral competition, Sir Frederick Bridge indulged in

more would-be wit. "Jesus zareth," (Dr. Parry) was the on—choruses and solos—a ful work, and most effective and rendering. The baritone laying a most important part e performance and inspiring orus to noble work. Five gave good rendering—two of excellling owing to their fine inspiring solo singing. When judicators came, everybody t crowded pavilion was silent mouse, ready to listen to an cation, but instead Sir Fred-indulged in a little farce-ly with a circle of Dic-Shon-dion in the front seats, who shout "Hea! Hea!!" at his remark until the audience be- impatient and called for the cation when he shouted, "You

shut up!" After which came the decision, without the slightest re-mark concerning the merits or de-merits of any choir.

You can imagine how disgusted that vast audience was. Would it not also have been a most graceful act on the part of the board to allow the composer to deliver an adjudication; or even Mr. Emlyn Evans, in as much as that the selection was Welsh and sung in Welsh mostly? He could not have done worse than Sir Frederick! But no, they simply stood behind him like dummies, listening to their united (?) clownish adjudication.

I am extremely glad my friend Dan Protheroe is engaged for the Liverpool Eisteddfod, but I hope he will not allow his manhood to let him be the tail of a kite.



THE BARDS.

Bards ever love to take their theme
From Nature's grand domain;
Some sing unto the winding stream,
Some of the rolling main.
Some take the flower wild that grows
Upon the open plain;
Some take the modest, blushing rose
The subject of their strain.

The poet's fancy, at his will,
Does wander bold and free;
'Twill soar above the highest hill—
Plunge down the deepest sea.
He holds the friends of right, most dear,
A bitter foe to wrong;—
And tyrant's tremble when they hear
The thunder of his song.

THE CARDIFF NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

(From "Young Wales.")

By Gwilym Hughes, Cardiff.

Perhaps I may be considered rash if I make the assertion that—No, on second thoughts, I will not assert, but merely suggest that possibly National Eisteddfodau have of late years been rather overdone, and that they have for the present lost their charm for the people of Wales. In South Wales, during the last eight years, four successive National Eisteddfodau have been financial failures. I speak of Pontypridd, Llanelly, Newport, and Cardiff. True, there was, nominally, a surplus at Llanelly, but had the Llanelly committee been forced to spend, as the other committees were, huge sums on the erection of a Pavilion, the balance would have been a substantial one—on the wrong side. Four successive failures! And what about North Wales during the same period? I have not the figures by me, but I rather believe that there was a small surplus after the Rhyi Eisteddfod of 1892. At Carnarvon, in 1894, the surplus was only £424, although there the committee had the advantage of hiring a permanent pavilion at a cost of only £400 or so, as against the £1,500 or £2,000 generally spent in other places. The Llandudno Eisteddfod of 1896, as we all know, was a disastrous failure, financially; and the Festiniog meet-

ing of 1898 escaped scathless only because, if rumor is to be credited, the artistes and others with claims against the committee considerably reduced their fees. The conclusion seems inevitable that if the National Eisteddfod is to continue one or two things must happen—the costs of the undertaking must be materially reduced, or, in the alternative, popular enthusiasm in the old institution must be revived. One way of reducing the costs would be to revert to the old method of holding the annual gathering under canvass. The Tent Eisteddfod has always paid; the failures are confined to those Eisteddfodau for which expensive pavilions have had to be erected. And what an enormous expense it is! Cardiff, for a five days' meeting, was compelled to launch into an outlay of £2400 for buildings, or as nearly as possible £500 a day!

I have said that the Cardiff Eisteddfod was an enjoyable one, and with the fine weather that prevailed, and a plethora of attractions provided by the Pan-Celtic celebrations, it could scarcely have been otherwise. Never before has the Eisteddfod been received with such lavish hospitality as that extended to it at Cardiff. The mayoral reception which

ushered it in was one the most brilliant functions ever witnessed in Cardiff and at its close the Pan-Celtic visitors were entertained at public breakfast in the Town Hall by Lord Windsor, and afterwards at a garden party at Llanover by the Hon. Mrs. Herbert. Indeed I am not at all sure that the Cardiff meetings all through cannot be better described as a Pan-Celtic festival than as an Eisteddfod. It was fitting that the Pan-Celts should be cordially welcomed. The presence of influential deputations, most of them in picturesque costumes, from Brittany, Scotland, Ireland, Manxland, and Cornwall, rendered the occasion unique and historic, and under the circumstances the prominence given to the Pan-Celtic side of the gathering was fully justified. Still, it may as well be confessed right away, this feature so overshadowed all other as to largely efface the Eisteddfodic characteristics of the gathering. I am only repeating an opinion often expressed during the week when I state that if these Pan-Celtic displays are to be continued, they must be held apart from the Eisteddfod. Already the old festival is too much overweighed; and it can carry no more. To sandwich, as was done at Cardiff, half-a-dozen speeches between the chief choral contest and the delivery of the award thereon, was an experiment magnificent in its daring, but it cannot be repeated with impunity, however distinguished they may be.

It was at the Gorsedd that the Pan-Celts mostly held revels; and no crowned monarch on his throne ever comported himself with more majesty than did the Venerable Archdruid. Peers of the realm, Irish counts, Scotch lairds, French marquises, Breton and Manx politicians, British R.A.'s, and other notabilities came to pay homage to the lord of the Logan stone, and Hwfa accepted it all with an air of condescension that impressed one with the idea that he was of the Kaiser school of monarchs by Divine right! As for the visitors themselves, they simply bubbled over with enthusiasm. No child with a new toy ever showed wilder delight than did the Pan-Celts—more especially the Parisian and Breton section—with the Gorseddic honours conferred upon them. Many of the initiates wore the badge of the Legion of Honor and other decorations, but, compared with the value they seemed to set on the Gorsedd ribands tied around their arms, these were mere baubles! The Gorsedd proceedings teemed with dramatic incidents. Both M. Jaffrennou, the young Breton patriot, and Mr. E. E. Fournier, of the Irish delegation, delivered addresses from the Maen Llog in Welsh. Could any guests have paid a neater compliment to their hosts than this?

These Pan-Celtic festivities, enjoyable though they be, are not free from risks. Our over-sea visitors are taking the Gorsedd too seriously. The Bretons declare they will not be happy until they

secure from Hwfa Mon a dispensation to establish a Gorsedd in Llydaw; the Irishmen have formally invited the Welsh Gorsedd to visit the sister island next August to perform its ceremonials on Maus Hill; and last, though not least, comes the intimation that the French section of the visitors are contemplating a Pan-Celtic gathering at the Paris Exhibition with the Gorsedd of the Bards of Ynys Prydain as the centre of attraction. Where is all this going to end? One of the dangers to which I allude is that the Welsh bards, unless they are not very watchful, may soon find themselves ousted from all authority in their own Gorsedd. At Cardiff, the actual, though not nominal, master of the ceremonies, seemed to be an Irish gentleman from Dublin and a jovial French professor, while on the Friday morning, more than one-half of the robed bards, the so-called "beirdd y meini gwynion" consisted of men and women of nationalities other than Welsh. Imagine the perplexity of dear old Hwfa, when, after addressing one of these "bards" in Welsh, he received an answer in French, delivered with the orthodox shrug of the shoulders! One of the jokes of the week has reference to an English initiate. He was addressed by Hwfa in Welsh, but, the initiate being unwilling to confess his ignorance of that tongue, resorted to the ingenious device of replying in French. This was the incident which one of

the freshly-made bards afterwards immortalized in words:—

'Roedd gwr o'r enw Jackson—

A wily Anglo-Saxon;

Ebra Hwfa—"Sut y'ch chwi?"

And Jackson answered,—"*Oui, oui, oui!*"

Another risk attendant upon these Pan-Celtic displays was illustrated in the Highland Fling incident. Until the several branches of the Celtic race learn, if they ever will, to respect each other's characteristics, there is always a possibility of little misunderstandings of this character. Nothing could be more incongruous than dancing of any sort on the Eisteddfod platform, and it is due to the Cardiff Eisteddfod Executive that it should be known that they are in no wise responsible for the innovation. They were never consulted in the matter; had they been, the incident would never have happened. The protests that were afterwards made were couched in the most respectful of language, and with every regard for the sensibilities of the Scotch visitors. It is to be regretted that the replies of Bailie Macbride and Mr. John Mackay are not conceived in an equally graceful spirit. Mr. Mackay indulges in sneers at the expense of Welsh leaders whom he is pleased to dub "Holy Willies," while Mr. Macbride's reply speaks of "offensive and insulting language" which was never uttered. Truth to tell, some of the visitors occasionally forgot that they were guests, and displayed an anxiety to themselves wield the reins.

ENJOYING "THE NATIONAL."

 By Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D.

In addition to the public performances on the stage of the Eisteddfod, there are several very interesting features connected with "The National" that are not connected

is the Gorsedd, whose meetings are held on the first, the third, and the fourth morning of the feast at nine o'clock in the open air. The Archdruid, the Druids, Ovates, and



Closing the Gorsedd—Sheathing the Sword July 21, 1890, by the Archdruid Hwfa Mon.

with any other Eisteddfod. It is verily the annual meeting of the clans. It is the annual handshaking festival of North and South. An opportunity is afforded for a mutual gathering of the various societies affiliated with the chief intent and purpose of the Eisteddfod. The principal auxiliary of the National

Bards, march to the sound of band music from the robing rooms to the Gorsedd circle. The procession is imposing and attractive. The ceremony of opening and of closing the Gorsedd proceedings is alike, and is shown in photograph No. 1. The sword is drawn partly out of the sheath, and the Archdruid asks the

question "A oes heddwch?" and the circle of celebrities, and the crowds of surrounding spectators respond "Heddwch;" then the sword is sheathed. The question is repeated thrice, with the same response and result. A solo with harp accompaniment is always a part of the

in the attitude of a speaker. He is addressing the multitude on the pathetic subject of the death of Tom Ellis, M. P., and the veteran editor Thomas Gee of Denbigh. Beriah stands at the head of our Welsh novelists now, and as a writer of good Welsh, and a reliable historian



Beriah Gwynfe Evans addressing the Gorsedd audience July 31, 1899.

programme. Then follow addresses. Most of these addresses have been prepared with care, and are delivered with effect. Each speaker mounts the Logan stone and stands with uncovered head between the Archdruid and the sword-bearer, who was Cochfarf Thomas this year, and faces a semicircle of bards and ovates, and a thousand or two of attentive listeners. My photo No. 2 shows Beriah Gwynfe Evans

he is pre-eminent among our scholars.

The Art Exhibition this year was more popular than usual. The display of several hundred contributions in the art competitive department, with free admission to the exhibition, made it a very popular resort. The chief prize in painting was captured by a sturdy Welshman, Edgar H. Thomas, Cardiff, a native of Pembrokeshire. It was

a magnificent and extremely bold picture, reminding one of the old paintings of the fathers. Its subject was "The Birth of Light." The exhibition was held in a separate room, adjacent to the main pavilion, and contained specimens of sculpture and modelling, de-

Different societies held their annual or special meetings during the days of the Eisteddfod; such as the society for the promotion of the Welsh language, the society for the promotion of the education of girls in Wales, the "Dafydd ap Edmunt" and "Cymru Fydd" and some



"Morien," the famous correspondent of *The Western Mail* and chief antiquarian of the Gorsedd, standing by the Hirias Horn

signs, photography, architecture, metal work, engineering, woodwork, terra cotta work, botany, geology, natural history, book-binding, dressmaking, needlework, cooking, dairy work, laundry work, hand-painted china, leather work, tarsia work, portiere, carvings, &c. There were 122 different subjects in the Art department, and a large number of competitors on most of the subjects.

others. During the last two or three years branches of the Irish and Scotch literary societies have had headquarters adjacent to the Eisteddfod. During the entire week this year, we were treated to free entertainments by the Highlanders with their bagpipes, and drills, and marches. The sword-dance was a marvelous exhibition of athletic dexterity, and roused up the enthusiasm of the audience to a boil-

ing pitch. The announcement of "unworthy of the prize" was a sore disappointment on the chairing day.

Among the many interesting snap shots I took at the Gorsedd, one of general interest to readers of "The Cambrian" is No. 3, representing Morien, the famous correspondent of the "Western Mail," and the most celebrated writer on the ancient lore and customs of the Welsh. He is the author of several volumes of great interest, and is a brave defender of what he considers to be right. He has had the privilege and honor of speaking to, and corresponding with more royal personages than any of his contemporaries on the reportorial staff. In

the picture he stands by the Hirlas horn, which was presented to the Gorsedd by Lord Tredegar. Beyond him, on the other side of the horn stands Arlunydd Penygarn, the royal artist of the Gorsedd. The ground is decorated with flowers and plants.

Our fellow citizen, Parson Price, made a speech at the Gorsedd, and was an interested observer of all the proceedings of the Eisteddfod. We spent a pleasant afternoon on the Saturday following at "Cartref," Penarth, the genial home of Dr. Joseph Parry. Take it all in all the National of '99 was fully equal to any Eisteddfod ever held in South Wales.



THE CYMRY BEFORE THEY CAME TO BRITAIN.

The Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

(Continued.)

But granting that the Celtae descended from the Cimbri, and not the Cimbri from the Celtae, and that the Cimbri should not be called Celtic nations, but the Celtic Cimbri nations, and granting that the Cemmerii or Kimmerioi were the Gomeri, and that Cimbri were the Cimmerii, what evidence is there that the Cymry were the Cimbri? Their names are the same only in different languages, or different forms in the same language. The Gomeri of the Hebrew became the

Kimmerioi of the Greek, the Kimmerioi of the Greek became the Cimmerii of the Latin, the Cimmerii of the earlier Latin the Cimbri of the later Latin, and the Cimbri of the later Latin the Cymry of the Welsh. The Cymry call themselves Cymry, their country Cymru, and their language Cymraeg. Through the mutations of four languages and the corruption of forty centuries the name has retained its identity and form remarkably well. Seldom, if ever, has a name done better.

Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri, Cymry follow the national line of descent, and Asia, Europe, Britain the national line of progress. The proximity of the island to the continent, of Britain to Bretagne, of Cymru to Cimbric Chersonesus looks toward the same people.

History asserts their identity. Caesar recognises in the interior of the island the aborigines, and along the coast the Belgae. Tacitus in the swarthy complexion of the Silures the Iberi, and on a general survey the Gauls; and the Triads in the whole island the Cymry and their branch nations, the Lloegrwys and Brythons, while ethnographers generally nations of kindred origin, which must have crossed the channel before the advent of the Goths in Western Europe. "The original inhabitants of Britain," remarks Niebuhr, "were Gauls, who according to the accounts of the Druids, were masters of the islands as well as the continent in the west of Europe from the earliest times; but they had been driven back from the south coast, when Caesar landed there, not only by the Silurians, but also by the Belgians. The latter was the Gaelic name of the people, who have called themselves Cymry down to the present day; this their indigenous name was overlooked by the Romans, but not by the Greeks; it was assured that excellent ethnographer, Posidonius, who called them Galatians and Cimbrians.

The Belgae were exclusively Cimbrians. This Rawlinson, following the authority of Niebuhr, positively

affirms. "In their home on the continent they were between the Cymry of Chersonesus and the Cymry of Armorica, and not far from either. The terminology of their name is identical with that of the Cymry. In their appearance, their language, or their customs there is nothing to make them a distinct people. Not a vestige of such a distinction remains in the whole of Britain. On the contrary, everything points to their relation to the Cymry. As late as the time of Caesar, Divitiacus, a Belgic king, "the most powerful in all Gaul," governed a portion of Britain. To make the Belgae and Cimbri Gothic nations was a mistake of Tacitus, for in their essential traits there is not the least satisfactory resemblance. They simply boarded on and formerly occupied the seats of the Gothic family of nations, which never moved westward till after the occupation of Britain." Hugh Miller, the celebrated ethnologist and linguist, shows in his "Marken Des Vaterland," that the Cimbri belonged to the Celtic race, and lived originally on the north-east of Belgae, of kindred origin; and that their name is the same as that by which the Celts of Wales designate themselves to this day. All Gaul was inhabited, according to Caesar, by the Belgae, Celtae, and Aquitani, and these three people severally descended from the Cimbri, their mother nation.

Brython came from Armorica, Bretagne, Brittany, or modern Normandy, and were, according to

the Triads, "of the first race of the Cymry." The Cymry, or that branch of the Cymric nations which bore the name of the parent stock, came from Armorica, Belgia, or Chersonesus, the very localities from which came afterward the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans. "Cimbric," say Webster, the great lexicographer, "is an adjective pertaining to the Cimbri, the inhabitants of modern Jutland, which was anciently called Chersonesus. Hence the modern names Cymro, Cambria, Cymraeg, indicate the Welsh to be of the Cimbri, or from the same stock." "The Cimmerians," according to Liddel & Scott, were probably the same as the Cimbri, Cymry, Cumbri." "Through the march of events," says Rawlinson, "and especially the pressure upon them, the great Gothic or Teutonic race has, for the most part, wiped out at once their nationality, their language, and their name, yet they continue to form the substratum of the population in several European States, while in some favored situations they remain to this day unmixed with any other people, retaining their ancient tongue unchanged, and, at least in one instance, their ancient appellation. The identity of the Cymry of Wales with the Cimbri of the Romans seems worthy of being accepted as a historic fact, upon the grounds stated by Niebuhr and Arnold. The historical connection of these latter with the Cimmerii of Herodotus has strong probabilities, and the opinion of Posidonius in its

favor; but cannot, it must be admitted, in the strict sense of the word be proved." "It has been agreed by the British antiquarians," says Sharon Turner, "that the most ancient inhabitants of our island were called Cymry; these are so named in all that remain of the British literature. The Welsh who are their descendants have always called themselves Cymry, and have the same appellation to the earliest colonists of our island, and as the authorities already referred to prove that the Kimmerioi, or Kimbri, were the earliest possessors of the Germanic Ocean, and attempted foreign enterprises, it seems to be safe and reasonable inference that the Cymry of Britain originated from the continental Kimmerian Tacitus observes that the "Oestii on the Baltic speak a language similar to the British tongue."

In the strict sense of an eye witness and a direct evidence, the connection of the Cymry, Cimbri, Cimmerii, Kimmerioi, and Gomeri may not be able to be mathematically proved, because the Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, and Cimbri existed and achieved their work before historians were born to record their existence and their achievements, but shall we on that account deny the testimony of probability and circumstantial evidence, on which history for the most part must be written? The evidence on which is written and believed the history of the Chaldéans, the Babylonians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, should be written and be-

lieved the history of the Cymry. The footprints of the Cymry like the footprints of other nations, whether on wood or stone, language or custom, trait or character, tribe or nation, should be studied, recognised and credited. Probable and circumstantial evidence is generally the strongest proof and surest foundation on which to erect the superstructure of veritable history which we believe and trust.

The Aquitani who inhabited the Southern part of Gaul, were like the Celtae and Belgae, descendants of the Cimbri, and made their appearance in Britain under two appellations: the Silures, according to Tacitus, and Lloegrwys, according to the Triads. The Silures were undoubtedly Celtae of the north of Spain, where they bore the name of Celtiberians, and where perhaps by physical causes, social contact, and intermarriage, they acquired the physique, or personal appearance of the Iberians. But they were Celts, nevertheless, and the Celts were, as we have shown, Cymry. "The Celts of the Spanish Peninsula," says Rawlinson, "seem to have been Cimbri, for, as Niebuhr shows, they formed the bulk of the Gauls who invaded Italy, and these are expressly said to have been of the Cimbric branch." The Lloegrwys, who were Celtae, and therefore Cimbri, came from the valley of the Loire, the ancient Liger in the south of France, and brought with them the name of their native river, and imparted it to a large portion of

the island, by which, to this day, England is distinguished, in the Welsh language, from Wales, Lloeger from Wales, as Lloegr a Chymru, or Cymru a Lloeger. "The three peaceful people of the isle of Britain," so reads the fifth Triad. "The first were a nation of the Cymry, who came with Hu Gadarn to the island of Britain. He obtained neither the country nor the land by slaughter or conquest, but by justice and peace. The second was the race of the Lloegrwys, who came from the land of Gwaswyn, Gascony, and they were of the first race of the Cymry. The third were the Brython, who came from the land of Llydaw, Bretagne, Brittany, and they were of the first race of the Cymry. These were called the three peaceful nations, because they came one to the other with peace and tranquillity, and they were of the same language."

It is the general impression that Britain was peopled from the continent; history corroborates the impression. Ethnography corroborates history, and philology corroborates ethnography. The distance between them was comparatively small. On the continent and on the island were found the same people. Their language and their characteristics were substantially the same. On the island as on the continent their separation into different parts and different tribes corrupted in time their common language into dialects. On the continent the ancient Cimbric, which was spoken by the Gomeri and Cimmerii, was

modified by age, and divided by separation into dialects. The Belgae, the Celtae, and the Aquitani, who inhabited Gaul in the time of Caesar were all Cimbri, and yet "all differed in language, customs and laws." On the island these tribes and these dialects appeared with still further divisions and modifications, yet bore striking resemblance to each other and the parent stock. Had there been more attention given to the diversity and unity of the Cimbric tribes and dialects on the continent and on the island, much confusion would have been avoided. There runs through them all the unity of the original whole, and the diversity of time and space. Throughout the British islands the nomenclature of the nearest continental tribes appears among the lowest stratum of the population. In Ireland and Scotland we have Gael, Gaelic, which seems to have naturally come, notwithstanding the positive assertion of high authorities to the contrary, from Gallia, Gaul, Gwalia, one of the names by which Wales is known among the Welsh; and Caledonia, one of the names by which Scotland is known among the Scots, came from the same root. When the Welsh call the inhabitants of Ireland Gwyddelod, and the Saxons call the inhabitants of Wales Welsh, they only designate in their own vernacular the Gauls of Ireland and the Gauls of Wales. "Gall," says Webster, "is a Celtic word, and signifies western, as Gaul, Wales, Cornwall, Galway—western-way or direction." Ac-

cording to this definition the Gauls were the westerners of Europe, and had, no doubt, the pioneer progressiveness of westerners. In the westward march of empires they led the van. But whether Belgae, Celtae, Aquitani, or any other primitive tribe on the continent or the island, they were all Cimbri, and spoke the Cimbric language, either in the original form or in some of its modifications. "Upon the whole," says Sir F. Palgrave in his "English Commonwealth," "it seems highly probable, and these Gaulish inscriptions add weight to the probability—that the Gauls of Caesar were in the same line of Celtic descent with the Irish, and that the name is preserved to this day in Gadhel and Gael, and commemorated also in the Triad Galedin, Celyddon, and Gwyddyl, as well as Caledonia, Galatai, Keltai, Celtae. It is also certain that these Galli (Gals) were the first to colonize Britain, and probably the first to colonize Gaul, and that in both cases they were closely followed by a people of the same original stock, and using a similar language, called the Cymry, Cimbri, and in earlier times Cimmerii. The relation between the Gauls and Britons in the time of Caesar go to show their oneness."

"That the Picts were Cymry, and the Scots immigrants from Ireland, where the name Scots originated," continued the same author, "is to be considered certain. As the Lloegrians came from the valley of the Liger, the modern Loire, so may the Picts have come from the re-

gions of the Pictones, the modern Poitou." "The name of the Cymry," remarks Lappenburg in his *Anglo-Saxon Kings*, "by which the Welsh still distinguish themselves, as well as that of the North-west County of England, Cumberland, the similarity to the Welsh of the words that have been preserved of the language of the old Kimmerians or Cimbrians; the traditions of the Welsh Triads as well as the Roman narratives all justify the assumption that the race existing in Britain in the time of Caesar belong to the old Kimmerians, who had gradually moved forward out of Western Asia." That the Cimric nations, including those of Ireland, Scotland, Brittany and Wales descended from the Cimbri; that the Cimbric nations, including the Belgae, Celtae, Aquitani, and many others descended from the Cimmerii, and that the Cimmerian nations, including those

which advanced into Europe, and those who retraced their steps into Asia descended from the Gomeri, all who have thoroughly and candidly studied the subject fully believe. The Cymry, Cimbri, Cimmerii, Kimmerioi, Gomeri, were one and the same people, living in many ages, and many countries, and preserving through all ages and all countries their national characteristic and native language, save only the modifications of admixture and migration. Entering western Europe and the British islands in advance of other nations, and forming the understratum of the population, they left their marks deep in the sand of time and the history of the race, which are readily discovered and deciphered, especially in favored localities, where their impressions were distinct and decisive, as in Western Asia, Western Europe, and the British islands.

(To be continued.)



REV. GRIFFITH JONES OF LLANDDOWROR, SOUTH WALES.

Griffith Jones of Llanddowror was born in 1683—a little over 200 years ago—in the parish of Cilrhedyn, Carmarthenshire, S. W. His parents were respectable and religious, and belonged to the Nonconformists. His father died when he was yet young, and consequently the duty of rearing him devolved on his mother. He was of a religious

turn of mind since a child, and throughout his life he was a good and pious man. After enjoying the common school of his vicinity, he went to the Grammar School at Carmarthen, where he soon became an excellent scholar, and also quite as prominent and well known for his excellent religious character. The corrupt usages of his time had

no attraction for him. He was delicate of health, and was often troubled by asthma, so much that he could hardly walk across his room. But he was possessed of a strong mind and a determination which helped to restore him to health when reaching manhood.

Very early, Griffith Jones became a member of the Established Church, and was made deacon by the Bishop of St. David's, about 1708, when 25 years of age, and was made priest the following year. He served as curate at Laugharne for about two years with increasing popularity. In 1711 he moved to Abercowin, and thence to the vicarage of Llanddowror, which was given him by Sir John Phillips, on account of Mr. Jones' learning and godly character. Subsequently he married a sister of Sir John's. He remained vicar of Llanddowror for 45 years, viz., until the day of his death. He used to officiate also at Llanllwch, near Carmarthen, where a Miss Bridget Vaughan was converted by his powerful preaching. This Miss Vaughan became the Madame Bevan which helped Mr. Jones with his Circulating Schools, and which she kept going years after his death. Mr. Jones died at her home at Laugharne, April 8, 1761, in his 78th year, and was buried at Llanddowror churchyard. There never was such a sight seen at the church of Llanddowror as took place at his funeral—a great concourse of people being in sighs and tears over the loss of such a good and excellent Christian. His

grave stands in the chancel, and on the gravestone are found the following inscriptions:

'Here lies interred the Reverend Griffith Jones, near 45 years rector of this parish. He departed this life April 8, 1761, in the 78th year of his age.

'Thy moral and thy social virtues clear
Wise without pride, without parade sincere;
Benevolent and just, without a foe,
Unless the wretch that was to virtue so.

'Also, Margaret, his wife, daughter of Sir Erasmus Phillips, Bart., of Picton, Castle. She died January 6, 1755, aged 80 years.

A marble memorial was placed on the wall of the church by one "desirous of paying every mark of regard to such distinguished merit." In the same church is also placed another to the memory of Madame Bevan.

Griffith Jones was undoubtedly one of the most powerful preachers of his time. He was the means of converting Daniel Rowlands in the church of St. David's. According to popular tradition, the meeting of Griffith Jones and Daniel Rowlands happened in this wise. Griffith Jones was accustomed to visit the surrounding churches; and he occasionally came to St. David's, about four miles from Llangetho, and being a powerful and evangelical preacher, many went there to hear him. In some way or other Rowlands was induced to go. He was then of a proud mien, thoughtless and frivolous. The place was so crowded that standing room alone could be had when Rowlands arrived. He stood in front of the preacher, and appeared so hard and

unconcerned that the preacher's attention was at once drawn to him, and he prayed fervently for the proud young man before him, appealing to God in the most solemn manner to touch him and make him the means of turning many out of

tion of his native country, he changed his mind and remained. He at once became very popular, and the people filled the churches wherever he preached, which compelled him often to hold services in the graveyards. Williams of Panty-



Llanddowror Church.

darkness into light. It is said that this direct prayer had a wonderful effect on him. He went home a changed man. The proud worldly look had given place to a noticeable humility; he walked with bowed head and serious look. This was the turning point of his evangelical career and his effectual ministry.

It was Griffith Jones' intention at one time to go out as a missionary to India, under the Foreign Missionary Society of his day; but seeing the moral and religious condi-

celyn refers to this in his beautiful elegy:

Churchyards were turned to churches
To hear the gospel he bore.

Tradition states that there never were such gatherings seen in Wales as in the days of Griffith Jones, excepting, perhaps, in the time of Rowlands, Llangeitho. Griffith Jones also visited England and Scotland many times. It appears that he preached once before Queen Anne. Williams also refers to this in his Elegy.

Myriads of men felt his preaching
And peace came to many a soul;
Her majesty, Anne, also heard him
The grace of salvation extol.

But although he was ranked as the foremost of the preachers of his time, the blessed results of his Circulating Schools are hardly secondary in importance to his powerful ministry. This novel plan of educating the Welsh was instituted in 1730, and was continued until the death of Madam Bevan in 1779, and it is not easy to estimate the benefit it bestowed on old and young in Wales during those dark times. In 1760, the year previous to his death, these Circulating Schools numbered in South Wales 129, with 5,529 scholars, and in North Wales 87, with 3,158 scholars. In these schools for the first time, the common people were taught to read and write. This system of teaching was continued under the supervision of Madam Bevan, and according to a report published in 1775 it was said that 297,121 had been taught in these schools, a monument to his

usefulness and godliness which will outlast columns of marble and granite.

Besides his great labor in the pulpit and in connection with the Circulating Schools, he also wrote several works on religious subjects with the elevated aims of enlightening his countrymen in the great things of God. Among these, we find his "Commentary on the Catechism of the Church," "A Call to the Throne of Grace," a "Book of Prayers," "A Free Advice," "A Book to Teach the Ignorant," "A Collection of the Poems of Vicar Prichard," &c. All his writings have religious aims, and were made to instruct and edify. His memory is blessed among his countrymen; he was one of the best Christian ministers Wales has produced; a conscientious fervent, zealous follower of Christ; and is worthy of the title given him, viz., the Morning Star of the Welsh Reformation.—Translated from "Yr Haul."



THE MYSTIC SYMBOL.

By Cadwallader Evans.

The reader must have noticed over Eisteddfodic programmes a symbol made of three lines meeting in an angle at the top. The reader may have imagined this to be merely ornamental; but to the Welsh

bard or the antiquated scholar, this symbol is fraught with an awful meaning. These lines meeting in an angle at the top signify trinity in unity, not the Christian Trinity, but some Druidic tri-unity which

the bards believe to have been the three Powers which composed the Godhead. Welsh scholars differ widely as to the origin of this sign or symbol; some believe it to have been a revelation to an old Welsh bard in the grey morning of the primitive ages, and that it is, in fact, a symbolization of the original Word uttered when things were first called into being. This word was made of three shouts—a triple expression—which are shown by the three lines; others maintain that it is all fiction—an invention of the last century—a sign at first used innocently but subsequently turned into symbolic use by the credulous and superstitious bardic fraternity. One argument that may be directed against the antiquity and sanctity of the symbol is this: There is nothing to show that the sign or the symbol was ever in use by the ancient Welsh. As far as can be shown, it is a thing of modern times. The triads are certainly old, but not so ancient as some love to think. They are all post-Christian; and, probably, this symbol is no older than the age of printing. Probably, also, there is no ground to think that it has any connection with religion, ancient or modern, or any mystical meaning. There are two ways of explaining it, which seem to us very natural and rational; and either of them is satisfactory to the practical mind.

When the printing press was invented many figures were used on title pages to represent the light of

learning or literature. The sun, the torch, the candle or any symbols of light were common. Some of those are seen to-day. One of the most popular Welsh books of the last two centuries was "*Canwyll y Cymry*" by Vicar Prichard of Llandovery. The book was called "*A Candle*," because it gave light in the darkness of those times. There is nothing which symbolizes literature better than light, and the highest and the greatest representative of light is the sun. Now as symbolic of the light of literature, nothing would be more fitting or appropriate than the eye of light (the sun) on a title-page. This would be represented by several lines converging to a point above. This would be simplified into three lines which would still remain a symbol, but not so definite and pictorial as the eye with the diverging rays. Gradually the meaning would be lost, and the imagination would seek to surround the sign with superstitious interpretations. This deterioration of the form of the symbol could also be accounted for by the fact of the lack of art among the Welsh.

But there is another way of explaining the origin of this symbol, which seems to us more satisfactory than the other. At one time, the Welsh cut their words on laths, a line on each, and three of these laths were put together on a peg. This lath was called "*peithynen*," and the peg "*pill*." The laths could swing so as to open on the peg like a pivot. The bardic symbol is a representa-

tion of these laths when open. Each peg contained a triad—three lines. These formed the Welsh mind so that it loved to run thoughts into threes or triplets. It would start with one and complete the expression of the idea on the third lath. These expressions are often the pink of perfection and brevity. Some of the finest definitions in literature are found in these triads. These three expressions are parts of a complete whole. The last gives the finishing touch. This may have originated the old saying, "Three chances for a Welshman." These three laths on a pivot would also represent Welsh

literature—the three laths on a peg being a miniature Welsh book.

Both these interpretations are more rational than the bardic one, and attended with less risk of ridicule. In fact, the theory of the mystic symbol being a representation of the Trinity among the ancient Welsh in a pre-Christian period is certainly without the least foundation. There is not a particle of history or probability to uphold it. History, archaeology, reason, common sense, and intellectual decency, are against it. Superstition is the only argument for it.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

Luther it was who said—"Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitation of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent presents God has given us." No wonder that the great reformer saw, and felt what a part music could play in the great drama of the reformation. He heard and felt the potency of the melodies sung by the peasantry—folk-songs, and even the melodies used so well by the beer-folks, in the proverbial "beer-gardens" of that nationality; but he had the courage "to grab them from the clutches of such," and turn them into weapons to fight sin,

the world and the devil. He did it right well, too. Luther was a peaceful man, but a born fighter also. He knew that good, stirring, and inspiring music, more than any other power, could win and purify the higher emotions.

Mr. Henry Bird, the famous English pianoforte accompanist, at the recent International Council of Women, held at Westminster Town Hall, London, made a "rambling speech" on the duties and functions of an accompanist. It would be well if Mr. Bird would publish his "delightful speech" for the benefit of thousands who are called upon

to accompany. One feature of the speech was, that it was "one of the whole duties of the lady pianist to learn how to accompany well." A musical journalist endorses this, so do we. My recent experience in two musical gatherings justifies me in suggesting to some "lady pianists" to spend two or three centuries studying the art of accompanying a singer. A critic asks—"Who has not suffered from the showy pianist who murders accompaniments?" In a concert held in this city, lately, by the "Concert Operatic Company" from Wales, we were more than delighted with the perfect pianoforte accompaniments of Dr. Joseph Parry—we use the word "perfect" deliberately. The "lights and shades" of the soloists were sustained, and made subservient to every varying emotion, by the skillful and "serving" hands and mind of the genial Doctor. To play accompaniments well means the art of divining the ever varying tide and ebb of undefinable expression. The accompanist

must be of a poetic mind, and capable of being in perfect sympathy with the soloist.

Some musical publishers find it convenient to announce that such and such a song "to be published soon" is in "the style," or is a second "Holy City." A strong stringent law should be enacted to prevent this fooling of the public. The songs so announced are of the "coon-song" style.

A musical genius has tried his hand, or brain, at musical proverbs. A few of them may do some good. The teacher's wrath is as the roaring of a lion; but his favor is as dew upon the grass.

Better is a dinner of herbs where music is than a stalled ox and an abominable noise therewith.

Turn not to the right nor to the left; remove thy foot from the loud pedal.

Wisdom resteth in the heart of him who practiseth the scales; and he that laboreth daily with his back shall become strong.



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

Chapter XXI.

Those concerned in the captivity of the prince kept their secret well, to all but themselves what had become of him was still a mystery. All efforts on the part of the king and the princess to find some trace of him had been fruitless. Messengers came and went, and in their comings and goings passed a beggar that for several days lingered in the town of Rhuddlan, occasionally stationing himself near the castle gate. None of them suspected that he could give them a clue which they so much desired to find. Beggars were so common that no one took any more notice of them than of the dogs which scoured the neighborhood for food. Among others Cadwallader passed this particular beggar once or twice, little suspecting that he had contended with him personally on the night of the attack. Perhaps his thoughts were too busy with a scheme that gradually took definite shape in his mind to think of the possibility of there being a spy so near the castle. At any rate one night not long after the beggar left the vicinity, he sought an interview with Enid and told her that an important matter of

business demanded his immediate departure for home.

After he was gone Enid lingered an instant where she could unseen watch his departure and wiping a tear from her eye she returned to her young mistress.

"What kept thee so long, Enid?" said Nest fretfully. "Thou mightest have known that I can ill spare thee at this time of day. I fear me that I am spoiling thee by over-indulgence."

"I am sorry, sweet mistress, that you should have occasion to think me neglectful," was the prompt reply; "but I am less to blame than Cadwallader."

"Cadwallader? He must indeed be bewitched by thy charms that he must seek thy company so often. The prince—may the saints speed his return—was an ardent lover; and yet he was not obtrusive in his attentions. If thou art wise, Enid, thou wilt nip this intimacy in the bud; otherwise I shall be constrained to dismiss thee."

"There is no cause for alarm, seeing that he sought me but to say farewell before obeying the summons he has just received to go home on some pressing business."

"Be not too sure of that, Enid, for separation may be even a greater cause for alarm than intimacy. The saints forbid that thou shouldst suffer through thy love as I have. I shall never again be happy, unless some kind providence shall bring me back my love. Ah! thou didst not know him as I do. To me the world holds not another such as he. Oh, Trahaiarn dear come back to me!"

Enid did not anticipate any such trouble as the princess alluded to, being naturally of a sanguine disposition. As the weeks passed into months, however, she began to realize the full force of Nest's remark, and to feel a degree of sympathy for her which was impossible before. Scarcely a day passed that she and her mistress did not take a look in different directions from the tower, and whenever they chanced to see a traveller on horseback or on foot they watched his approach with the greatest anxiety until disappointment filled their hearts anew with pain. On one of these occasions their expectations were raised to the highest pitch by the appearance of a body of mailed men on the Chester road, but they were again doomed to disappointment, for the knights proved to be Algar and his followers. Their arrival, however, served to divert the thoughts of Nest and her maid for a time at least, as it did to enliven things in and around the castle.

Aldyth was especially pleased to see her father once more, and so

was Gryffydd, but for a different reason.

"By my faith," said the king, "thou wast never more welcome, father Algar, than thou art now. But I venture to predict that as usual no ordinary business brings thee to the court of thy son-in-law."

"It is the same old story," said the earl. "There is not room enough in England for the son of Godwin and me."

"What! thou art not again banished?" exclaimed Gryffydd with a frown, and receiving an affirmative answer he continued. "By my faith, I wish I were king of England long enough to teach that upstart of an earl a lesson, I assure thee he would not find me too pious to attend to my own affairs."

"Thou needst not be king of England in order to teach him a lesson," said Algar, "for if thy looks do not belie thee thou art as good a match for him now as when we met him in counsel at Billingsley."

"Then if I understand thee aright," was the reply, "thou wilt have me again make thy quarrel my own. I see not how I can assist thee seeing I have made a treaty with Edward."

"Treaties are not made of brass, nor are the Cambrians so loyal to the Saxons that they deem it a dishonor to break faith with them," said Algar.

"I will give the matter due consideration," said the king. "Meanwhile thou must make free to enjoy

thyself in my court as on former occasions."

Though the king gave Algar no positive answer that day the earl doubted not for a moment that he would give him the desired assistance. Therefore with his mind perfectly at rest on the subject Algar paid his daughter a visit. The Queen was sitting in her favorite place by the window at work on a piece of embroidery when her father was announced; but she immediately arose on his entrance and welcomed him in a manner most fitting in a daughter and a queen.

"Time deals kindly with thy charms," said the earl, taking a proffered seat opposite his daughter and fixing his eyes upon her beautiful face.

"Do you indeed think so?" said Aldyth greatly pleased at the remark, while the color deepened on her cheek. "I am sorry that you have been less favored. Have you been well since you were here last?"

"Well, but not happy, Aldyth; no one can be happy with our beloved country in such unfriendly hands. The interests of all but fools must be sacrificed to satisfy the unbounded ambition of a low upstart and a tyrant."

"Methought Edward was too busy with his prayers to burden his subjects with oppressive measures."

"Say that he is too pious to be wise and just and thou wilt be nigh the truth, for in giving to his devotions the time which he ought to bestow on the affairs of state he

but robs his kingdom of its due, and allows the haughty son of Godwin unlimited opportunities to insult and humiliate his betters and to pave his own way to the throne he hopes will soon be vacant."

"Do you not speak unjustly of Harold the earl, father? True his race is not so noble as ours; but has he not acquitted himself nobly since his elevation to his father's place by the Witan?"

"Ay, if hostility to thy father and his house be a sign of nobility. Why am I banished for the second time from the land of my fathers? Is it not because I dare to assert my rights, and because the despicable Harold is jealous of my power? Didst thou know my enemy as I know him thou wouldst not think it impossible to speak unjustly of him."

Aldyth was silenced but not convinced. Harold was her ideal hero. Though Gryffydd's wife her heart was never truly his. Before policy coupled her fate with that of the Welsh king the son of Godwin had unconsciously won a high place in her affections, though he had never shown the attentions of a lover. Her father's words, therefore, grated as much on her feelings as hers did on his, and to avoid a possible quarrel they dropped the subject and turned the conversation into more agreeable channels.

When Algar returned to the hall he was told that a message had just been received announcing the arrival at Conway of Magnus, king of

Norway, with his fleet, and his intention of a peaceful and speedy visit to Gryffydd. Nothing could have pleased the earl better than this announcement, for he saw in it the possibility of a powerful ally. He knew that the relations between England and Norway were strained, and divined that the coming of the Norwegian king and fleet meant nothing but mischief to Edward's kingdom.

The next day Magnus himself, attended by a number of his chiefs, sailed up the river as far as the castle in a flat-bottomed boat, and upon landing was met by Gryffydd and Algar with their respective attendants, and led with all the pomp and display befitting the occasion into the king's hall, where a great feast was prepared in his honor. The Norwegian king was greatly pleased with his reception, and being seated on the right of his host he began at once to converse with him by the aid of an interpreter.

"Having come to lay my claim to the English throne," said Magnus after a few preliminary remarks, "and having learned that thou also, royal brother, hast no friendly feeling towards England I have presumed to come here to seek thine aid. Thy fame is not unknown in Norway; indeed who has not heard of Gryffydd the bold, whose victories equal the number of his battles?"

"By my faith," said the Welsh king with a touch of vanity, "how many more will seek the aid of my arms? But the more the merrier,

if the hounds follow the same trail."

Elated with the prospect of military action once more and being much pleased with his royal acquaintance Gryffydd took an early opportunity to introduce Magnus to the queen and princess. And as the custom of the Welsh court forbade the presence of the fair sex in the king's hall on festive occasions Gryffydd led his royal guest into the queen's apartment, where Aldyth and Nest being forewarned of the intended visit received him in courtly attire and with due grace. Magnus was greatly impressed with the beauty of Gryffydd's wife and daughter, and though Aldyth had a decided advantage over Nest in that the latter was thinner and paler than usual, he took a strong fancy to the princess, and being a widower in the prime of life he gave his thoughts such freedom as was possible under the circumstances. Obeying the proprieties that ruled the occasion, however, rather than his personal inclinations he flattered the queen by paying her equal attentions with the princess. Nest, still cherishing her love for Trahaiarn, cared not how little he regarded her. But could she have read the thoughts of the Norwegian king she would have been much alarmed. Not that she disliked his looks, or had any objection to being admired, but because she was supremely in love with another man. It was a relief to her when, presently, Magnus returned with Gryffydd into the hall, and she hastened to her

own room to discuss his looks and bearing with her maid, who had already gleaned considerable information about him in one way and another.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Royal Suitor.

"Magnus," said Nest, speaking to her maid, "must be smaller than the traditional Norse kings, for he is but of medium size. Were his face not so long he would be more handsome, for his clear complexion goes well with his fair hair and blue eyes."

"Methinks a clear complexion more becoming with deep red hair and dark blue eyes," interrupted Enid, paying her mistress a genuine compliment.

"Thou art not alone in that opinion," said the princess coloring slightly "for Trahaiarn seemed to be similarly minded. Were I to express an opinion it would be in favor of a complexion different from my own."

"What think you of the king's attire?" the maid hastened to ask,

fearing that Nest would fix her thoughts once more on the prince to the exclusion of all other subjects.

"It becomes him well. Thou sawest his winged helmet and coat of ring-mail when he arrived. Deigning to wear neither of these in the Queen's hall he appeared before us in a sort of red silk robe, which must be in Norway a mark of royalty."

"Having divested himself of his coat of mail and helmet he must also have appeared before you without his battle-axe which has occasioned so much talk in the hall, and which they say once belonged to his father."

"Ay. He thought no doubt that nature had furnished him with weapons that would be more successful in the sort of warfare in which he was just then engaged. Nor do I think him much mistaken so far as one of us was concerned. But my heart felt neither worse nor better after his visit notwithstanding his admiring glances."

(To be continued).



AGE IS NOT WINTRY.

[The following poem was read by the Rev. I. J. Lansing, August 17, 1899, at the home of Mrs. Joshua Williams, Green Ridge, Pa., on the occasion of the celebration of her 80th birthday.]

Age is not wintry when life's years are passed
 In sowing seeds of faith and truth and love;
 Instead of cold and snows and death at last,
 Rich grow the fields, with harvest skies above.

Summer has not such wealth as four-score years
 Of summers spent in raising flowers of grace,
 Bright with love's sunshine, watered by its tears,
 Wreathing with heavenly smiles the aged face.

Thy ripened goodness is a harvest store,
 Like other harvests of perfected grain,
 Holding as sheaves hold seeds, promise of more
 And greater blessedness when sown again.

Parents live in their children who can learn
 From their example, the good life and true;
 These rising generations here return
 In life transfigured, what they gain from you.

As to the face of cradled infancy
 Ripples of radiant blissfulness are given,
 From all the shadows of the present free,
 It bears the sweetness of its native heaven.

As though the new soul, fresh from God's own hand,
 Shone with beauty of its recent skies.
 No cloud arising o'er this new-found land,
 No future evil dawning on its eyes.

So age has lustre not of time on earth,
 As from some Mount Delectable it sees
 The splendors of a coming heavenly birth.
 With joys undying following after these.

This is not sunset's glow, but the uprise
 Of heaven's shining pinnacles and towers,
 Which make the face to shine, suffuse the eyes
 With light of home, rest, peace, in blissful bowers.

O, mother of these sons and daughters rare,
 Who reverence thy saintly ways and worth,
 Daughter art thou no less of God, whose care
 Has kept thee safe these four-score years on earth.

Doubt not that as thou cradled'st these in youth
 And held them to thy heart, their safest home,
 Thy Lord will surely keep his word of truth
 And soon will say to thee 'Thou Blessed, Come.'

—Rev. Isaac J. Lansing.



FIELD OF LETTERS

WELSHMEN AS FACTORS IN THE FORMATION OF THE REPUBLIC, the successful Prize Essay at the International Eisteddfod of the World's Columbia Exposition, Chicago, 1893, by the Rev. Ebenezer Edwards, Minersville, Pa.; T. J. Griffith, Utica, N. Y.

The essay, which now appears in book form, was in competition at the World's Fair Eisteddfod, 1893, and in their award of the prize the adjudicators said of it: The Essay by "William Penn," is a treasure of valuable information regarding Cambro-Americans, and a real biographical encyclopedia of Welshmen who have been factors in the formation and development of this country. It is divided into two great historical periods. The first period extends from the settlement of the country to the adoption of the Federal Constitution; the second extends from the adoption of the Constitution to the present time. Interesting appendices are added, viz., Welshmen and Welsh Names; Ancient Leges Wallaciae; Welsh Reading; Welsh Coal Industry, Certain Evanses, and Our Portrait Gallery. This portrait gallery consists of the most notable Welshmen of to-day. This entertaining volume reads like a story, and contains a wonderful amount of information about Welshmen in America.

"ATHRYLITH CEIRIOG" gan Elfed: I. Foulkes, "Cymro" Office, Liverpool;

This essay was awarded the prize at the National Eisteddfod held at Wrex-

ham in 1888, and appears now for the first time in book form. The author never intended it to be a complete biography. As many incidents of Ceiriog's life are used as are helpful to illustrate the author's views. It is divided into 18 chapters, and the character and genius of the Welsh Burns are shown forth with power. Ceiriog was pre-eminently a poet of the affections.

ER COF: Thomas Edward Ellis, M. P. for Meirion. Davies and Evans, Bala;

This is a sketch of the life and labors of the late Tom Ellis, with fine portraits of him and his widow, father and mother, and the old homestead—Cynlas; then follow tributes to his memory from Lords Rosebery and Tweedmouth, and Sir H. Campbell Bannerman. Though a "Byr-hanes," it is a complete view of a beautiful career.

The contents of the "Trysorfa" are as follows: The Rev. Ebenezer Evans, Bodedeyrn, by the Rev. W. Prichard, Pentraeth; Some of the Lesser Prophets of Montgomeryshire in the last century, by Mr. John Morgan, Mold; What History Owes to the Missionary Spirit, by the Rev. Thomas Levi, Aberystwyth; Augustine, by the Rev. W. J. Williams, Hirwaen; Monthly Notes, the Editor's Table, Reports and Denominational news and intelligence, &c., &c.

We make no excuses for drawing our readers' attention to Ritualism again and again, for it is undoubtedly the

most important question of the time, and which has lately worked itself into a crisis. Two events of note connected with Ritualism happened during the last two months. The first was the great Protestant meeting held at the *Eisteddfod* pavilion at Cardiff. Lord Wimborne presided; and it is said that about 12,000 were present. On the platform, there appeared scores of the leading men of the Principality, and among them Lady Wimborne, Lord Portsmouth, Canon Fleming, and the Rev. Mr. Gibbon. Earnestness prevailed throughout, and the pressure was very high, especially when Lady Wimborne pleaded for the sanctity of the home and against the right of a priest to place himself between man and wife. It appears that the great majority of the people of Wales are sound on the question of Protestantism; and the meeting will, surely, leave a lasting impression. The other event we refer to is the archiepiscopal court's decision regarding the use of incense and candles. The decision is somewhat weak and nerveless as if afraid to stir up a hornet's nest. It is clear and clean-cut on some points; but the general impression is that their Lordships were half-hearted in condemning the unlawful practices.—The "Trysorfa."

The "Dysgedydd" for September has several articles of interest, among which may be named the following: "The Superiority of God as a Pardon-er," by the Rev. Owen Evans, D. D., London; The Late Rev. Dan Jones, Ford, Pembroke (continued), by the Rev. D. Lewis, Rhyl; Recollections of the Great Revival of 1859, by W. J. Parry, Bethesda; Shon Roberts, Pontyr-onen, by the Rev. T. R. Davies, Burnley; Events of the Month, by the Editor; Obituaries, Reviews, Reports, &c.,

A short memoir of Mr. Gladstone, by a Mr. G. Russell, has raised the question "Was he a Catholic?" The author is a High Churchman, and has made an especial effort to paint Mr. Gladstone as a Catholic, at least, as a member of the Ritualistic party. It is said that the Grand Old Man had an altar in the room wherein he died, a crucifix and a portrait of John Henry Newman, the Cardinal, and that it was difficult to keep him from getting out of bed to kneel before the crucifix and confess his sins. This naturally caused a little stir among Mr. Gladstone's friends and followers. Immediately the Rev. Stephen Gladstone wrote the "East Anglican Daily News" to positively deny the assertions. He says there was no altar in his father's room; and admits that his father knelt during the time Bishop Andrews administered communion. A portrait of Cardinal Newman was among others there; and he adds, that he thought there was a small crucifix in his room, the gift of a friend, although he himself had never noticed it." There was nothing in the general appearance of the room to suggest far less to show that Mr. Gladstone was a Ritualist or a Catholic.—"Dysgedydd."

The "Traethodydd" for September is a strong number. The leading paper is Dr. Fritz Hommel and the Higher Criticism, by R. Parry, M. A., Llanrug; then follow poetry and *Eisteddfodic* Criticism, by D. Adams, B. A., Liverpool; Henry Drummond, by W. Thomas, Llanrwst; Some Biblical Questions," by W. Ryle Davies, London; The Kenosis Doctrine, by D. Roberts, Rhiwbrydir; The Apostolic Fathers, by Hugh Williams, M. A., Bala; The Truth About the Power of Christianity in the First Ages, by W. Williams, Glyndyfrdwy; Immortality, by J. Puleston Jones, M. A.; Notes and Reviews.

In the article "Eisteddfodic Adjudication," the author expresses sorrow at the incompetency of those who assume to act as adjudicators at Welsh Eisteddfodau. They generally love to hide their mediocrity under the covering of vagueness. They are never positive about either the merits or the demerits, excellences or defects of a piece of prose or a poem, but make good the occasion to parade their own pretence. "This is so, but the other and the other are so and such, etc. This paper or this poem has its defects, but the other has more or less of them," taking good care not to be too specific or particular. They talk much of failings and mistakes, but hardly ever show what they are or where they are. They never teach or instruct. They render their decisions as the results of much conscientious care and labor, and however unable and incompetent, they wish to impress on the minds of the audiences that they are above suspicion.

The contents of the September number of the "Cronici" are as follows: Notes by Keinion—The Missionary Society; Captain James Wilson; Congregational Union at Llanelly; Preaching Convention, then follow an interesting variety; Sunday School lessons, Obituaries, Poems, &c. Events of the Month are also entertaining, viz., The Extreme Heat; Transvaal and Britain; The Archbishop's Decision; Pension for the Old; The Liquor Traffic, and Parliament.

In his remarks on "Preaching Conventions," the Editor fears that preaching is losing its influence over the people of Wales, especially convention preaching. In fact, the people are tired of so much preaching, every chapel being treated to two or more sermons every week. Preaching conventions used to be events in Wales, but of late the congregations wax less and less,

and the interest grows weaker and weaker, until means will have to be adopted and applied to re-animate the institution. The Singing Convention, seems, on the other hand, to be gaining ground. In a recent Singing Convention there were 10,000 people, while at a Preaching Cymanfa there were only a thousand. It is a case of preaching versus singing, and although the Welsh are proverbially fond of preaching, they have a warm corner in their heart for gospel music. The Editor sensibly advises the consolidation of both conventions.

If the testimony of the "Baner" as to the value—or want of value—of recent eisteddfodic productions is correct, it would hardly be worth while to publish many such productions. But there are exceptions, and few will resent the appearance from the office of Llyfrbryf of the Rev. Elvet Lewis's essay on "The Poetry of Ceirlog" (Athrylith Ceirlog), which won the prize at the Wrexham National Eisteddfod of 1888—the famous gathering at which Mr. Gladstone was present—and which is now published by arrangement with the Eisteddfod Association. It is a neat volume (8vo., pp. 112, 1s.), and Elfed writes with an admirable sense of appreciation of the special characteristics of Ceirlog's poetry, which, indeed, in its sweetness, its idyllic qualities, and its happy treatment of simple things, is not unlike some of Elfed's own work.

In the "Cerdior" for September, D. Jenkins discusses the question "Is Music a Natural Product?" then follow two views of the Bardic Gorsedd in Wales, the one superstitious, the other rationalistic; The National Eisteddfod at Cardiff with adjudications, by Editor D. Emlyn Evans; Welsh American Musicians in Wales; Notes, Reviews, Reports of Eisteddfodau, Concerts, &c. The mu-

sical number is "Sleep, my Beloved," by J. H. Roberts (Mus. Bac. Cant.).

Anent the "Gorsedd," the Editor observes sensibly "that if the Bardic Court wishes the Gorsedd to be held in good report, and be respected by the outside world, they will have to re-arrange things on a rational basis, not brag and boast about its royal authority and imperial steps, &c. There is no foundation to the antiquity claimed for it, but we believe it possesses elements which would be of some benefit to the community. The day is too far gone to be reconciled to such nonsense, rites and practices semi-pagan and six foot swords. At present, it seems as if some of the bards, at least, are resolved to verify the old saying, that whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad.

"Cwrs y Byd" waxes hopeful over the fact that cities and towns are realizing the truth that they can supply their own needs. The question of the near future will be the People versus Trusts and Corporations.

—The idea of the owners of works paying as much royalty to the land-owners as to the workmen employed is outrageous! How long? It is the people's fault that these time-honored systems have not been upset long ago. The people go in thousands every election day, to support this wrong.

—It's astonishing how the saloon keepers work to turn the stream into their own mills. They had intended to have a good haul in the Cardiff Eisteddfod, but the trick failed. All honor to the Rev. T. Phillips for upsetting their well-laid plans, and we feel like spitting with contempt on the committee that favored their plot.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for September opens on a portrait of the Rev. Richard Lumley, a well known character be-

longing to the Calvinistic communion in South Wales, accompanied by an interesting sketch of his life. There are other portraits also of Captain Cook and George Herbert, the puritan poet; Dr. Livingstone, &c., with a miscellany of short articles and poems. "Cymru'r Plant" also brings its monthly message of tales and gossip for the young ones who love their mother tongue and the land of song.

Another volume of pretty little poems or sonnets by Moelwyn (Caniadau Moelwyn) has been published by Mr. E. W. Evans, Dolgelly. The verses are for the most part simple and unpretentious, but they have a peculiar sweetness about them and a real poet's insight into the tender and plaintive sides of life. In a little note to his readers the author rather deprecates the Eisteddfod system under which poetry is produced "to order." He prefers the good old method of testifying what he sees himself in his own time and way, and he regards public opinion as the only Gorsedd which is really worth anything. On that ground Moelwyn has little cause to complain, for his verses appear to have had a very good reception by his countrymen.

"Cymru" for September is full of entertaining articles and illustrations of interest. "Places where greatness resided" by J. M. Edwards, B. A.; "St. David's" by John Thomas, Cambrian Gallery; "Progress and Religion" by the Rev. T. Jones, Llanrwst; "The History of Llangyfelach" by G. H. Thomas, Cwmbwrla, are delightful to read. Among other illustrations are the following: The Eastern Gate, An Old Postoffice, Gwilym Iiraethog, Iorwerth Glan Aled. "Cymru" is one of the most interesting and patriotic of Welsh periodicals, and should be welcome to every Welsh home.

SCIENTIFIC

"A newly married couple in Portland, Me., who are both deaf, and are trying housekeeping without a servant, have devised an ingenious substitute for a door-bell," says "Electricity." "When a caller presses the electric button all the lights in the house flash up and his presence is made known."

It is feared that over-indulgence in tobacco may have a prejudicial effect upon the Latin-American peoples, especially those in South America. According to Prometheus, not only do children of two or three years smoke all day long, but mothers have been seen trying to quiet their babies by putting cigars in their mouths.

Birds do an immense amount of drudgery for man, if they do now and then reward themselves by a dainty tidbit of ripening fruit. A pair of robins have been watched while they carried a thousand earthworms to their brood. Woodpeckers destroy eggs and larvae which would develop millions of destructive creatures in forests and orchards; and one of the most inevitable foes of the canker worms is the beautiful oriole, were it but allowed to live and hang its swinging cradle to the elm. For every wing of black and orange on a young girl's hat an apple tree is stripped of leaves and young fruit, or an elm is denuded of its graceful foliage by the canker worm.—Farm Journal.

The London "Spectator" speaks of Goethe as "the great modern poet, the Welt-kind," who said that he did not know what patriotism was, and congratulated himself on its absence from his mind, since it obscured a true view

of the world, and turned from its true aims the human culture which was more precious to Goethe, and which he thought more essential to human progress than all the politics of the earth.

While many of the bug stories that have found their way into print this summer are doubtless exaggerated, and some are pure fabrications, there can be no doubt that insect life is constantly becoming more perniciously active and numerous. The most conspicuous proof of this assertion is found in the ravages caused by the elm-leaf beetle. Farmers and gardeners too have harder work to protect their crops from insect attacks.

As there is a reason for everything, so there must be one for this. While that reason is not definitely known, the most plausible explanation of the constant increase of insect life is the equally constant decrease of birds. Despite all laws that are made to protect them, birds of all kinds are being slaughtered, some to gratify a mere desire to kill something, others for the pot, and some to provide adornment for feminine headgear.

A large percentage of the flowers which are exhibited at horticultural shows show the results obtained by crossing different varieties, so the deficiencies in one may be made good by the virtues of another. The Department of Agriculture is studying how to obtain orange trees that possess greater hardiness, and at the same time produce a delicious fruit. Their efforts have been crowned with success. The sweet orange was crossed with the Japanese orange, which resulted in the production of a hybrid that is much hardier than the ordinary sweet orange.

The department is also experimenting with crossing sea island cotton with upland cotton, and the pineapple has also been the subject of experiment.

Among many stories of the affection of dumb creatures for their young, this from a German paper is peculiarly pathetic: "At Neuendorf the lightning struck the gable end of a barn where for years a pair of storks had built their nest. The flames soon caught the nest in which the helpless brood was piteously screaming. The mother stork now protectingly spread out her wing over the young ones, with whom she was burnt alive, although she might have saved herself easily enough by flight."—Christian Herald.

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PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE STOMACH.

Dr. Max Einnorn, of New York City, made a communication to a medical journal some seven years ago regarding "gastrodiaphany," in which a miniature Edison lamp in a special mounting attached to a soft rubber tube containing a wire was introduced into the stomach so that an examination can be made of it. This method was called "gastrodiaphany," as the stomach became translucent. The object of this device was to show the size and situation of the stomach to the eye, and also to recognize tumors or other gross anatomical changes of the anterior wall of the stomach. This was, of course, a different apparatus than the "polyscope," which is used for looking into the stomach, and was not intended to replace any such device. It has been found to be of considerable value to surgeons.

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A RELIEF FOR HUNGER.

Carbonic acid gas has the singular property of lessening the sense of hunger, and may profitably be remembered

in dealing with cases of diabetes in which bulimia (abnormal hunger) is a prominent symptom. The seat of hunger is found in the solar plexus. By the use of water charged with CO (carbonic acid) the branches of the solar plexus distributed through the mucous membrane of the stomach are influenced in such a way that the abnormal irritation of the plexus, which is the foundation for the ravenous hunger often present in diabetes and certain forms of indigestion, may be greatly mitigated, if not wholly appeased. Water charged with carbonic acid gas may likewise be employed with advantage in many cases of hyperpepsia in which there is a sensation present in the stomach described by the patient as a gnawing sensation, "goneness," emptiness, etc.—Modern Medicine.

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THE INFINITE.

"The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is a history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, traditions, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: 'I have finished my day's work.' but I can not say 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."—Victor Hugo.

RELIGION AND MONEY.

"The friendly visitor to the United States, who is proud of her achievements and delighted by her brightness, stands aghast at the open and unabashed front of secularity. It seems to him as if not merely coarse and unlettered men, whose souls have never been touched either by religion or by culture, but that all men, with a few delightful exceptions, bow the knee to this golden calf, and do it homage. Nowhere is there such constant and straightforward talk about money, nowhere is such importance attached to the amount of money which a man has acquired or possesses, nowhere is it taken so absolutely for granted that the object of a man's work is to obtain money, and that, if you offer him enough money, he will be willing to do any work which is not illegal; that, in short, the motive power with almost every man is his wages. One is struck, not so much by what is said in plain words (although dollar is a monotonous refrain in conversation) as by what is implied; and what is implied is this—that, if you know the proper sum, any man can be induced to do what you want, even although his health and his rest and his family and his principles stand in the way."—Ian Maclaren.

BARLEY WATER.

In medicine, barley water is what is called a "demulcent" liquid—that is, it has soothing effects on the mucous membranes. People with irritable stomachs and kidneys benefit materially from drinking barley water, and there is no better fluid, I may add for diluting the cow's milk on which infants are fed. The old-fashioned way of making barley water was that of boiling pearl barley and of using the fluid of this decoction. But this is a

laborious and tedious process. There is now a much better and simpler method of making barley water, and that is by using patent barley, which is really a fine barley flour containing all the elements of the seeds. Half an ounce of the barley is taken and mixed, to form a paste, with about a wine glassful of cold water. Then pour the mixture into a pan containing from a quart to three pints of boiling water, and boil for five minutes, stirring the while. Flavor it with lemon and sugar, and your barley water is made; a cool, refreshing beverage, and one that is just as nourishing, by the way, as meal and water, and infinitely less heating.—Dr. Wilson.

TOBACCO AND ALCOHOL.

Perhaps one of the most characteristic effects of tobacco is the excitation of the vasoconstrictors produced by it, as is evidenced by extreme pallor of the skin. Alcohol, on the other hand, produces, in moderate doses, the very opposite effect. The smoker finds himself suffering from dryness of the throat, thirst, general depression of spirits, perhaps slight giddiness, and some cerebral anemia. It requires but a single experiment to convince him that beer, wine, or whisky, or alcohol in some form affords very prompt relief from these distressing symptoms; hence the very natural association of cigars with wine or beer. The user of these two drugs, by their alternation, is enabled to secure a repetition of pleasurable sensations long after tobacco alone has ceased to elicit pleasurable responses to its stimulus by reason of the development of its recognized toxic effects.

"These facts I have verified in the treatment of many hundreds of cases of alcohol and tobacco addiction.—Modern Medicine.

MUSIC AND WORSHIP.

"Morality for the mass of men has been dependent on the consciousness of God, and with the lack of means of expression the consciousness of God seems to have ceased. On this ground alone there would be reason for making an experiment with music, if only because it offers itself as a possible means of that expression which the consciousness of God supports. And, on the other side, there is the natural fitness of music for the purpose.

"Music then would seem fitted to be in this age the expression of that which men in their inmost hearts most reverence. Creeds have ceased to express this, and have become symbols of division rather than of unity! Music is a parable, telling in sounds which will not change of that which is worthy of worship, telling it to each hearer just in so far as he by nature and circumstance is able to understand it, but giving to all that feeling of common life and assurance of sympathy which has in old times been the strength of the church. By music, men may be helped to find God who is not far from any one of us, and be brought again within reach of that tangible sympathy, the sympathy of their fellow creatures."—*Journal of Ethics*.

THE JEWS.

"If the statistics are right, the Jews constitute but one per cent. of the human race. It suggests a nebulous dim puff of star dust lost in the blaze of the Milky Way. Properly the Jew ought hardly to be heard of; but he is heard of, has always been heard of. He is as prominent on the planet as any other

people, and his commercial importance is extravagantly out of proportion to the smallness of his bulk. His contributions to the world's list of great names in literature, science, art, music, finance, medicine, and abstruse learning are also away out of proportion to the weakness of his numbers. He has made a marvelous fight in this world, in all the ages; and has done it with his hands tied behind him. He could be vain of himself, and be excused for it. The Egyptian, the Babylonian, and the Persian rose, filled the planet with sound and splendor, then faded to dream-stuff and passed away; the Greek and the Roman followed, and made a vast noise, and they are gone; other peoples have sprung up and held their torch high for a time, but it burned out, and they sit in twilight now, or have vanished. The Jew saw them all, beat them all, and is now what he always was, exhibiting no decadence, no infirmities of age, no weakening of his parts, no slowing of his energies, no dulling of his alert and aggressive mind. All things are mortal but the Jew; all other forces pass, but he remains. What is the secret of his immortality?"—Mark Twain.

Birds have very acute vision, perhaps the most acute of any creature, and the sense is also more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man; consequently a bird can see sideways as well as objects in front of it. A bird sees—showing great uneasiness in consequence—a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly similar pieces of earth or gravel.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Judges get a holiday when they go on circuit in Wales. Yet when they are in Wales on a holiday they work.

Several Breton children have recently been enrolled as members of "Urdd y Delyn" (The Order of the Harp), Mr. Owen M. Edwards's children society.

Mr. Isaac Foulkes (Llyfbrbryf), of Liverpool, is at present engaged in writing the memoir of the late Mr. Daniel Owen, the author of "Rhys Lewis," which will be published early next year.

A well-known Methodist divine said the other day before a number of Methodist ministers that "Methodism in Wales has obtained a certain amount of learning, but has lost a great amount of lungs."

Two of the most pathetic songs in Welsh are Ioan Emlyn's "Bedd y Dyn Tylawd" ("The Pauper's Grave), and "Tlotty'r Undeb," by Trebor Mal. Both have largely helped to nurse the feeling of hatred which exists in Wales against the workhouse.

Breconshire is not only identified with Shakespeare—as all students of the great bard know—but with Shakespeare's great patron, Queen Elizabeth. One of the county families derive their descent from Anne Boleyn, which was the correct name of the Butlen family. Linked with Abercamlais and Penpont. The name afterwards was changed to

Williams, and has been borne by several worthy offshoots of the Tudor family.

Corwen, according to Mr. O. M. Edwards, is famous in Welsh history as being the spot at which gathered the largest Welsh army that ever came together to one place to defend Wales. It was under Owen Glyndwr, whose body, probably, lies buried in Corwen Churchyard.

Principal T. Charles Edwards, D. D., intends presenting to the library of the Bala Theological College a copy of William Salesbury's Welsh translation of the New Testament, and of his "Kynn-wer Llyth a Bann," and of Bishop Wm. Morgan's Welsh Bible.

Llandysul Church is, perhaps, one of the most ancient in Cardiganshire. Its tower is a venerable pile; it has a rood loft, an old Roman stone with the inscription "Velvor Filia Broho," built in the churchyard wall, and a Celtic cross often overlooked, built over the door on the north side of the church.

There is such an absence of crime in Merionethshire that the chairman of quarter sessions has almost enough white gloves to open a shop—had he a mind to. For three quarters in succession he hasn't had a single case—only gloves.

The neighborhood in which the late Bishop Lloyd was born is one of the

most literary and advanced in Wales, in spite of the inhabitants being called "Lloi Llanarth" (the calves of Llanarth). It was there the lamp of Welsh literature was kept burning in the eighteenth century, when most other neighborhoods in Wales were in the darkness of ignorance.

It will humiliate the Nonconformist to find that the Welsh Radical Parliamentary party contains a punster. Mr. Ellis Griffiths has been saying at Romford that, "before the last elections the parsons had prayed for the Tories; now they preyed on them." We welcome this as the only gleam of humor that has come from the Welsh Radicals since Major Jones failed to get in for Llanelly.

Liverpool has a good claim to be considered the capital of North Wales, and indeed of the whole Principality, if the number of Welsh places of worship be taken as the criterion. The town on the Mersey has over 60 Welsh congregations, viz., Calvinistic Methodists, 28; Wesleyans, 15; Congregationalists, 10; Baptists, 7; Established Church, 4. What town in Wales can lay claim to such a number?

Several choirs are already preparing to organize their forces in view of the chief choral contest at the Liverpool National Eisteddfod next year. The Cardiff Choir of Mr. D. E. Davies is among the number, and so is a choir composed of Bethesda quarrymen. In all probability Mr. John Williams will also enter the lists with a choir from Carnarvon.

Prof. Parson Price attended the sessions of the National Eisteddfod at Cardiff, S. W., and thence he went to London and Paris. He visited friends in London, and amongst them, his venerable teacher, Signor Manuel Garcia,

who is remarkably well, and yet teaching at his private house, and all this at the age of ninety-five.

Mr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, B.Sc., (Negesydd o'r Ynys Werdd), the Irish honorable secretary of the pan-Celtic Congress, has just completed a map of "Celtia at the End of the Nineteenth Century," which includes Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. The map shows the portions of each of the above-named countries where a Celtic language is spoken by the inhabitants at the present day.

It is the experience of the Great Western Railway authorities that tall men in Wales are becoming scarce. A lady correspondent writing from Llandrindod informs us that there things are still worse. "Agreeable young men—let alone tall young fellows," she observes, "are here at a premium, the proportion of ladies being six to one of the other sex. Attractive young maidens are languishing for company."

The most copious spring in Great Britain is the famous St. Winifred's Well, near the town of Holywell, in Flintshire. It has never been known to freeze, and scarcely ever varies in quantity either in drought or after the greatest rains. The water thrown up is not less than 84 hogsheads every minute. Pope Martin V. enjoined pilgrimages to the well, and the monks of Basingwerk were furnished with pardons and indulgences to sell to the devotees. The well was visited by James II. in 1686, and by the King of the Belgians in 1819.

The new Welsh Roman Catholic Prayer-book, which has been prepared under the auspices of St. Tello's Society, has just appeared, and is a most interesting production. It contains the principal Catholic devotions, including the entire Office of the Mass, which now ap-

pears in Welsh for the first time in literary history. The work has largely fallen upon the Rev. J. H. Jones (Carnarvon), a Welsh-speaking priest, who has been assisted by Mr. J. Hobson Matthews (the Cardiff borough archivist), and Mr. J. A. Story, B. A.

"The coast line from St. David's up to Swansea," writes a peripatetic reader, "is one of the finest recruiting grounds for the navy that we have, and one result is, first of all, an abundance of sea captains retired, a large number of widow ladies, and a greater abundance of spinsters than can be found in any other part of Wales. The female population around Carmarthen and Cardigan Bays number at least three to one of the males, and there is not a little graveyard—always wonderfully white and wind-blown—that has not a record of 'mariner lost at sea.'"

Here is another anecdote of Kilsby Jones. He was preaching near Lampeter, but it was a hot day, and, as Kilsby did not feel particularly brilliant, some heads in the congregation began to nod. Kilsby noticed it, and, pausing a moment, he said, briskly: "You'll scarcely think it, but my old father, who had a farm in this county, once had some pigs with horns." Every eye looked bright in a moment, and the preacher paused again. Then he thundered out:—"There now! When I tell you lies you are wide awake, but when I preach truth you slumber. O you backsliders and fine-day Christians!"

Some curious opinions are held in the parish of Llangyfelach as to the value of the living. Some of the parishioners think the vicar gets too much, others that he gets too little. With a view to set the minds of all concerned at rest the vicar has just published a balance-sheet, and from this it is seen that the net value of the living last year was—

how much do you think?—£162 11s. 6d. That is, one of the best men in the Welsh Church is obliged to do the work of vicar in one of the most difficult parishes in the Principality, keep up the establishment of a gentleman, and act the Samaritan all round, on an income of £3 2s. 6 5-13d. per week.

Caesar said of our ancestors that they were ready at all times to waste their strength in petty factions and senseless feuds. And the indictment holds true all through the history of the nation. "The Celts went forth to battle," sighed the old Celtic poet, "but they always fell." And they fell not by reason of inferiority of arms as much as by their internal discords. Division has ever been the most fruitful source of the nation's disasters. And to this day we have a perpetuation of the old internecine strife in the hateful and senseless distinction—and feud—so persistently maintained between North and South. I have again and again been exceedingly amazed as most of you must also have been, with the suspicion and distrust with which North Wallians and South Wallians amid the lower classes—regard each other.—Young Wales.

Welsh sculptors were at one time proverbially careless; they may be better now. A Cardiganshire sculptor is thus immortalised by two Cardigan poets:—

Yma gorwedd adyn 'sgeler
Naddodd geryg bedd i lawer;
Ceryg byd, pe rho'id hwy arno,
Fe fydd y D— yn siwr o'i giplo.

—Daniel Ddu.

'Spwyliodd lawer englyn glandeg
Wrth ei osod lawr ar gareg;
A Gair Duw mewn modd dychrynlyd
Wrth ei droi a'i ddwyllaw bawlyd.

—Amnon.

A curious custom formerly existed in North Wales. When a person supposed

himself highly injured, it was not uncommon for him to go to some church dedicated to a celebrated saint, as Llan Elhan, in Anglesey, and Clynog, in Carnarvonshire, and there "to offer his enemy." He knelt down on his bare knees in the church, and, offering a piece of money to the saint, called down curses and misfortunes upon the offender and his family for generations to come, in the most firm belief that the imprecations would be fulfilled. Sometimes it was the custom to repair to a sacred well instead of a church.

Some of our readers may like to see the Gorsedd prayer in a French dress. It is from the pen of M. Fustec in a current number of the "Revue Hebdomadaire:"—

Octroyez-nous, Seigneur, votre Protection;
Et par votre Protection, la Force;
Et par la Force, l'Intelligence;
Ex par l'Intelligence, la Science;
Et par la Science, le discernement du Juste;
Et par la discernement du Juste, son Amour;
Et par son Amour, Amour de tous les Etres;
Et par l'amour de tous les Etres, l'amour de Dieu,
Dieu et tout bien.

English will be a dead language in the law courts of North Wales before long. Lately Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley ordered his summing up to the petty jury at Anglesey Quarter Sessions to be translated into Welsh. This was done in every case, and we believe that this is the first time this has ever been done in Wales. The following day Mr. J. E. Greaves, the lord-lieutenant of Carnarvon, who is an Englishman, followed the Welsh evidence tendered very closely, and when necessary interpreted the evidence for the benefit of a cross-examining counsel who had not mas-

tered the different shades of the meaning of the Welsh words and phrases.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, who wrote A. D. 1130, tells us that Stonehenge was erected in the reign of Aurelius Ambrosius, by Ambrose Merlin, to perpetuate the treachery of Hengist, the Saxon general, who, having desired a friendly meeting with Vortigern at the monastery of Ambresbury, assassinated him and 460 of his barons and consuls; after which the bodies of the slaughtered Britons were interred in a burying place near the monastery where they had received their deaths. Aurelius Ambrosius going to see the sepulchre soon after he had ascended the British throne, perpetuated the memory of his brave countrymen and noble patriots with this lasting monument.

It is said that only two managed to escape from being slaughtered, and that Eldllo, Earl of Gloucester, was one of them, who before his escape managed with a piece of stick which he was fortunate to find near him to kill 70 of the Saxons before he quitted the field.

Giraldus Cambrensis says (circa 1187): "There was in Ireland in ancient times a pile of stones worthy of admiration called The Giants' Dance, because giants from the remotest parts of Africa brought them into Ireland; and in the plains of Kildare, not far from the Castle of Naase, as well by force of art as of strength, miraculously set them up. These stones Ambrosius, King of the Britons, procured Merlin by supernatural means to bring from Ireland into Britain; and that he might leave some famous monument of so great a treason to after ages, in the same order and art as they stood formerly, set them up where the flower of the British nation fell by the cut-throat practice of the Saxons."

This huge structure on Salisbury Plain is undoubtedly the most perfect

specimen of Druidical remains in the whole Island, but I regret that the historical accounts of this interesting piece of antiquity are so meagre that I am unable to offer anything definite as to the origin of these prodigious piles.

Almost every antiquary who has written upon it has advanced a new notion regarding the origin of Stonehenge after a careful examination of its remains, some coming to the conclusion that the stones were raised to the honor of the Deity, others that they had been erected to the honor and memory of some departed heroes. We read in the works of some that their erection is due to the Danes, for the election and inauguration of their kings. Whether they were intended for *carneddau* (burial places) or *cromlechau* (altars), it is now almost impossible to determine, but the weight of the argument seems to preponderate on the side which ascribes them to the purposes of religion, and declares them to have been erected by the ancient Druids as a place of worship.—*Cadrawd.*

A writer in the "Weekly Sun" says:—"It is a curious fact, but, perhaps, not unnatural, that some of the wealthiest women in the United Kingdom have been successful in keeping their personalities in a very real sense unspotted from the world. How few people, for instance, are aware that Wales possesses in the person of Miss Emily Charlotte Talbot one of the richest individuals in the empire? Her late respected father, Mr. C. R. M. Talbot, was for many years a well known and popular figure in the House of Commons. Miss Talbot has a London house in Cavendish Square, and two residences in Wales. She is immensely charitable, and, like most Welsh women, intensely patriotic."

August's "Musical Times" is a Welsh number. Page 605 bears a portrait and

biography of Mr. Ivor Atkins, the young Cardiff musician who will conduct at the Worcester Festival this year; on page 614 appears a portrait and sketch of little Amy Evans, who won the soprano solo at the National Eisteddfod; three pages later on we come upon a long and racy article on the Cardiff Eisteddfod; then follows a general article on *eisteddfodau*; page 622 contains a reference to Mr. Jos. E. Deacon's appointment as Cardiff representative of the Royal Academy of Music; and among the obituaries there are appreciative notices of Bishop Lloyd and of a Bangor organist.

Sir Lewis Morris is beginning to realise the flight of time. He contributes a little poem of three verses to "Literature" recently. They are headed "An Old Poet," and the personal application is inevitable. Here is the middle stanza:

The clear dawns now shall grow
For younger eyes;
I mark no more the glow
On sunset skies!
Fearless across the foam
The gay barks fleet,
But mine no more may roam
Since rest grows sweet.
Toil brings its fitting meed,
The haven's rest;
'Toil has its joys indeed,
But this is best.

The inhabitants of Newtown, the managers of the Cambrian Railways, and the whole of the people of Wales will one day be proud of Robert Owen. Newtown will find that it will add to its prosperity to take care of the relics of Robert Owen. There is not a prettier part of Wales than Newtown, and when Robert Owen's grave, and Robert Owen's house, and Robert Owen's memorial are known they will be visited by thousands every year. He was a man hundreds of years in advance of his time.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

THE REV. B. GWERNYDD NEWTON.

Of young Welshmen who are becoming prominent, either in the ministerial profession, or outside of it, perhaps no

which is as gifted and interesting as it is inspiring and ennobling.

As John the Baptist came "clothed with the spirit of Elijah," so does Mr. Newton breathe anew the spirit of the



Rev. B. Gwernydd Newton.

one is more worthy our notice than the energetic pastor of the Franklin Ave. Congregational Church, Cleveland. The present writer has had abundant opportunity for the greater part of three years of closely observing his public character unfolding itself, as also of becoming intimately related to a personality

stalwart preachers of old Wales. A preacher by nature, for he comes of a family famed for its pulpit orators; a preacher by grace, as witness the untiring devotion of his life, and the divine unction which sanctions it. Mr. Newton possesses that which, accompanied with his loyalty of soul, and

clearness of perception, would in any avenue in life make for progress, namely—enthusiasm. Endowed with this quality, anyone—prophet, priest or king, sage, soldier or saint will verify the inspired word, "One man shall chase a thousand." But there is that in Mr. Newton which is indispensable to a true descendant of John Elias, Christmas Evans, and Williams of Wern—profound religious fervor, deep religious conviction. Mr. Newton then is at once enthusiastic and fervent. He fires the imagination, and grapples men's soul to the truth "with hooks of steel."

It is with much pleasure that we invite attention to the political or social aspect of Mr. Newton's ministry. He well illustrates the straightforwardness sincerity and candor which are oftentimes attributed to the Welsh temperament, and we have only to regret that, as far as our experience goes, it is not more universal among us.

Lately speaking of Mr. Newton the "Cleveland World" says: "Possibly no minister who ever occupied a Cleveland pulpit has been so courageous in his sermons as Mr. Newton. During the campaign of 1896 when silver was the issue most Cleveland clergymen were Republicans, and believed in the single standard, Mr. Newton was however the only minister in the city to preach against bimetallism at 16 to 1 as dishonest when attempted by the United States alone, and his sermon on the subject crowded the church, and was the sensation of the hour." Noteworthy as a trait in his social character is his solicitude concerning anyone or anything Welsh. Though occupying an American pulpit Mr. Newton has not "crossed the Rubicon," and cut loose from the past as many of our countrymen are prone to do.

I am in all probability now writing to hundreds of people who possess a copy of "Glimpses of God," by Rev. B. G. Newton. He who has any interest in

the development of the modern Cambro-American preacher, would do well to study him as he partially manifests himself in this volume in the person of our subject. I would invite your attention to a method of sermonic structure, which, while it is peculiarly Welsh, is at the same time, as far as my observation goes, applied in this way for the first time, and that by Mr. Newton. It is what may be termed the alliterative method of dividing and subdividing texts. Let us cite an example taken at random. Mark the decisive touch, the military stroke of the following theme, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," &c.: (1) The Homeless Christ. (2) The Christless Home. On the passage in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, "Send him to the house of my father * * * five brethren." "Human love in Hades." On "Remember Lot's wife" theme. The look that cost a life: 1. Disobedient look; 2. Deceitful look; 3. Desiring look; 4. Deathly look. This method is, in my opinion, a decided advantage to the homilist, for it serves at least two purposes; it preserves the maximum of truth in the minimum of expression, and aids the memory by its euphony and compactness.

Three years ago he took charge of a comparatively insignificant church, and that in a somewhat distressed condition; to-day it is in several respects the most flourishing and promising in the city of Cleveland. A debt of three thousand dollars has been blotted out, the commodious audience room is full to the doors, and the Sunday School consists of almost 300 members.

Rev. J. M. Thomas.

Thomastown, O.

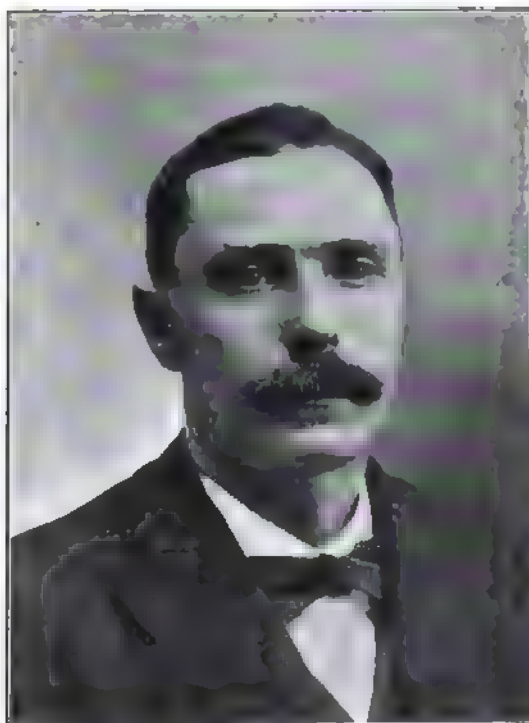
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Each of the Welsh denominations has now its own historian. The Welsh Wesleyans have appointed the Rev. John Hughes ("Glanystwyth") to write "The Story of Welsh Wesleyans Methodism"

THE LATE DANIEL T. DAVIES, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Mr. Davies was the son of Thomas and Elizabeth Davies, and was born at Brynawen, near New Quay, Cardigan-shire, South Wales, October 15, 1852. He had two brothers, Thomas, a minis-

R. Williams, Dodgeville, to whom he was united in marriage January 3, 1879. Together they returned to Kokomo, Col., twenty miles from Leadville, where he was engaged in the mining works in various capacities, until their departure for Minneapolis in January, 1882. Here he entered the meat busi-



Daniel T. Davies, Minneapolis, Minn.

ter, who died while pastor of a C. M. church at Sirhowy, near Tredegar, and Evan, who died a few years ago in Iowa. Leaving home at an early age, he spent a short period at Rhymney, Mon., emigrated to the States in 1869, worked three years in the coal mines of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and finally settled in the silver mines of Colorado. In 1877 while visiting his uncle, Rev. John D. Davies, Dodgeville, Wis., he met Miss Sarah Williams, daughter of Mr. Robert

neess, and by incessant application made it a success. In 1886 he visited Wales and the scenes of his childhood. In December, 1888, he was appointed Meat and Bread Inspector for the city of Minneapolis, and held the office for four years. In July, 1889, he was elected deacon of the Welsh C. M. Church, and acted as church treasurer for many years. In 1893 he established the Davies Packing Co., of which he was sole proprietor. In November, 1897, he was

elected for two years to a seat in the State Legislature of Minnesota as representative of the 33rd District.

He had been reading about Alaska for about ten years, intending eventually to visit the country, and when the gold fever broke out he was ready to make the venture. He left Minneapolis February 26, 1898, with Messrs. J. W. Williams, O. R. Thomas and Wm. Thomas, as his partners in the "Arfon Mining Co." The voyage up the Pacific Coast in the S. S. Valencia proved to be disagreeable and dangerous, starting with a threatened rebellion among the passengers, and ending with a terrific gale lasting several days. The party went by way of the Copper River District. In a few months the other members returned to their homes, but he remained to plan new expeditions and face new trials and surmount new dangers. With Mr. Peter Lasson, who had been his partner for nine months, he had reached the headwater of Forty Mile Creek, and while descending Mosquito Creek, a tributary of Forty Mile Creek, in a boat with his partner, an overhanging tree struck him into the water, and though he clung to another branch for a few seconds, his grasp gave way, and his body disappeared in the current.

He leaves a widow and four sons, Edwin Thomas, 18 years; Robert William, 15; Albert Daniel, 13; and Evan Wynne, 10, in great sorrow and profound grief. They have lost a noble husband, and a wise, tender father, and many besides myself have lost a sterling friend. He was a man of strong character, high principles, great perseverance, strict integrity and indomitable courage. Owing to his high reputation in business circles, and his unblemished Christian character he was known, respected and trusted by a large and ever-widening circle of acquaintances, among whom the sad news of his drowning fell as a thunderclap out of a clear sky. The

failure of his companions, after fourteen days' search, to recover his body intensifies the sadness of the fatality to his stricken family, and increases the poignancy of their grief. May the ever-living God be with them, a shelter in the tempest, and a constant guide in "life's rough way." May the four sons emulate his sincerity of purpose and earnestness of heart to the glory of their father's God.

Chicago, Ill.

Rev. J. C. Jones.

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THE LATE COLONEL MORRIS, GIRARD, O.

Colonel Evan Morris died at his residence at Girard at 2:30 o'clock, September 2, after a long illness from heart disease. Colonel Morris was one of the pioneer and most prominent residents of Trumbull County, and because of his business and social associations he was possessed of as wide an acquaintance as any man in Eastern Ohio. His sickness dates back several years, but had not become serious until within the past several weeks. When he was confined to his home the disease gradually developed until the crisis resulted in his death.

For many years Colonel Morris was identified with the coal mining interests in eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania, developing much territory and being one of the leading operators of mines in the surrounding districts.

In business life he was always active in looking after his interests, and had the knowledge of affairs connected with his work which won him marked success. In a social way deceased was the soul of geniality and generosity, and was the life of any gathering of which he was a part, his friends numbering men prominent in business, social and political circles of the nation, state and district, as well of the men of less degree of prominence, for with Colonel Morris the mark of friendship was

never a matter of the cut of a man's coat or the quality of the cloth he wore. He stood high in the estimation of the community in which he lived and wherever he was known he held the esteem and respect of every one.

Colonel Morris was born May 31, 1831. at Crumlin, Monmouthshire, S. W. In 1839 he came to the United States, and located at Pottsville, Pa. In 1854 he left Pottsville and came to this locality, taking up his residence near Girard, where he has ever since resided. Two years after his arrival here, and his determination to make his home in eastern Ohio he married Miss Elizabeth Davis of Weathersfield. The wedding day was celebrated December 25, 1856. They lived happily together, and several children were born to them: Mrs. George Humphreys, Miss Daisy, Miss Mary, John David, Philip and James. He also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Rachel Wise and Mrs. Hannah Nicholas of Weathersfield, and a brother, John, in the west. When the war of the rebellion broke out Colonel Morris offered his services to his country. He was appointed a captain of a company in the One Hundred and Seventy-first Regiment, O. V. I., and served with the 100 days' men. He got his title as colonel from an appointment as colonel on the staff of Governor Charles Foster. He held several important offices in the village of Girard, such as village councilman, school director, etc., but never aspired further to public office.

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There died at Carnarvon recently a female Crimean veteran. She was Mary Lloyd, a well known character in the town, and when the Crimean War broke out her husband, David Lloyd, who had only just joined the 23rd Royal Welsh, was called out. His young wife determined to brave the horrors of war with him, and, having obtained permission to join the staff of charwomen attached to the regiment, the brave Welsh girl

faced the fearful Crimean winter in order to be near her "Dai." She had reached the ripe old age of 70 years, and was out of doors on the day of her death, apparently enjoying her usual health. Heart disease laid her low.

Mr. Frederic Griffith, the well known flautist, has been engaged, for the third time, for Madame Melba's tour through the large towns of England and Scotland, which starts in October.

Professor Herkomer's portrait of the Archdruid Hwfa Mon in his robes of office, which was exhibited in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, has just been placed in Mr. Herkomer's private exhibition at Lululaund, Bushey, Herts.

Dan Protheroe, Mus. Bac., professor of music at the Wisconsin University, Milwaukee, has been added to the list of musical adjudicators. Mr. Protheroe, who hails from South Wales, was one of the Welsh-American visitors to the Festinlog National Eisteddfod of 1898.

The Rev. Thomas Stephens, B. A., of Wellingborough, son of the well known Welsh preacher, "Stephens Brychcoed," is about to take a new and bold step in publishing Welsh theology in the form of sixpenny booklets on separate subjects. The pamphlets are to be written by a number of authors "who look at things from a modern point of view and make theology in Wales more Christian and less Jewish." The series is to be called "Cyfres yr Ugeinfed Ganrif," and the authors are to be drawn from all denominations.

Bethrothal ceremonies in Russia take place a week and a day before the wedding ceremony, and during these days the bride is obliged by custom to weep and wail and be comforted by her girl friends.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

An interesting love letter has just been discovered in the British Museum, graven in cuneiform characters on a small tablet, and is a proposal of marriage from a Pharaoh for one of the daughters of the king of Babylon. The curious document is dated 1530 years before Christ.

Chimneys are very fickle. You can build one all right in theory, but when it comes down to practice that is another matter. Build two chimneys side by side in precisely the same manner. Employ the best skilled labor, and construct them exactly on the same principles. One may draw all right, while the other smokes like a pipe.

A mystery with which every sailor is familiar is the formation of dust at sea. Those who are familiar with sailing ships know that, no matter how carefully the decks may be washed down in the morning and how little work of any kind may be done during the day, nevertheless, if the decks are swept at nightfall, an enormous quantity of dust will be collected.

Beecher and Ingersoll were always great friends. Beecher had a celestial globe in his study, a present from some manufacturer. On it was an excellent representation of the constellations and stars which compose them. Ingersoll was delighted with the globe. He examined it closely and turned it around and around. "It's just what I wanted," he said; "who made it?" "Who made it?" repeated Beecher; "who made this

globe? Oh, nobody, colonel, it just happened!"

While in Ireland at one time, Senator Depew in company with several English gentlemen, was driving along the highway. As they neared an old farmhouse the senator saw a little Irish boy vigorously whipping his donkey.

"Don't hit your brother, little fellow," cried Chauncey.

"All right, father," came the response and the senator admitted that it was one on him.

"The Michigan Lyre," apparently a strikingly appropriate name, by the way—declares that a Kansas printer in making up his forms one day in a hurry, got a marriage and a grocer's notice mixed so they read as follows: "John Smith and Ida Quay were united in the bonds of holy sauerkraut, which will be sold by the quart or barrel. Mr. Smith is an esteemed codfish at 10 cents, while the bride has nice pig's feet to display."

Perhaps it is not generally known that Mohammedans never use printed Korans, because in doubt as to the ingredients entered into the composition of the printing ink. They are afraid of being defiled by taking into their hands a copy of the sacred book that may have been produced with the ink in which pig's fat instead of linseed oil has formed one of the component parts. They therefore confine themselves to reading handwritten reproductions of

the prophet's work, which are naturally very expensive.

"The Michigan Advocate" advises the preachers of its denomination (Methodists) not to insist too strongly that the ladies of their congregations remove their hats. "One may get into trouble," it says, "by dictating in a matter wherein he is quite ignorant. The style of hat, the season, the weather, the amount of hair, its arrangement or disarrangement, are all factors. Be deferential and be careful."

United States Commissioner William A. Jones makes the interesting statement that "a full-blooded Indian lunatic never lived." After inspecting the site recently purchased by the government for an Indian Insane Asylum in the Indian Territory, he says, "The occupants of the hospital which will soon be opened will all be mixed breeds. Probably there never was a case of insanity in any tribe until the malady was introduced by mixing with the whites."

LATIN IN PHILADELPHIA.

A couple of old soldiers, who for years have taken a great interest in Grand Army affairs, recently walked the length of the Avenue of Fame on Broad Street, and viewed with great interest the progress of the work. When they came to the inscription on one of the main columns, which is in Latin, the two had an animated discussion over its meaning. Finally they appealed to an Irishman who was standing near. Slowly he looked the inscription over, squinting with one eye and then with the other. "D-u-l-c-e-e-t D-e-c-o-r-u-m-e-s-t P-r-o P-a-t-r-i-a M-o-r-i," he read. "Shure I don't know dhem firsht wur-ruds," he said, "but I think dhe lasht two mane a frind of mine who kapes a saloon downtown. His right name do be Patrick Moore."

AN IRISHMAN'S PRAYER.

When the British ships under Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the Revenge, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in a British sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid.

"Afraid!" answered the honest Tar. "No; I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

TOLD BY A CLERGYMAN.

A clergyman of good standing sends the "London Church Times" these curious statements: Early in this century the Rev. W. Goodacre, vicar of Sutton-in-Ashfield, married a couple whose united ages were under 30. He afterward christened her daughter, buried her husband, married her again, and christened her grand-daughter before she was 30. Conducting a marriage at Skegby, of which place he was also vicar, the woman was a regular attendant at Sunday School, and in reply to the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" etc., replied, "Yes, verily, by God's help, so I will, and I heartily thank our Heavenly Father who hath brought me into this state of salvation."

INGERSOLL'S HARD-MONEY ARGUMENT.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll's political oratory was at times brilliantly daring. Speaking at a Republican rally in Ohio during the threatening days of the greenback party, he led up to this climax. The people will be satisfied

with nothing less than the full assurance of value, he said. "They want money like this," he declared, dramatically holding aloft a government note, which says on its face, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth!'" The audacity of this declaration from a professed atheist carried Ingersoll's audience into a wild outburst of cheering. There was the whole argument packed in the concluding phrase. Few men in Ingersoll's repute would have presumed upon his method.

—o:o—

HARD ON THE DEVIL.

Evangelist Barker, of Saltmead, Cardiff, is great on anecdotal addresses, but sometimes the moral goes astray. Recently he told a story of a man who had been drinking from a curious old cup which had an angel at the bottom. He said he always drained the cup, so that he could see the angel. But his wife procured him another cup, in which the devil was represented, instead of an angel. He drained that, though, all the same. Remonstrated with, he replied that he drank it all so that there should not be a drop left for the devil! "And that," continued the evangelist, earnestly, "is what I would have you do—not leave a drop for the devil!" Evangelist Barker saw his error before the sentence was complete; but, alas! the mischief had been done, and the wrong idea inculcated!

—o:o—

THE BLESSING OF ONE NEWSPAPER.

As to the newspaper, it is obvious that in the country you appreciate it much more when you have to wait for it and when it comes at unexpected moments. I never properly enjoyed a newspaper till I settled in the country. The reason is that in town you have too many journals, and get perfectly nauseated with them. You cannot walk down a

street without some bawling urchin thrusting the "latest edition" under your nose. Here, on the other hand, we have only one or, at most, two papers each day, and we read and digest them thoroughly, with a satisfaction to which you, with your scrambling, scrappy method of perusal, are entire strangers. —Cornhill Magazine.

—o:o—

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

No more beautiful tribute was ever paid to a human being than that to Sir Bartle Frere by his wife. Once, upon going to the railway station to meet her husband, she took with her a servant who had never seen him.

"You must go and look for Sir Bartle," she ordered.

"But," answered the nonplussed servant, "how shall I know him?"

"Oh," said Lady Frere, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody."

The description was sufficient for the quick-witted man. He went and found Sir Bartle Frere helping an old lady out of a railway carriage, and knew him at once by the description.—Selected.

—o:o—

A GIRL'S IDEA OF BOYS.

At an examination in a certain school for girls an essay on "Boys" was ordered written, and this was one of the compositions:

"The boy is not an animal, and yet he can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his mouth like a frog's, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke to, and they answer respectable, and tell just how it was. A boy thinks he is clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When a boy grows up he's called a husband, and stays out nights, but the grew up girl is a widow and keeps house."

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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JOHN'S WIFE'S BROTHER.

A Thanksgiving Story.

By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones, D. D.

CHAPTER I.

Neighbors at Variance.

In a farming portion of Connecticut, known in that town as "The Flats," there lived forty years ago, two families which, as the term is used, were well-to-do. Their respective farms were models of culture and productiveness. The residences were fine, the out-houses commodious, the carriages of the most modern style, and the horses among the most valuable in the town. These families lived within half a mile of each other, and their land joined. The owners were David Brainard and Richard Brown. Unfortunately, these two men were very much alike in their mental temperament. We say unfortunately, because their disposition was of an unfavorable cast. They were proud, jealous and retaliating; especially so toward each other. This antagonism had existed for many years, and was gathering strength by age. It began with a line fence, over which they went to

law, and ever since they were known as decided foes. Brainard had a wife and one daughter. Katie was mild and lovely, just entering her eighteenth year. Brown had a wife and five children. Emma, the oldest, was married and lived some six miles away. John also had married in his twenty-third year, and was employed as a bookkeeper in New York. Fred was in his twenty-first year, a diligent worker on the farm. There were also at home Mary and Alice, the first eighteen, and the other sixteen. To the credit of these wives and children it may be said that they were much more sensible in their behavior than were the husbands and fathers. We may as well say here that Fred Brown and Katie Brainard were often seen together, that they cherished for each other feelings which simple friendship could not explain, and that, finally at a favorable opportunity the young man revealed to the maiden the real sentiment of his heart.

"Fred," said the young lady, "I thank you for your love, and in return you have mine. It is as full and pure as your own. But in view of the feelings of our two fathers we must look for strong opposition."

"Katie, I have looked that matter straight in the face," said Fred, "I am ready to hear joyfully all the opposition from my own father, and I would most gladly if I could, bear your share of trouble."

"I will cheerfully bear my own, dear Fred," was her reply. "Let us hope that some good providence will bring about a happy change in these two angry men."

The pure-hearted twain were there and then betrothed, and they sought their respective homes.

Before long, Brown saw unmistakable evidences of his son's partiality for Katie Brainard, and one day Fred was summoned into the parental presence.

"Well sir," said the father, "I am compelled to believe that you pay special attention to the daughter of my inveterate enemy. What have you to say for yourself?"

"It is even so, father," said Fred. "We are exceedingly fond of each other, and in this I think we show much better sense than our fathers do."

"Your language is shameful, sir!" responded the father. "I am not here to argue. I command you to pay no more attention to Dave Brainard's girl."

"I cannot obey your command,"

said Fred. "We are engaged. I am fully prepared to take the consequences. I have been a hard worker on this farm for years, and in a few days I shall be of age. If in consequence of my disobedience to your command in this matter you wish me to leave just say the word, and I shall be in the employ of some other man before sundown."

The father saw that his son was terribly in earnest, and was much astonished to see that quiet boy so aroused. He well knew that Fred's services were indispensable, and yet, how could he bear to have his command disregarded? He came to the conclusion that he would try and retain the boy and some of his dignity at the same time.

"It is of no use to stay here any longer," he said in a much altered tone. "No, I don't wish you to leave. What put that in your head? You may harness the horses and go to the mill after feed." Thus terminated the interview, and Fred was ahead.

Let us now go to the Brainard mansion and witness an interview of the same nature but of a much milder type. This one daughter and only child had much influence over her father. She was the pride of his eye and the great treasure of his heart.

"Katie," said he, "are you not aware that in accepting the attention of Fred Brown you are showing your father great disrespect?"

"My dear papa, I would not do

ing for the world!" said
Has Fred Brown ever in-
eated you in an unbecom-
er?"

Katie," was the answer,
well know that his father
my."

said the daughter; "but
very sorry that his father
so. Does not that make
be papa??"

I think it does," said the
wly. "But are you sure of
?"

tly sure!" said the daugh-
mphasis.

said the father, "in view
rcumstances, I think you
r drop this thing."

na, I dont think that you
an that!" said the girl with
her eye. "Is there a finer
e promising young man in
egion of country? Have
ing against him personal-
ere a single blot upon his
racter? Is he not splendid
nd features? And we have
o each other our undying
ow can my good papa that
dearly in view of all this
nly Katie to 'drop the

we can't!" said the father,
way a tear. "I am not
punish two pure hearts for
ers of old Dick Brown."

nd rushed into her father's
gave him half a dozen
very short time.

CHAPTER II.

The Rebellion and a Revival.

Lincoln had been made President, and the Rebellion was already a terrible reality. The loyal North was in a blaze of patriotic excitement. Drums beat, cannon roared, and banners waved in the breezes. Regiments were formed, and volunteers by the thousands rallied under the flappings of the Stars and Stripes. Fred Brown felt that he could willingly die in so grand a conflict. The conviction in regard to his duty in this emergency came upon him so heavily that he could find no peace. At last, alone with his God, he fell on his knees, and consecrated himself to the service of his country. In words that burned he told the family what he had determined, and hoped that they would consent. The approbation was given amid copious tears. The parting was bitter both at home and at Brainard's.

"Brave Fred!" cried Katie through her tears. "Go with my prayers and blessing. I believe we shall meet again on The Flats, but if not, Fred, I am yours forever." The lovers parted.

Fred became a member of a regiment organized and completed in a distant city, and within a few weeks of his departure from home he was on the field. He was ever faithful in his correspondence. In all his letters he declared that it was his firm purpose to remain in the army until the Rebellion would be crushed,

and peace fully restored. He believed that it would be of no benefit for him to come home on a leave of absence; told them to wait patiently, and at the end of the war he would come to stay.

The two farmers continued in their antagonism until the fall of the year 1863. In the church near by there was a very deep religious feeling. A noted revivalist was just commencing his labors there, and his ministry was "quick and powerful." Among the first to embrace religion at that meeting was Katie Brainard. Under the training of a quiet Christian mother she had been religiously inclined from her childhood. Through their importunity they prevailed in persuading the husband and father to go with them one evening to the church. The minister preached on the forgiving spirit of Christ as contrasted with the vindictive temper manifested in so many. The sermon produced a most wonderful effect. Brainard saw himself as in a mirror, and to him the sight was dreadful. Under a deep feeling he bowed in prayer, made a humble public confession, and asked the forgiveness of all those he had misused. No one present doubted his sincerity.

The next day he hastened to the home of his neighbor, and made his humble penitent statement:

"Brown, for years I have treated you shamefully. Last night the Lord by his servant showed me the depth of my wicked heart; I fell on my knees to ask forgiveness, and now I ask your pardon also. Brown

give me your hand." And he reached out his own.

"Not to-day," said Brown. "This is rather sudden. I'll think the matter over."

"Yes, do," said Brainard; and may the Lord lead you into the right way, I am glad that I have done my duty. I would rejoice to see you at the meeting. Good morning, Brown, and may God bless you!"

After Brainard left, Brown could hardly believe that it was a reality. Already he felt condemned in view of the manner he had treated his neighbor. The more he thought of the matter, the worse he felt. He remained in a state of mental misery during that night and the following day. In the evening he found his way to the sanctuary. The evangelist seemed to be inspired, and closed his discourse by inviting all who were weary and heavy laden to come forward. A large number came, and among them was seen the trembling form of Richard Brown. After a season of prayer, the seekers were requested to speak, and he was the first one to rise.

"My friends," said Brown, "I have lived a godless life. I have set a bad example before my children. I have often been unkind and revengeful. Neighbor Brainard and myself have been enemies for years. Yesterday, like a Christian he came to my house, with tears in his eyes and woe in his heart, and begged my pardon, just as if the fault was all on one side. He reached out his hand, and I wickedly refused to take it. I have

been in perfect misery ever since. I view myself as a guilty sinner before God. I have been conceited and self-righteous. I have treated Brainard spitefully for twenty years. Before this congregation I ask his forgiveness, and if that hand is offered to me once more, O how quickly I shall grasp it!"

Here the tall form of David Brainard was seen marching down the aisle, and in a few moments two friendly hands were gladly joined, and all hardness buried deep at the foot of the cross.

The meetings were a grand success. Brainard and Brown with their families became active members in the same church, and were noted for their harmony and unity in every church measure.

* * * * *

The spring of 1865 arrived, and although the Rebellion was drawing near to its inglorious end, the battles were sanguinary and closely contested. Among these was the memorable conflict near Five Forks. The carnage was fearful among both officers and men. The first account of it appeared without many particulars. Later came a partial list of the slain, and among those was found the name of Fred Brown! This news was crushing, and bitter tears flowed over the sad fate of one so dearly loved. In a few days a letter came from his Colonel to this effect:

"Mr. Brown, Dear Sir: Already you have heard the sorrowful news of the death of your son at Five

Forks. Fred Brown was one of the bravest of the brave. By the desperate force of the enemy's charge our ranks were scattered, and our regiment for a time was broken. Your son throughout the day was in the thickest of the fight. The burial of our dead on the second day was attended to after dark by the light of lanterns, and without much order, so there is no hope of securing his remains. Your son was a true Christian and a thorough soldier. Your obedient servant, Charles D—."

This news from the seat of war overwhelmed the Brown family in sorrow, and not less was the grief of one at least at the residence of David Brainard. In solitude Katie poured out her feelings before her Heavenly Father. But a wise providence has so ordered that time will assuage the keen pangs of bereavement, and heal in a measure the crushed and wounded spirit. It was so here, and gradually a calm resignation took the place of excessive grief.

Richard Brown, notwithstanding the crookedness of his former temper, had been fond of his children, and on Thanksgiving of each year had given them a most cordial welcome.

"Well my dear," said the husband, "we have abundant reason for thanksgiving this year also, although sadly afflicted."

"Yes, and let us on that day at least try to be cheerful on account of our children," said Mrs. Brown.

"Wisely said," was the reply. "I

have thought it would be well to invite our pastor."

"I am glad you have thought of it," said the wife; "what say you to my asking Katie?"

"There is no one that I would rather welcome," said Mr. Brown; "She is one of the Lord's bright jewels."

Just then, Mary came in and said, "Papa, here is a letter from John." It was soon opened and read aloud:

New York, November —, 1865.

"Dear Folks at Home: Of course we are coming! We would not miss it for a big pile. To us it is the grandest day in all the year. How I love that dear old mansion! Little Freddie is talking about it continually. By the way, you have often heard Jennie speak of her brother at the South. He has been with us a few days, and a grand good fellow he is. Although for years among the rebels, he is Union to the back-bone. We cannot miss our Thanksgiving, and of course Jennie will not leave her brother, and so she has concluded to bring him along. I cannot tell exactly at what time we shall arrive. You need not meet us at the depot; we can easily find conveyance. I think we shall be in time for the service. Love to all, from

John and John's Wife."

"The dear boy!" said his mother, "I am glad that he is recovering his old cheerfulness. Yes, Jennie often spoke of her brother in Virginia, and we shall be right glad to see him."

CHAPTER III.

Thanksgiving at the Brown Mansion

The Thursday in November, 1865, at last arrived, when a saved nation poured forth its grateful offering at the shrine of the king of kings. On The Flats, the service at the church was to be at eleven, and at the Brown mansion there were high expectations for the appearance of the New Yorkers. They came, and were received with joyous welcome. John's wife as usual was in high spirits while her countenance beamed with intelligence; and her brother proved at once that he could be highly agreeable. He was tall, straight, and from his appearance might be forty. He wore a full beard, sprinkled with gray.

"Blessed old home!" cried John in perfect delight. "Thou art more dear to me than any spot in the wide, wide world!" and he gave his mother and sisters a second edition of his very demonstrative kisses. "We have passed through deep affliction," he continued, while tears filled his eyes, "but on this day we will be cheerful, and thank God for restored peace, and a thousand other blessings."

At the church the congregation was very large, and the sermon by Rev. Mr. Powell was a fine production and exceedingly appropriate. The termination of the war and the preserved Union were dwelt upon in sentences, touching and sublime. John's wife's brother was deeply interested, and even affected. The

services closed, and the people after indulging in hearty greetings departed to their various happy homes.

In harmony with a previous management, Rev. Mr. Powell and his wife, with Katie Brainard, went home with the Brown family, and a goodly number was seated in the large parlor.

Soon the conversation became general and animated. The parents thought that they had never seen John's wife so happy. She was brilliant and witty beyond herself; and yet, at times, a certain moisture in her eyes showed that she was not indifferent to the deep sorrow that rested on the family.

"Brother," said John, "you don't wonder—do you?—at the flow of spirit Jennie and myself show on this occasion. It is not every New Yorker from the country that can return on Thanksgiving to a home like this."

"I don't wonder at all," said the gentleman from the South. "If ever I should become settled in life, I would like to find a quiet rest on a farm in this part of the country."

"And I would advise you to hurry up," said John. "You are getting old, and your chances are not improving."

"John Brown, my brother, is not old," said Jennie with some spirit. "He is younger than he looks. If it were not for that horrid gray beard he would pass for a young man, and some New England young lady would fall in love with him."

"If I thought there was any hope

for me in that line," said the brother, "I would get rid of my beard at once. That would be but a very short job."

"Upon my word, mother," said Jennie with her eyes sparkling, "I believe this brother of mine has been deceiving us with a false beard! I will see sir about that matter!" She ran up to him, sat on his lap, and with one motion of the hand removed the massive beard, and there sat before them in more than his former beauty Fred Brown, whom they had long mourned as dead!

The scene now beggared description; compared with the reality, all language must be tame. There was one united spontaneous cry of perfect joy, with a rush toward him of father, mother and sisters, who for a time overwhelmed him with their warm embraces. It was a scene of blissful confusion. They were intoxicated with delight. Katie wept out her joy, leaning on the bosom of Mrs. Powell. Of course John and his wife who had planned the whole were not moved in the same manner as the rest. But Jennie was perfectly delighted, and in a rich warbling voice she sang:

"And we'll all feel gay
When Johnnie comes marching home."

"Well," said John when comparative silence had been restored, "perhaps this company would be glad to know how my wife's brother happens to be here, creating such an uproar at our Thanksgiving, after his death and burial at Five Forks. Will he please explain?"

"I can assure you upon the most positive evidence that I was neither killed nor buried," said Fred. "It is not strange, however, that my name appeared among the slain, for on the afternoon of the second day until sunset I was in the thickest of the fight. The last charge of the enemy was terrific, beyond anything I had witnessed. In some way which I cannot explain instead of having retreated with our men, I found myself in a fighting attitude in the midst of the rebels. It is a wonder that I was not instantly shot, or pierced by half a dozen bayonets. A Confederate soldier close by said in a kind voice:

"Better drop that musket, or you will be a dead Yank in less than ten seconds.'

I realized the situation, threw down my gun, was made a prisoner, and as far as I know the only prisoner from our regiment. Our officers, confident that no prisoners had been taken, and not finding me among the wounded, concluded that I was among the slain who had been buried after dark.

With others I was conveyed to a prison in the far South, where we remained for months without the least facility for correspondence. At last, the Rebellion was crushed, and after a tedious journey we found ourselves at the military headquarters in Petersburg, Va. I reported myself as well as I could, and learned that my name was among the slain. The officers gave me papers, and a free conveyance to Washington. Here I was informed that my regi-

ment had been mustered out some two weeks before. My statements were found to be correct. The pay-rolls were examined, and I received my back pay for eight months. I might have sent word home, but I felt a strong desire to surprise you in person. I went to New York. John and Jennie were almost crazy with delight, and you see they have not got over it yet. For this bit of deception you must hold these New Yorkers responsible. Jennie insists, and that correctly, that I am her brother from the South. I am highly proud of such a sister. Is not this a grand day to come home on?"

"Our cup is full and running over!" said the happy father. "The Lord has given us beauty for ashes, and joy for mourning."

"We have met together on many a joyous occasion," said the pastor, "but this is the happiest day of my life."

Dinner was announced. Fred took the happy and blushing Katie to the table, and all were seated. Rev. Mr. Powell asked a blessing suited to the occasion, and a merrier company was never seen at a Thanksgiving dinner.

It soon became known in the neighborhood that the gentleman seen at church, and said to be John's wife's brother, was Fred Brown in disguise. The news ran like wild fire. Early in the afternoon by special invitation David Brainard and his wife had the pleasure of grasping the hand of the returned soldier. In the evening the house was grandly

illuminated, and the band from the neighboring village, accompanied by hundreds, assembled in front of the mansion and made the air vocal with shouts and melody.

On the following Christmas morning at the residence of the bride, Fred Brown and Katie Brainard were united in holy matrimony. Amid the good wishes of a hundred guests the happy pair left for Baltimore, where the bride had near relatives. On their return, at the earnest request of Mr. and Mrs. Brain-

ard, Fred remained with them, and in time became the sole manager of the large farm. He is yet in the vigor of noble manhood, surrounded by a charming wife with sons and daughters. The mother throughout the years when her children were yet young took much pleasure in telling them the story of that wonderful Thanksgiving day, when at their grandpa Brown, the company was thrown into raptures by the return from the South of John's wife's brother.



A UNIQUE OCCUPATION.

By Clara E. Rewey.

In the novel "Quo Vadis," which has been read so much, and praised so much, and criticised so much, during the past two years, at Nero's Roman rose-petaled banquet, Calvia Crispinila remarks that she dreamed the night before that she was a vestal virgin, which was considered a great joke and a great laugh followed. Now I fancy not all the readers of "Quo Vadis" are familiar with the duties of vestal virgins. Numa Pompilius, the Sabine Roman king, who built the temple of Vesta, instituted the order at Rome. In the temple of Vesta a perpetual fire was kept, as was the custom in some of the other ancient temples. The Vestal virgins were the keepers of

these fires, the two first were named Gegania and Verenia. Numa afterwards increased the order to four. The Romans worshipped these fires as a part of their religion, seeing in them a type of all activity, and an emblem of the zeal of the eternal.

It was evidently considered a difficult matter to build and maintain a fire in those days, for a virgin received instruction for ten years before she was considered proficient in the art. She applied her duties for ten years more, and then gave instruction to others for ten years. She was obliged to swear a vow of virginity to last through these thirty years.

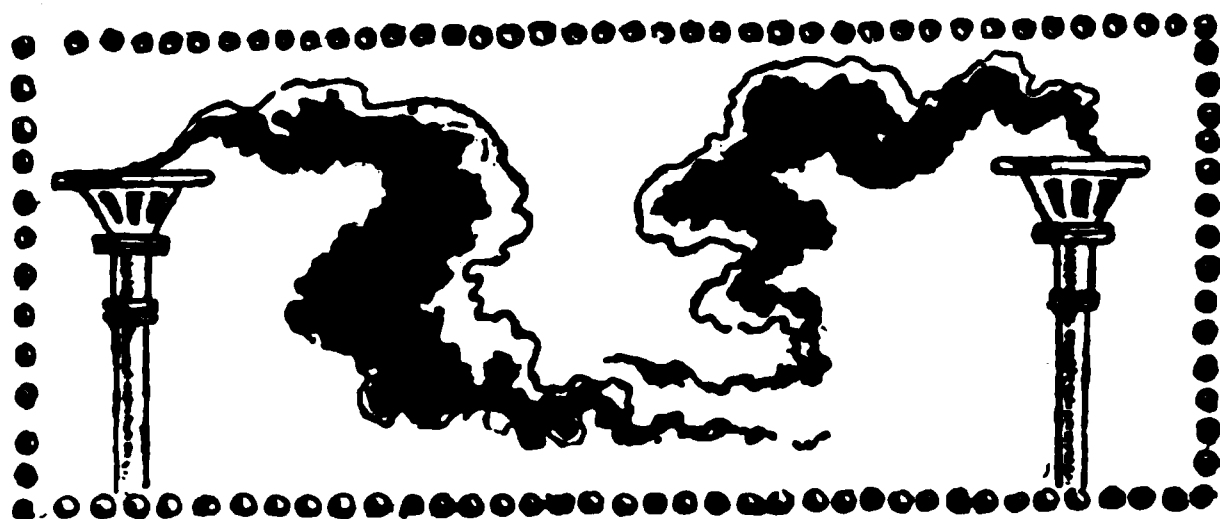
When Rome was sacked by the

Gauls under Dictator Camillus, these virgins fled from Rome, bearing their precious fire with them. A Roman citizen also fleeing with his wife and children and some chattels in a cart, overtaking some of the virgins, immediately deposited his family and effects by the roadside, and placed the virgins and their fire in his cart. What became of the wife and children, history does not relate, but the virgins were driven to a place of safety.

These fires were never allowed to go out, but if one accidentally went out, it was kindled by means of revolving an isosceles triangulated mirror in the sun's rays. For this thirty years devotion to the church, the virgins were accorded certain privileges, they could make a will in their father's lifetime, and had free administration of their affairs; and if a criminal met one on his way to execution he was pardoned at once. On the other hand if a virgin

committed a minor offence, she was sometimes scourged, nude in the dark, by a high priest; and if she broke her vow the punishment was death, and death most horrible, and was buried alive near the gate Coltina.

So although the duties were seemingly not arduous, it was a service not lightly to be entered into, for if a prince of the kingdom offered his hand in marriage to one of them, she could not accept it, until the expiration of her thirty years vow. At the end of the thirty years, the virgins were allowed to marry, or follow any occupation they choose. But very few of them cared to leave the temple service, and those who did, it is said were very unhappy. The greater part of them became so charmed with a life of purity and holiness that they continued in the service until the end of their earthly careers.



AN OLD WELSH POEM.

(With English Translation.)

YMADAW MABAN.

O gollwng fi, dyneraf fam,
 Mae gorchudd angeu ar fy ngrudd;
 Na foed i'th galon bur ddinam
 O achos hyn ymdeimlo'n brudd;
 Fel cragen wan wyf ar y traeth,
 A ddygir gan lifeiriol li,
 O flaen y gwynt y don a ddaeth,
 Mae'n suo, clyw, O gollwng fi.

O gollwng fi. Pererin wyf,
 A ddaeth i weled byd o wae;
 Wrth wenu arno rhoes i'm glwyf,
 A chwerwi fy nysgleidiau mae;
 Er gwaetha'r byd, gobenydd gaf,
 Esmwythach na dy ddwyfron di;
 Mi wela'n awr yn mynwes Naf
 Ystafell glyd. O gollwng fi.

O gollwng fi. Mae lleni'r nos
 A'r holl gysgodau'n gado'r llawr;
 Canfyddaf dros y bryniau dlos
 Wawr dirion tragwyddoldeb mawr;
 Pinaclau heirdd Caersalem sydd
 Yn dod i'm golwg yn ddiri',
 Caf f' enaid fyn'd o'i rwymau'n rhydd,
 Fe ddaeth yr awr. O gollwng fi.

O gollwng fi. Mae teulu'r Nef
 Yn dysgwyl wrthyf ddod i'r wyl;
 Fy mainc a drefnwyd ganddo ef,
 Mae tanau'r delyn oll mewn hwyl;
 Mae'r bwrdd yn llawn danteithion per,
 Y gwestwyr mewn addurnol fri,
 A'r lampau fel dysglaerwych ser
 Yn harddu'r llys. O gollwng fi.

O gollwng fi. Mae cerbyd gwych
 O'r nefgedd wedi dod i'm hol,
 Dy dagrau gloewon ymaith sych,
 Na wyla fynyd ar fy ol;
 Cei dithau'n fuan rodio'r glyn,
 A chroesi gorwyllt rym y lli',
 Cawn fod yn nghyd ar Seion fryn,
 Bydd falch hyd hyn. O gollwng fi.

INFANT'S ADIEU.

O, mother dear, let me depart.
 Death paints my cheek a faded bloom;
 Let not thy fond and faultless heart,
 From this sad cause, be cast in gloom;
 A tiny shell on a troubled shore,
 Now am I swept by the raving flow;
 I greet thee ebb and dying roar;
 It murmurs. List. O let me go.

Let me depart. A pilgrim frail,
 I came to sip of the world's woe,
 And while I smile, my pains prevail,
 My nature is embittered so;
 Despite the world a pillowed fold,
 Softer than is thy breast I'll know
 In my maker's bosom I behold
 A safe retreat. O let me go.

Let me depart. Veils of the night
 And phantom shadows from earth flee;
 Over the hills, I view the bright
 And genial dawn, eternity;
 Grand pinnacles of Salem walls
 Gleam on my sight in boundless glow;
 From my bound spirit the fetter falls.
 The hour is come. O let me go.

Let me depart. Supernal kin
 Prepare the feast awaiting me;
 My couch is beautified by Him,
 My harp shall breathe new harmony;
 The boards with luscious dainties spread.
 The guests such honored grandeur show.
 The lamps, that soft bright star light shed,
 Adorn the place. O let me go.

Let me depart. A chariot bold,
 From heaven hastes to welcome me;
 Thy fears allay, thy tears withhold
 And weep no more but tears of glee;
 Thou too shalt soon glide through the glen,
 And cross the billows there that flow.
 On Zion's brow we'll tarry then,
 Mother, farewell. O let me go.

New Cambria, Mo.

—E. L. WILLIAMS.

MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

In recent notes, the so-called "adjudications" of the choral contests at the late Cardiff Eisteddfod were referred to. Whatever of pleasantry Sir Frederick Bridge may have indulged in, as spokesman, some of his remarks, as reported in a London musical monthly, ought to cause the musicians of Wales to pause and ponder, if "pause and ponder" will do any good. I quote few sentences from said report: "Sir Frederick Bridge, on delivering the adjudication (upon the chief choral contest) did not flatter the choirs overmuch.

* * * The finale should have been worked up more. That, however, was not done by all the choirs they had heard in the competition—in fact, some of them put in something that ought not to be there—a *rallentando*. Mendelssohn's Psalm was not so well rendered as it ought to have been. * * * The *andante* was turned into a *largo*. It should have been rendered as written by the composer. He felt sure that the conductors of the choirs that came before them that day never heard the piece sung by a large choir conducted properly. All this reflects severely upon the Welsh conductors, does it not? There is no excuse for misunderstanding simple musical terms, after so much Eisteddfodic competitions,

and so much adjudications from so many knighted gods. Again, in "adjudicating" the male voice choir section, Sir Frederick made the following remarks: "Coming to the *moderato* movement (in Hiles' 'Hushed in Death') it was not meant to be aggressive, as it was sung by nearly every one of the parties. When they got to the fugue 'unborn millions,' the tempos were in some cases tremendous, instead of taking the time mentioned." One choir, out of six, it seems, "sung absolutely to time."

In regard to the singing of Dr. Joseph Parry's "Jesus of Nazareth," Sir Frederick said that "it was a remarkable test. First there was a chorus of angels in which were some difficult semitones. There was E sharp in the last bar, which was sung by some choirs E natural. Maybe the reason was that there was a very awkward note in the bass, pulling it down." Dr. Parry ought to "pull out" that "pulling down" "awkward note in the bass," and send it out among the Boers. Sir Frederick continues: "Next there was a chorus of shepherds which should be sung without any alteration of time. It should not be separated from the chorus of angels, but in some cases it was sung staccato, and appeared like a chorus of brigands come to

steal the shepherd's sheep. Then the next chorus was sung in too light and tripping a manner, and a very disagreeable accent given on the third beat of every bar, and the adjudicators took special notice of it. * * * One of the choirs sang that chorus 'Hark, with footsteps now approaching,' marked 'piano' quite forte when the tenors came in, and they howled it out, and the whole dramatic effect was consequently spoilt. All this was said really out of the least motives, and in criticizing their performance he wanted to make it useful to them. He was glad to hear such evidence of devotional singing, and he hoped it would lead to good results."

The readers of these notes will pardon so much quotation. It can be readily seen that much better, and surely more instructive criticisms, have been given time and again by Emlyn Evans, Dr. Parry, David Jenkins, Edward Broome, David Davis, Dr. D. J. J. Mason, Parson Price, Daniel Protheroe, and others. To cure the many ills referred to in the foregoing quotations, the true panacea is choral organizations, musical instruction, intelligent and interpretive conductorship, all based on the love of art, and less love of competition.

Signor Alberto Randegger is the subject of the leading article of the last "Musical Times" of London, accompanied by a fine portrait of the famous maestro. An interesting item is the one about the gold watch presented to him in 1882, by his pu-

pils, whose names are therein inscribed, among them Mary Davies, Jessie Jones, Emilie Lloyd, Lucas Williams and James Sauvage. Signor Randegger will be one of the adjudicators at the coming Liverpool Eisteddfod.

"How Music Developed" is a delightful volume just published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York, the author being the eminent critic, W. J. Henderson. The growth of modern music is its main subject, and because of the author's broadness of mind, poetic temperament, and comprehensive knowledge of what he writes upon, the book is a valuable contribution to American musical literature.

The curious and instructive experiments of Mrs. Watts Hughes in voice figures, cuts of which appeared lately in a number of Werner's Magazine, are referred to in a very complimentary manner in the "Musician" in a critical article from the pen of C. M. M. The writer writes well enough to use his proper name, rather than some initials, as author.

It is intended to have a large number of Welsh singers to render classic choruses, chorals and Welsh melodies at the coming National Export Exposition of Philadelphia. Mr. James F. Jones, one of the leading Welsh citizens, has negotiated considerably in the matter. Let much success crown the scheme.

Verdi, the "Grand old man" of music, has just being signally honored by King Humbert of Italy, by the bestowal upon him of the "Grand

Cordon Order Anunciata." This is can now claim to be "Cousin to the
the highest distinction from the King," and the greatest of all kings
king, and the illustrious composer is Verdi.



OUR ADMIRAL.

By J. Courier Morris.

With mighty stroke the world awoke
To mankind's song of right;
Columbia's son for Freedom won
A battle fought with might.
With magic wand his stern command
Restrained the Spaniard's rage:
Oppression wanes! Great splendor reigns
O'er Dewey's naval wage.

With master stroke calm Justice woke,
To Cuba's plaint of wrong;
With hearts of oak our Yankee folk
Subdued the hellish throng;
Flowers of wars our Yankee tars,
And terrors of the sea;
With brawn and brain they rule the main,
'These Sons of Liberty.

With final stroke the War-God spoke—
Now comes the new-born tale;
It was no dream this bloody stream
We saw in Orient gale:
In gleeful voice our "Stars" rejoice—
The "Stripes" dance in mid-air;
The "Blue and Gold" in foreground bold
Shine forth in gorgeous glare.

Forevermore in naval lore,
First man among the grand;
Thy deed wrought fame to cherished name
And glory to thy land;
All hail to thee, King of the Sea,
And Prince of yonder bays;
Thy deed so bold will ne'er grow old
Where Freedom's sceptre sways.

LLANDUDNO AND ITS SURROUNDINGS, NORTH WALES.

On entering the town of Llandudno let us quote from an interesting description of a ride from Llangollen to Llandudno, written some years ago:—"Llandudno itself is one of the finest seaside towns in Wales. The bay is flanked by the Little and Great Orme's Head on either side; and excursionists cannot fail to notice the great similarity, in a geological and structural point of view, between these headlands and the Eglwyseg Rocks. They were formed in the same distant era, and under precisely the same circumstances, and upheaved at the same time. But a subsequent upheaval of Llangollen district has raised our Eglwyseg Rocks to a higher altitude, and driven away from their base the sea waves which of yore loved to play around them, much as they now play around the base of the Great Orme's Head.

The town may be said to reach from sea to sea, and if the water is too rough for you in the Llandudno Bay, you have only to march away to that of Conway, and the odds are you will find it smooth—and vice versa. If you are fond of donkeys, you have your choice here (but for that matter, so you have elsewhere and inland), and you need not be imposed upon in your rides; for be your desire a horse, an ass, or a carriage, there is a fixed tariff of charges. Indeed, everything is done

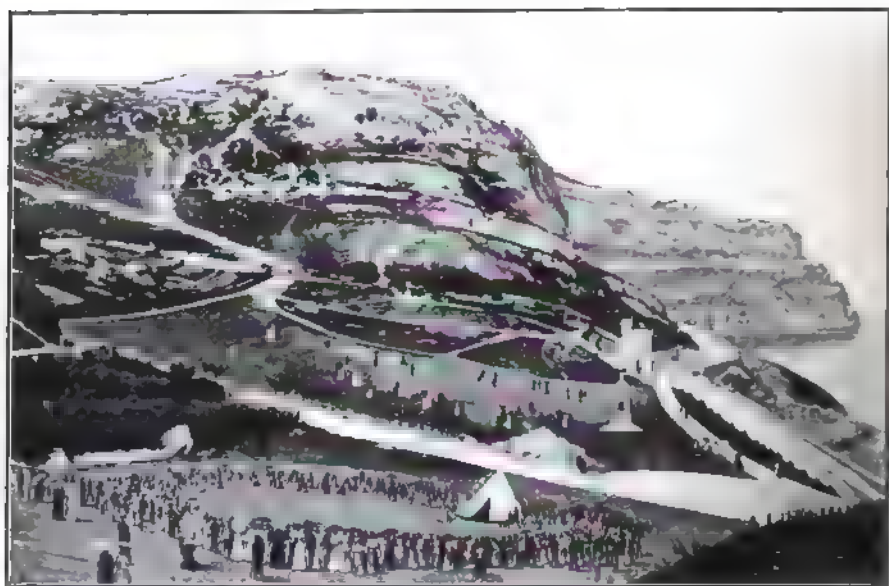
by rule at Llandudno—building, boating, bathing, as well as equestrianising, being reduced to a system.

On the left of the entrance to the bay stands the Little Orme's Head, and on the right the Great Orme's Head. These noble rocks, with their steep, rugged, and whitened fronts, form the foreground of the picture, which is filled up by the clear green water, the boats at anchor in the bay, the splendid marine terraces which adorn the shore, and the range of lofty mountains at a distance, amidst which towers the majestic Penmaen-mawr, Tal-y-fan, and Carnedd Llewelyn.

Amongst modern attractions there is, of course, a promenade pier; and it has swimming baths underneath. The pier is so long, that when you have walked to the end and back the distance accomplished is about half a mile. This is not only a pleasant lounge, but is almost a necessity, if Llandudno is to do any traffic on the waters. At the old pier steamers could only come up at high tide, and at other times small boats had to be sent out to them—weather permitting; and as weather did not always permit, parties out for a day trip to Liverpool sometimes found, on getting within sight of Llandudno, that they must be out for the night as well, as far as Llandudno was concerned, and go on to Ban-

gor. The new pier forms a wonderful attraction on summer evenings after dusk, for on it the fine band performs, and always to large audiences, and the music loses none of its attractions coming over the water to the ears of those on shore. On pleasant summer days, too, nothing can be more delightful than to sit at

Another attraction is the "Happy Valley," on the side of the Great Orme's Head, a little way beyond the pier. On summer evenings, when the sun's rays are subdued, the scene here is indeed a merry one, and it has been aptly described as a "Vanity Fair." It would be none the less attractive, we think, for the



Happy Valley, Llandudno.

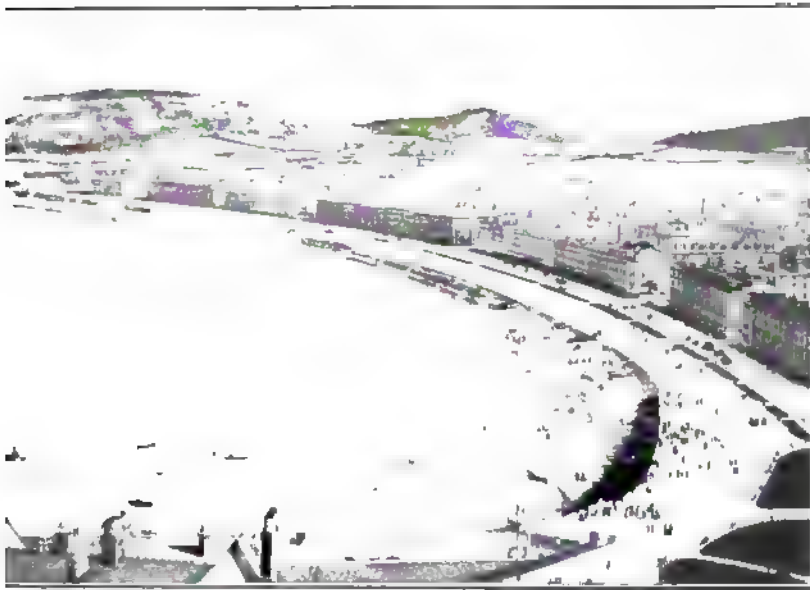
the end of the pier, facing the town, with the sea about you, and the great mountains rising in front. The most prominent summit is Foel Fras, and more to the left, looking just beyond the tower of one of the hotels, is Penllithrig-y-Wrach, a mountain near Capel Curig, which is often mistaken by strangers for Moel Siabod. Penllithrig, with its abrupt eastern shoulder, is a prominent landmark from this district.

shelter of a few trees. This want of shade is the great and only drawback to Llandudno in summer. An attempt has been made to grow trees on the parade, but no painstaking care has been bestowed on them after planting. A winter-garden is as yet a thing of the future, but, if we may believe the universal testimony of those who ought to know, there is an even temperature about Llandudno that will eventually make it a

the winter resort, and a place where a winter garden will be indispensable.

The beauties of the Great Orme's Head cannot all be revealed in a single journey. If you want a fine view there is the old telegraph station; you will see high up above you at St. Tudno's church. Here

as, which means "head of the city," it is still called; and there may be found what was once a most perfect "Rocking Stone" (*Maen Sigi*), called also *Cryd Tudno*, Tudno's Cradle. If you sit on it now, it rocks. To reach Pen-y-Ddinas, turn up the road in the Happy Valley, pass the quarries, and then ascend to the left.



Llandudno Bay.

you can get refreshments for the day as well as pure air and glorious scenery. From the highest point of the Head, close by, the view is extensive of coast and mountain, and, in short, from almost all points of the Orme you see a vast panorama, bounded seawards by the Irish Sea and the mountains of the English Lake district. Then, just overlooking the town, there is the old site of a "city," Pen-y-Ddin-

The Rocking Stone is at the corner nearest Conway Bay. From here Moel Siabod may be seen, through an opening in the hills to the left of the bold height Penllithrig-y-Wrach. Another object of curiosity is the view of Snowdon from the Great Orme's Head. If you start along the drive by the Conway shore, a green path running up the hill near Gogarth ruins leads to the spot marked on the maps as the place

from which Snowdon can be seen. From the road that runs above St. Tudno's the same place is reached by following the wall to the left, until a small cairn is seen, and here, whether you discover Y Wyddfa or not—and there are sceptics on that

point—the prospect cannot fail to delight you. To the right of Penmaenmawr, looking over Aber, the Rivals are visible, and the highest of the nearer mountains to the left is Carnedd Llewelyn.



RHYS LLEWELLYN.

(A Welsh Romance.)

By J. Mills Davies, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Percy, look at that tall, handsome young man who just passed us, and the stately old lady leaning on his arm." "I have seen them a number of times during the past week, and they seem devoted to each other. I wonder who they are?"

After a casual glance at the couple described by his sister, Viscount Rossmore replied, "Well! well! sister, have you come to Aberystwyth to fall in love with a Welsh rustic, after successfully withstanding the impassioned assaults of several splendid representatives of England's nobility?"

"A truce to your levity, brother mine, and answer my question," blushing responded his sister. "Aha! Cupid has commenced operations in earnest, I see, so I must e'en satisfy the curiosity of my love smitten sister. "To tell you the truth, Edith, I do not know who they are, but I have also become peculiarly interested in that couple

since I first saw them walking on the Terrace a few days ago, and had determined before you spoke to learn more about them."

At the time this story opens, in the summer of 186— Viscount and Lady Edith Rossmore, son and daughter of Earl Rossmore, were visiting Aberystwyth, the well known seaside resort on the Welsh coast. They had been induced to spend the summer months in this vicinity principally on account of its invigorating climate and historic associations, and incidentally because their father had important interests in the Dylife lead mining district, not far distant from Aberystwyth, which he desired his son to investigate. They had been for several weeks guests of the Queen's Hotel (which faces the ocean and commands a superb view of Cardigan Bay), when the above conversation occurred, and were delighted with the climate, bathing, boating and many scenes of romantic

beauty characteristic of this popular resort and surroundings.

"Oh! Percy," said Lady Rossmore, the next morning, as she glanced toward the sea, which was exceptionally calm, "take me out in a sail boat, will you? There is surely no danger, for there is scarcely a ripple on the surface of the water, and I would enjoy it so much."

"All right, sister," replied Viscount Rossmore, "w'e'll go immediately after breakfast, but bring plenty of wraps, for a squall is liable to come up at any time."

Under the guidance of a skillful boatman they sailed around the bay all the morning, stopping an hour at Borth, another charming seaside resort eight miles north of Aberystwyth, and crossing the estuary of the beautiful river Dovey, on their way to Aberdovey, a picturesque and delightful little seaport, made famous by the well known Welsh song "Bells of Aberdovey." As they crossed the estuary of the Dovey Viscount Rossmore remarked "Ten miles up this river is the historic town of Machynlleth, which was quite a village and an important camp at the time the Romans occupied Britain 1900 years ago. Owain Glyndwr, the celebrated Welsh chieftain, had his capital and camp there about the year 1400, and his residence is still in good repair. The white-washed stone parliament house is also in good condition, and many other buildings of interest to the antiquarian and lover of romance."

"Percy, dear, where did you learn all this?" said his sister.

He replied, "I met a former resident of Machynlleth at the Queen's hotel, Dr. Edwards, now a college superintendent in Illinois, U. S. A., who is an enthusiastic lover of Wales, and proud of its wonderfully thrilling history." "He has invited me, and you of course, to accompany him to that ancient town with an unpronounceable name. Having studied German considerably, I can manage to get through the 'Machyn' tolerably well, but the 'lleth' staggers me."

"I understand that the only genuine test, whether a person is Welsh or not, is to ask for the pronunciation of the Welsh letter 'll' and that the nearest possible approach to it by a person not a native, or an immediate descendant of one, is 'th.'"

It was after noon when they reached Aberdovey, and Lady Rossmore remarked, "I am as hungry as a bear, Percy, shall we go to a hotel and have dinner?" "Yes, by all means" replied her brother, "for this trip has whetted my appetite immensely."

After a bountiful repast of Dovey river salmon and other refreshments, they visited every point of interest in and around the charming little town, which occupied several hours. On their return to the boat everything was ready for an immediate departure, and the old boatman said with his quaint Welsh accent, "I don't want to frighten you young

folks, but as shure as my name it is John Griffiths, a storm is brewing and, look you, we'll have a hard time getting back."

Ominous clouds already hovered on the horizon, which the experienced old salt knew full well meant danger to the little craft and its occupants. Handing a five pound note to the boatman the Viscount said,

"I cheerfully present you with this an incentive to take us back to Aberystwyth speedily and safely."

"Thank you, my lord," replied Griffiths, "I will do my level best, and by sailing close to shore as we dare we can shorten the distance a good deal." By expert handling the boat made rapid progress, and had reached more than half way to its destination before the storm burst upon them. Thunder and lightning, furious winds and torrents of rain followed each other in quick succession, requiring the utmost care to prevent the boat from capsizing. Griffiths was a cool headed old sailor, however, and by superb skill and unremitting efforts he managed to keep the little craft from being dashed helplessly into the trough of the sea, or overwhelmed by the angry billows. When they sighted Aberystwyth, but still several miles distant, Lady Rossmore cried out joyfully, "Percy, the storm is abating and the worst is over, for I see the pier, and at the rate we are now going we will reach it in a few minutes."

But alas! "the best laid plans o'mice and men gang aft agley"—

for notwithstanding the superb seamanship and herculean efforts of the old boatman, whereby he had brought his patrons almost to their destination, a sudden squall caused by a shifting of the wind caught the boat, and before Griffiths had time to properly adjust the sail the craft was capsized.

* * * * *

Rhys Llewellyn, a stalwart young Welshman visiting Aberystwyth, was walking on the pier watching the expiring efforts of the storm when he discerned some distance out what appeared to be an overturned boat. A careful examination through his pocket telescope disclosed not only an overturned boat but also two men clinging to it, one of whom was supporting a female. Rushing down the steps of the pier and releasing an oar boat from its mooring occupied but a minute or two, and although the storm had not yet ceased, in a few minutes the young man had reached sufficiently near to hail the well nigh exhausted men with the welcome cry "Hold on a minute longer, I am coming to your rescue." The cry was heard, and within five minutes the three victims of the storm, whose identity is doubtless surmised, were safe in Llewellyn's boat, and on their way to the pier.

When the boat had capsized, throwing them into the sea, Griffiths seized Lady Rossmore and held her by the waist with one hand and clutched the edge of the craft with the other. He directed Viscount

Rossmore to cling to the boat also, rather than attempt to swim to the pier in such a heavy sea. Nearly half an hour had elapsed before their providential discovery and rescue by Rhys Llewellyn, to whose prompt and courageous action they doubtless owed their lives, as the Viscount was of frail physique, and not an expert swimmer, and Griffiths was hampered by the unconscious form of Lady Rossmore.

Many willing hands and kind hearts greeted the occupants of the boat on its arrival at the pier, for Llewellyns' brave act had been witnessed by others, and the victims of the storm were speedily conveyed to the hotel and given restoratives. Viscount Rossmore and Griffiths soon revived, but his sister still remained unconscious. A physician was sent for, under whose treatment the lady soon recovered, and was, ere long, none the worse except the effects of fright and exhaustion. The next morning Viscount Rossmore narrated to his sister the particulars of their rescue, and she was surprised to hear that the hero was the young man she had inquired about.

"Oh! I am so glad, Percy, I knew he must be a brave and noble man," exclaimed his sister, "I must see him at once and thank him."

"Keep cool, sister, you must remain quiet to-day, as the doctor says your nerves are all unstrung," replied her brother.

"But, Percy dear, it would do me more good than rest and medicine to see him and thank him for his courageous conduct."

"Oh! sister, Cupid has indeed secured another victim," replied the Viscount.

"Fie, for shame," retorted his sister, her face suffused with tell tale blushes, "it would be ungrateful of me to feel otherwise, as we probably owe our lives to him."

After considerable banter from her brother, and a few more blushes, Lady Rossmore exacted a promise that she should see their rescuer the following day. The next morning she arose early in anticipation of the visit, and arrayed herself in a white muslin costume, and necklace of pearls, that displayed her elegant form and blonde beauty to perfection, and when Rhys Llewellyn was introduced by her brother in the drawing room, the latter mentally exclaimed, "By Jove, here is a perfect match, a dark and handsome Apollo, and a beautiful blonde Venus."

After a few minutes' conversation Viscount Rossmore was compelled to admit that "the Welsh rustic" he referred to in the opening of this story, was at least the equal of himself and sister in intellectual attainments and demeanor, in short—a gentleman. Moreover, he discovered that Cupid's dart had simultaneously reached the hearts of Llewellyn and his beautiful sister, placing them in

and would have gone long ago, but for the duty an only son owes to a loving and widowed mother."

Impulsively seizing his hand, and gazing into his eyes with looks of ineffable tenderness his companion replied, "Surely you have no ties that attract you to America" blushing at the thought that he had read her heart's greatest secret.

"No," answered Rhys, appearing not to understand the import of her words and action, but rejoicing, however, at the involuntary confession of her love, "I have no relatives or intimate friends in that great and growing country, but I have studied geology and mineralogy assiduously from my boyhood, and particularly during the past two years in college."

"These Welsh mountains have furnished practical and valuable aid in my studies, especially the lead formations that abound in the vicinity of Plinlimmon. I feel impelled to go to Colorado, some time, believing that I can achieve a competence if not a fortune in that virgin and promising field for the prospector and miner."

"That reminds me of my father's lead mining interests in Dylife," said Lady Rossmore, "and his request that while here my brother should investigate their value, also the management of the mine. Could you accompany my brother on the trip?"

"I would esteem it a pleasure to be of service to your father and brother in the matter," replied Rhys,

"not in a professional capacity, for I do not deem myself qualified to perform such duties, however, if your brother will accept me a companion when he visits the mines I will gladly accompany him."

On their return to the hotel Viscount Rossmore and Rhys discussed the subject, and the latter was surprised to learn that unfavorable reports regarding the working prospects of the mines had been sent to Earl Rossmore by his manager, with a recommendation to sell the property at much less than its cost.

"I have acquired some knowledge of the mines owned by your father during my mineralogical studies in that district," said Rhys, "and I believe there is some mistake in the manager's report if not absolute misrepresentation."

At the urgent request of Viscount Rossmore Rhys accompanied him on the trip to Dylife, and after three days' thorough investigation of the mines by Rhys (who displayed marvelous knowledge of lead formations, for an amateur as he called himself) the Viscount decided not to employ an expert mineralogist in the matter but to depend wholly upon Rhys Llewellyn's judgment as to the value of the mines. "Lord Rossmore," said Rhys, "your father's property is worth three times the estimate reported by the manager. I have discovered, moreover, that he is interested in a scheme to purchase the mines for other capitalists, and that in order to decrease the

output of ore, the best veins have been abandoned, and only the poorest grade of ore taken out."

Subsequent events substantiated the report of Rhys in every particular, and the manager having been discharged he was offered the position, with absolute authority to operate the mines according to his own judgment. Rhys courteously but firmly declined the liberal offer for several reasons. First, he could not bear the humiliation of being an employe of one so closely related to the woman he hoped in the future to win as his wife, although he had not pressed his suit before she returned home from Aberystwyth; second, his mother had been a sufferer for years from that dread disease, consumption, and soon after her return home from Aberystwyth had been taken seriously ill, and was not likely to live many weeks; therefore he deemed it a sacred duty to remain with her to the last sad parting.

During the autumn months she rallied for a short time, but with the cold blasts of winter came the call of the "grim reaper," and Mrs. Llewellyn was laid to rest a week before Christmas. When Viscount Rossmore was informed of the death of Mrs. Llewellyn it grieved him deeply, for he loved Rhys as a brother, regardless of the difference in their positions, and Rhys reciprocated the affection with all his heart. It is needless to add that Lady Rossmore's sorrow was greater than her brother's, for it was the death of

Rhys's mother, the man she loved with her whole heart and soul, although not a word revealing their love for each other had, as yet, been uttered. Soon after his mother's death, Rhys received a tempting offer to go to Colorado on behalf of several English capitalists, who desired to obtain a reliable report concerning some lead and silver mining properties alleged to be fabulously rich. He was promised a liberal interest in the same if, in case they proved valuable, he would consent to remain there for at least two years to superintend the mines. After considering the matter carefully Rhys decided to accept the offer, and he was elated at the thought that he now had a prospect at least of acquiring sufficient wealth to enable him to ask Earl Rossmore for his daughter's hand in marriage.

Viscount and Lady Rossmore went to Liverpool to bid Rhys goodbye, and see him off on the steamer. The parting between Rhys and Lady Rossmore was sad but tinged with the silver lining that sometimes brightens the darkest cloud, for during the few hours they spend together the words of love and promises of undying affection for each other had been spoken at last, and was not Rhys going to win a fortune that would enable them to be united as husband and wife as they were already united in heart and soul?

* * * * *

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and "In the bright

lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail" proved to be good watchwords, for Rhys Llewellyn did succeed in amassing a fortune far exceeding his most sanguine expectations, within three years from the time he arrived in Colorado, and a reputation as mining engineer, withal, that placed him in the front rank of that profession. The death of Earl Rossmore, however, that occurred two years after Rhys' depar-

ture from England marred the glad welcome home, to some extent. Viscount Rossmore was well and still unmarried, and was the first one to greet him at the landing stage in Liverpool.

Rhys and his beloved bride spent their nooneymoon amid the romantic scenery of the towns and hamlets that cluster around Cardigan Bay—where "the Welsh rustic" was first seen and loved "at first sight."



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

"I hope his heart was as little touched as your own, for being free to marry his visit might result in mischief to more than the king of England."

"Let thy mind be at rest concerning him, for Rhuddlan castle contains no more beauty than he has often seen before, and he will depart stricken as little with female charms as when he came."

The heart's desire sometimes drives the mind to a conviction that is at variance with facts, and it was so in the case of Nest, for the king of Norway at that very moment, being favorably impressed with her charms, and thinking that an alliance with the daughter of so valiant a

king as Gryffydd would be advantageous to him, was meditating as to how he might successfully approach his host on the subject. There was scarcely any doubt in his mind as to the result. He was confident that Gryffydd would be glad to have him for a son-in-law, and that he could win the princess' consent. Many of Norway's fair daughters would have been only too glad to have the chance she was about to have.

With these thoughts uppermost in his mind Magnus not unnaturally assumed a more cheerful aspect, and astounded his followers with an unwonted flow of wit. Two days of engrossing preparations, however, prevented Gryffydd from giving him

the opportunity he so much desired, and his patience, which was as weak as his actions were brisk, was fast giving way to irritation when the Welsh king learning that he desired a private interview, readily granted it to him. Accompanied by only an interpreter, whom Magnus had sworn into absolute secrecy, the two kings retired to Gryffydd's chamber, which was nearly as devoid of ornament as the hall, and seated themselves on large cushions on the rush covered floor near a lattice-window. The reputation of the Norwegian king for being well-spoken was properly sustained both in the way in which he introduced his subject, and in the manner in which he supported his proposal after he had made it known. He alluded to the love with which the princess' comeliness had inspired him, the high honor which he could confer upon her, and the advantages to be derived from such a union as he proposed.

As might be expected, Magnus' proposal took Gryffydd by surprise, nothing being farther from his mind at the time than an alliance between his daughter and the king of Norway. As the royal suitor proceeded in his well-conducted suit, however, surprise gave way to pleasure, and by the time Magnus ceased speaking the Welsh king was greatly in favor of the proposal. He was not ignorant of his daughter's passion for Trahaiarn, nor did he expect that she would willingly consent to marry his royal guest; but since he had every reason to believe that the

prince would never return, and since a proposal of marriage from so great and bold a warrior as Magnus was by no means to be despised, he secretly vowed to do all he could to aid his suit. In his reply to the Norwegian king, however, he thought it wise to manifest less pleasure than he felt, and to inform him that he might not find the princess as responsive to his suit as he would wish, owing to the pre-occupied state of her affections. Then finding Magnus still anxious to press his suit he promised to arrange a meeting between him and Nest in the queen's hall in the near future, and the interview was brought to a close.

Meanwhile Nest, perfectly unconscious of what was transpiring in the king's chamber, sat in her room gazing out of the window with a far-away look in her eyes, while her maid sat busily knitting at her feet. The room was perfectly still, and with the exception of an occasional glance at her mistress the maid seemed as abstracted as the princess, who unconsciously toyed with a locket made sacred by the lock of black hair which it contained. At length, however, both were aroused from their abstraction by a knock at the door, and Nest glancing at the long tunic of pure white linen which graced her shapely figure to see if it was in proper order lifted her eyes in time to see the queen enter.

"You are certainly most fortunate, daughter," said Aldyth in a flutter of excitement, "for his majesty the king of Norway desires to make your

closer acquaintance. Nay, frown not, for you dare not ill-treat your father's royal guest without forfeiting your right to paternal favor forever."

"Why should he seek to converse with me," asked Nest petulantly, while an apprehensive look appeared on Enid's face. "I care not to see him, why should he care to see me?"

"Do not disgrace your father's court by your waywardness," said the queen, growing pale with displeasure. "Go, and I will remain here till your return."

Fearing to displease her father more than desiring to please her mother the princess now reluctantly left the room and entered the queen's apartment with beating heart and trembling limbs, realizing that it was one thing to hear stories about Norse kings, and quite another thing to have to entertain one. As yet it had not entered her mind that Magnus expected more than to be merely entertained.

As she entered the room Magnus received her in a manner in which a degree of lover's embarrassment mingled with kingly dignity, and when both were seated the king proceeded to say through his interpreter,

"However surprising and unexpected this visit may be to you, noble princess, it is to me a matter of unusual interest. He that has seen the sun wishes to see it again, and he that has seen the beauty and inhaled the fragrance of a rare flower is anxious to do so again. I flatter

myself with the hope that the lovely daughter of the royal Gryffydd has not wholly forgotten my former visit to this room, though it gave me far more pleasure than I could hope to give in return, so much pleasure indeed that I have looked forward with no little delight to the privilege of a second visit."

"The royal Magnus chooses to be very complimentary in his speech," said Nest, struggling with a lump in her throat, and with an apprehension that was fast becoming a conviction that the king's visit purposed to be a serious matter.

"Royalty must ever pay homage to beauty," continued the king, "and beauty is never more charming than when wedded to royalty. Sweet lady I love you, and want you to be mine. It has pleased the saints to make me the royal head both of Norway and Denmark. Hundreds of thousands obey my call, and my victories are not few. Vast possessions, countless treasures, and costly jewels are mine. I lack but your beauty and love to make my happiness complete and my court without a rival."

"Surely all this is a mistake," said Nest, much bewildered, and keeping the tears back with difficulty. "I am not in a position to listen to such words, even from the king of Norway. Has no one informed you—has not my father told you that I am already betrothed to another?"

"Your father, fair princess, has told me all," was the reply, "and I have both his sanction to my proposal, and his promise that you shall

be my bride. A beauty such as yours is ill-bestowed upon the dead, and your love needs other than the dust to feed upon. There is not a maiden in the whole of my dominion who would refuse the honor I deign to offer you. Then be my queen, sweet Nest."

"And you would have my father force me to marry you?" said the princess with extreme agitation and flashing eyes. "You would upbraid me for being loyal to the man whom dead or alive I love. Honor indeed! is it an honor to wear a crown without jewels! Much less to force marriage where mutual love is impossible."

"Everything is honorable in love and war," said Magnus with the air of a man who will have his own way at all costs. "Willing or unwilling thou shalt be mine."

"Never!" cried the princess springing to her feet. "If you are a king your dominion extends not to Cambria, least of all over my person. Do your worst I shall never be the wife of such a man as you."

"Thy father, proud maid, is of a different mind, and so am I," was the haughty and self-assuring reply.

Nest made no response, but sailed from the room with the air of an offended queen, leaving Magnus in a state of irritation mingled with admiration. Upon reaching her own room, however, her manner changed, and covering her flushed face with

her hands she threw herself on the divan in a flood of tears.

The queen having heard much of the conversation through the unlatched door, and being indignant at what she considered unbearable stubbornness and weakness in the princess made no effort to console her, but went immediately to her own apartment, slamming the door between the two apartments by way of emphasis to her displeasure. Enid, however, shedding sympathetic tears in spite of herself sought as usual to soothe the highly taxed nerves of her mistress. As yet she knew nothing of what had been said in the queen's hall, but the violent emotions of the princess confirmed certain apprehensions she had entertained, and she thought what a terrible thing it would be to have to marry even a king against one's will. Nest's mind also ran in the same channel, for she presently cried wringing her hands.

"Oh, why have I lived to see this day? Why am I not with my betrothed if indeed he be dead? Why should I be expected to become the wife of a man who, though a king, can never be to me what even the memory of poor Trahaiarn is? Ah, I shall never see another such as he."

Little by little the maid learned the gist of the conversation between the princess and the Norwegian king, but at first she could offer no suggestion satisfactory either to herself or her mistress.

(To be continued.)



FIELD OF LETTERS

"THE AT-ONE-MENT between God and Man," cloth 60c.; paper 25c., 500 pages. Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, Allegheny, Pa., and all booksellers.

Pastor Russell is widely known as a writer on theological subjects, and this book is the fifth of a series called the "Millennial Dawn." His other books on various Christian subjects have had a world-wide sale, and the publishers are equally confident of the success of this volume on the At-one-ment. Apart from the direct discussion of the subject of this interesting volume, it also contains a comprehensive view of the theology of the Holy Scriptures. Pastor Russell treats the atonement from a purely Scriptural point of view, consequently he sheds valuable light on the other mysteries of Christian theology. The book contains a wonderful amount of information on things pertaining to Christian thought. It is a system of Christian theology in itself.

"Literary Digest" brings every week such a remarkable feast, and at the same time affords such a wonderful opportunity for studying the world, and knowing what is going on in all the world, in the way of thought and action, that every thoughtful person could have the use of it. It will be of great value in future years for reference, as it is to-day for study.

Two Calvinistic Methodist ministers in South Wales are arranging to publish new English works. The Rev. W. Evans, M. A., Pembroke Dock, will issue a "History of Welsh Theology," and the Rev. H. J. Hughes, Merthyr, a volume

of his own sermons. Both have edited English magazines for the "Corff." The Rev. W. Evans was at one time joint editor with the Rev. Joseph Evans of the "Treasury," and Mr. Hughes, after five years' faithful service, is on the point of handing over the "Monthly Treasury" to the Rev. J. Glyn Davies, Newport.

The contents of the "Drysorfa" for October are as follows: The Rev. James Donne, by the Rev. John Williams, Llangefni; Religious Experience, by the Rev. T. R. Jones, Talsarnau; The late Robert Rowlands, by the Rev. J. J. Roberts, Porthmadoc; Augustine, by the Rev. W. J. Williams, Hirwaun; God's Salvation an Atonement, by the Rev. Thomas Powell, Llantrisant; Monthly Notes; Reviews, Reports, &c., &c.

"The Orphan Maid," Welsh words by Dewi Glan Peryddon, paraphrased by S. R. Jones; music by J. W. Parson Price. Published by D. O. Evans, Youngstown, O. Price 60 cents.

That is the title and complexion of a fine descriptive semi-sacred song, an aria, preceded by an effective recit. Its melodies are numerous and various, but always beautifully united by a theme, "To her mansion of glory from the cold of the night," which is heard in the short introduction. The compass is one octave and a half—from B flat to E flat—with an optional F above, near the close. In the hands of good contraltos or baritones, this song will create an agreeable impression.

The clergymen of the Church of England entertains peculiar views of the

sanctity of the parish. Within the confines of the parish, the Rector or the Vicar is monarch of all he surveys; if he should happen to neglect any of his clerical duties, it is a matter between him and his superior; woe to an outsider, who dares intermeddle. A clergyman has no right to save souls outside his own territory; at least, he can't attempt to do it without especial permission. In the time of the Methodist revival, Howell Harries and Daniel Rowlands received many letters from clergymen prohibiting their coming within their parishes to preach the gospel. The same idea prevails to-day. Among the speakers at the great Protestant meeting held at Cardiff recently, was Canon Fleming; now, Canon Thomson, Vicar of the parish wherein the meeting was held, has sent the Canon a letter demanding his authority for such intrusion. Canon Thompson quotes an unwritten law, honored by clergymen, that one Vicar is not allowed to invade another Vicar's territory. According to this Church, etiquette over-rules the Christian law of preaching the gospel and saving souls. The sooner such an unwritten law is abolished, the better; it is certainly more honored in the breach than in the observance. In his reply Canon Fleming said that the matter he spoke on at Cardiff was not a parochial question but of national import, and that he had felt bound to take part in the discussion. It is the duty of a clergyman to save a soul wherever he is.—“Y Drysorfa.”

‘Cwrs y Byd’ inculcates some excellent lessons, and, especially, expresses some timely thoughts. For instance the following:

“The poor man has been reared under a system of oppression which teaches the lesson that the rich is his master, and this training creates in him the belief that it should be so; and the rich on his part also holds as a matter of

natural consequence that he is born to lord over his poor brethren. It is hard to say which is the greater obstacle in the way of the emancipation and elevation of man.

A correspondent writes also anent the National Eisteddfod, wherein he states that the institution is a kind of trough which carries all the money that is in it to the pockets of a few professional musical and bardic celebrities, and that as an educating means it is a sad failure. He asserts that there is not more patriotism in it than at a football match.”

In the October number of the “Dysgedydd,” we find the following articles, and a miscellany of religious matter: The Recollections of Youth; Reminiscences of the Revival of 1859; The Ritualism and the Sacerdotalism of the Age; The Congregational Union of 1899; Events of the Month; Reports, Obituaries, &c.

It is with sorrow we heard of the deluge which has destroyed the Welsh settlement in the Chuput Valley, Patagonia. It appears that heavy rains had fallen during May, June and July—their winter months there—which with snow had caused some anxiety. Many feared that a flood would happen, and they put up embankments to prevent the inundation. But soon the water rose and broke through July 22, rushing down the valley sweeping everything before it, hardly allowing the settlers time enough to save their lives. July 24 it flooded the town of Gaiman, whence the inhabitants fled into the hills. It was excited times; the people driving their availables and their cattle to places of safety. By the 26th, the valley appeared like a sea, the waters fast nearing the town of Trerawson, whose inhabitants the next day were compelled to flee for their lives. It seems that Trelew is the only place that escaped

the ravages of the waters, it being highly situated and protected by high embankments. A letter dated August 10, states that at night the fires of the homeless inhabitants on the hills remind one of a military camp. This is only a partial description of the destruction caused.—“Dysgedydd.”

The “Cronicle” sharply criticizes the church plans of collecting money by bazaars, etc. It mentions a church which in repairing the edifice incurred debts to the amount of \$800. The ladies decided to have a bazaar. When the excitement was over the minister decided that the expenditure had exceeded the income, taking into account every mishap, and drawback, colds, sickness and obligations as natural results of the undertaking.

Rev. Griffith John, of the Chinese mission at Hunan is confident and brimful of hope as to the conquest of China to Christianity. He quotes even the opinion of the viceroy of Chang Chih Tung, who admits that Buddhism and Taoism are dying, and that they cannot survive long, but must succumb to the religion of Christ and Western civilization. Buddhism is dead and Taoism is paralyzed. Even the viceroy commends that the temples of the effete Gods be converted to public schools to teach the people the lessons of modern civilization; and he suggests that the Emperor find positions and sinecures for the priests that such a revolution would deprive of their living.

The “Cerddor” for October in addition to a miscellany of reviews, notes, etc., contains entertaining sketches of the lives of Nicholas Bennett, Gwilym Gwent and Ben Davies. Nicholas Bennett was known as the compiler and publisher of “Lays of My Land.” For years he had been busy collecting from 700 to 800 Welsh lays, many of them

hardly known to-day. He died August 18 in his 76th year, and was interred at St. Michael's Churchyard, Trefeglwys, Montgomery. The sketch of the life of Ben Davies is pleasant reading. Mr. Davies was born at Pontardawe, and was raised at Cwmbwrla, S. W. Mr. Davies ranks among the best tenors of the age, and in addition to being a singer and an artist, is extremely popular among all classes, from her Majesty to the quarryman and coal digger. Although his success has been phenomenal, and his career wonderful, he has not lost his self-poise, nor has his head been turned a bit. He is the same invariable Ben, a very Dewey in the world of song. He is as pleasant as ever, and as devoid of pretense and nonsense (mor siriol a di-lol) as ever.

“Young Wales” for September is a superior number. “Our Ancient Political Institutions,” by R. Owen, Welshpool, deserves general reading; “Pat and his Four P's,” by Arthur Mee, Cardiff, is an article wherein the writer is showing how unfounded are the prejudice and suspicion existing in the Welsh mind regarding his fellow Celt, the Irishman. “The Peculiarities of the Welsh Nation,” by J. L. Morris, Llanfynach, is from the pen of a man who knows the Cymric characteristics. It gives considerable insight into the Welsh character. “The Daughter of the Mill” is continued, followed by a sketch of “Cenai, a Geological Saint,” by M. Robertson Spencer. The number closes with “Impressions of the Breton Eisteddfod at Vannes,” by Dr. J. Llewelyn Treharne, Cardiff.

Although as a people, strong logicians, fond of dialectics, and eminently amenable to reason, the Welsh are passionately attached to tradition, legend and fable, and a very great proportion of them still give implicit credence to the numerous legends and traditions

connected with King Arthur of the Round Table, Cantre'r Gwaelod, and the Mabinogion, and people are not wanting who coolly trace the children of Gomer right back to the Garden of Eden without turning a hair.

—Nothing shows the fondness of the Welsh for argument and debate more clearly than the occasion of a Sunday School being tested and questioned on a chapter of Scripture, when the periodical "holl pwnc" takes places, and when several individuals will sometimes engage in a most solemn and learned (?) argument on points of no importance, and often to the amusement of the questioning minister.

—In connection with preaching the Welsh people have a most striking peculiarity which belongs to them alone, and distinguishes them from all other nations, namely, that sing-song form of delivery which is termed "Hwyl." This never fails to strike a foreigner with wonder, especially when he has the pleasure of hearing it utilized with the best possible effect by a master, and observes the wonderful influence it has in arousing the feelings and emotions of a Welsh audience.—"Young Wales."

Much emphasis is laid by some writers on the fact that hardly any mention is made of Christianity by pagan authors. If the new religion had had such a wide and deep influence on the thought and literature of the age, how can it be accounted for that a philosopher like Marcus Aurelius discards the subject with one contemptuous remark? In some sense, this contempt of Christianity is inexplicable; but yet, there may be a reason for it. This silence regarding the new religion is not general, for Pliny, Phronto and Celsus published their views plainly enough; but it seems, nevertheless, to be the custom among pagan authors to ignore Christianity by refraining from making any mention of it. Even in the third century, we find

Dion Cassius discussing questions of his time, but he makes no reference to Christians. The same silence is noticeable in the fourth and fifth century when Christianity had destroyed the power of paganism in the Empire. As Dean Merivale says: Paganism made an effort to ignore the presence of Christianity. Among the literary remains of the age of Constantine, there is hardly any trace of a recognition of the Church and of Christian belief. Even the poet Claudian at the end of the century makes no mention of the new religion. —"Yr Haul."

In the past, the idea of going to the sea shore was scarcely known. People were as much used to remaining in the same place as are some of our English neighbors in some country districts. The women folk hardly left their homes during their life time. It is said of an old woman who had climbed a local hill for the first time in her life—"It's wonderful," she said, "how big this world is! But by this time, everyone does a little travelling. The trains, probably, will help to move people around, and thereby extend their life limit. I would like to live to see two things, viz., the people of Wales leaving their ugly homes in the villages and towns and rebuilding the old cottages in healthy and romantic locations. This would, certainly, check the havoc done by those two foes of man—consumption and insanity.

Every one ought to live in the open air as much as possible, among mountains, in the fields, not pent up in a house. To one who has been confined in his study, his office, etc., a holiday among the mountains is a blessing which invigorates his mind and doubles his strength. Among the mountains of Wales there are hundreds of old cottages in ruins—homes wherein many a family of rosy-cheeked boys and girls were raised in the past. Are there not families who would like to rebuild these for sojournment during their holidays in summer? It would be cheaper and pleasanter than overcrowd the watering places.—"Cymru."

SCIENTIFIC

IS THE UNIVERSE INFINITE?

Infinity is a word that has always bothered theologists, philosophers, astronomers, and mathematicians alike. Once they all gloried in speculating about it, but recently the immensity of the idea seems to have fatigued a good many of them, and they are trying to see whether we can not get along without it. Hence the suggestion that the universe may have boundaries beyond which there is but empty space, and even the hint that our three-dimensional space itself may possess curvature in a higher dimension, so that it may be of limited extent. M. A. Muller, who contributes to the "Revue Scientifique" (August 26) an article on "The Infinity of the Stellar World," does not go into these speculations, which belong to the shadowy domain between mathematics and metaphysics; but he presents some interesting consideration relating to the stellar universe. He lays stress on the fact that the matter concentrated in suns and planets may be only a fraction of that which we are accustomed to regard as "empty" interstellar space. The sun, if expanded so as to fill the limits within the farthest star whose distance we can accurately measure, would become infinitely less dense than the vacuum in a Crookes tube. Hence space, which seems from our observations to be "empty," may possibly contain matter having more gravitational power than the whole solar system. There is no reason why this tenuous matter, which may be matter in its primordial form, and may also be identical with the luminiferous ether, should be supposed limited in extent simply because matter in its concentrated form, as planets and suns, is so limited. A still more vast conception of infinity arises from the analogy between worlds and atoms

—between a system of planets and a system of atoms forming a compound molecule. How do we know that our solar system is not a single molecule of some higher world? How do we know, on the other hand, that the chemist's molecule is not a world by itself, of an infinitely smaller order?—"Literary Digest."

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DID MAN ONCE POSSESS A THIRD EYE?

This query heads the following statement in a recent number of a well known daily paper:

Deep researches as to the structure of the human body have recently furnished some startling facts regarding changes which man is at present undergoing physically.

It is believed that man was formerly endowed with more teeth than he possesses now. Abundant evidence exists that, ages and ages ago, human teeth were used as weapons of defense. Unintentionally, traces of such use are often revealed by a sneer. The teeth are sometimes bared, doglike ready, as it were, for action.

The practice of eating our food cooked and the disuse of teeth as weapons are said to be responsible for the degeneration that is going on. The wisdom teeth, in fact, are disappearing. Human jaws, found in reputed Palaeolithic deposits, have wisdom teeth with crowns as large as, if not larger than, the remaining molars.

In ancient times a short-sighted soldier or hunter was almost an impossibility; to-day a whole nation is afflicted with defective vision. It is almost certain that man once possessed a third eye, by means of which he was enabled to see above his head. The human eyes formerly regarded the world from the

ides of the head. They are even gradually shifting to a more forward position.

the dim past the ear flap was of service in ascertaining the direction of sounds, and operated largely in play of the features. But the bones of the ear have fallen into disrepair for the fear of surprise by enemies no longer exists.

Now, our sense of smell is markedly inferior to that of savages. That it is decreasing is evidenced by observation of the olfactory organ. But the nose still indicates a tendency to become more prominent.

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LITHIUM MINERALS AND THEIR UTILIZATION.

Probably it is not generally known to manufacturing chemists in the United States that this country has vast reserves in lithium mineral which have not been exploited. Lithium is classed as one of the rare elements, and is extremely rare in its metallic form, but its compounds are not rare in occurrence or commerce. We do not know what

usefulness might be if their supply were large and cheap, but at present the use of lithian salts, especially carbonate, is chiefly in the preparation of lithia water, which is used exclusively for medicinal purposes in such cases as rheumatism, due largely to excess of uric acid in the system. There are some natural lithia waters, but a good deal of what is sold as such is artificial. The consumption of lithia carbonate for this purpose in the United States is variously estimated at 40,000 to 200,000 pounds per annum, all of which is obtained from Germany. The average value of the salt at New York in 1898 was \$4.22 per pound. Consequently, it is evident that there is good business in sight for some one who will undertake its manufacture in this country, although it should not be

expected that the price would keep up if the supply were increased largely.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

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At the Pasteur Institute in Paris, 1465 persons were treated in 1898, and all but three were cured. For the thirteen years from the foundation of the Institute to the end of the year 1898, 13,181 persons were treated in Paris, and out of this number only 99 died.

According to "The Engineer," an American firm is turning out a large quantity of paper tiles for roofing purposes. They are said to be hard and tough, and the glazing somewhat resembles Japanese lacquer. They are said to be cheap, and can be made in any color or shape to suit the purpose.

The London poor suffer terribly from overcrowding. According to "The Sanitary Record," 15,150 persons lived in 4057 tenements with one room in the parish of St. Mary's, Newington; 40,184 persons in 7,670 two-roomed tenements; and 13,742 persons in 1,752 three-roomed tenements.

The tides are now utilized for generating power at Pont l'Abbe, Finisterre, France, during fourteen hours a day. At flood tide the water flows through the canal two and one-half miles inland into a pond in the rear of the power house, and returns to the sea at ebb tide. The total fall is 7½ feet, and 80 horse power is generated by turbines.

The lighting of the Paris Exposition will call for 20,000 horse power. At the Paris Exposition of 1853, the motive power was only 350 horse power; in 1867, 626 horse power; in 1878, 2,500 horse power; in 1889, 5,500 horse power; in 1900 it is thought that 45,000 horse power may possibly be needed, but about one-half that will probably answer.

Young chickens are able to find their own food—knowing its position

and how distant it is—as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of objects. Several birds—apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground—can see quite well directly they come out of the shell but the young of birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.—Chambers' Journal.

“Dr. T. D. Crothers is of the opinion,” says “Modern Medicine,” “that many cases of inebriety are produced by dietetic errors, bad habits of eating, etc., the deranged digestion finding its relief in alcohol, and this in turn aggravating the conditions, and producing the drink habit. Many cases originate in dietetic delusions; in some of these a systemic starvation exists, due to the peculiar notions held in regard to food. The treatment of this form of inebriety consists essentially in the elimination of toxins and proper nutrition.”

Dr. E. W. Scripture described before the American Association for the Advancement of Science the method of producing anaesthesia by the direct application of an electrical current without the application of drugs. An alternating current with equal positive and negative phases was made to traverse the nerve. At a proper frequency of about 5,000 complete periods in a second it can be made to cut off all sensory communication by this nerve. Needles can be run into the part of the body supplied by this nerve without any pain being felt.

God's system is not that of compulsory health to man—to the filthy just as much as to the clean, to the ignorant and the coward as much as to the enlightened and brave; but He gives this great blessing on conditions. As long as men and women observe nature's laws of health, all will go well with them. But if they do not strive to learn

those laws; or, if knowing them, they wilfully disobey them, they must suffer the consequences. If farmers will carelessly poison their wells with the worst kind of filth, if men will besot their brains with alcohol, if women will lead sedentary lives in close, unwholesome atmospheres, their lungs deprived of half their natural capacity by fashionable constriction of the waist, can they expect either nature or a just God to overlook such abuse of the laws of health?—“The New World.”

Why are tears salt? Literally, our tears are distilled from the very springs of our inmost vitality, for they are separated by marvelous machinery and chemistry from the arterial blood freshly circulated from the heart; and as this contains about six or seven parts in one thousand of saline constituents, so tears contain one-third per cent of chloride of sodium, besides a very small proportion of other salts, ninety-eight per cent being water. The office of this alkaline fluid is to clear, clean and moisten the cornea, which, having no blood vessels, would, of course, wither and dry up without this moisture, and we should become blind.—“Scientific American.”

An Irish lord has found it necessary to invoke the aid of the divining rod in order to obtain a water supply for his property. A Dublin professor has been investigating the phenomena connected with the rod, and has arrived at a conclusion which is favorable to divination. He believes that hidden water exerts an influence over the muscles of the person holding the rod, and the involuntary twitching gives the signal. There is so much water in Ireland, however, that there is nothing remarkable in discovering water in almost any part of the country. Divining rod frauds are rampant in the United States, and evidently they are not less frequent in Great Britain.

WELSH NEWS & NOTES

re Labori of Dreyfus fame, has
tives in Haverfordwest in the
of the Fitzgerald family in
n.

be of interest to our readers to
at a big supply of the "Welsh"
sold comes from Stoke New-
This is as good as obtaining
northern butter from Holland.

Itlanders are the "Hwntws" of
avaal. It should be added, how-
t the "Hwntws" are not aliens,
ves, the name being a North
corruption of Gwentwys, or, in a
form, Wentwys, the people of

say there is only enough coal
thondda Valley to last about
rs. This means that someone
e to suffer by-and-bye. For
Ivin has just been telling us
earth can last some 100,000,000
re. How will they do without
coal strikes?

oteworthy that of the fourteen
who constitute the officers and
f the newly-formed London
Chamber of Trade no fewer
n, including the president and
, are Welshmen who have built
businesses in the Metropolis.

Welsh Congregational Union will,
annual meetings next year at
c, take a new departure. Fol-
we presidential address, instead
al paper and discussion on a
al subject, which has hitherto

always been the practice, there will be a
general celebration of the Lord's Supper.

A correspondent writes:—"I note that
the Welsh Catholic Prayer Book just
issued has 'Sagrafen' for 'Sacrament,'
which is philologically a correct Welsh-
ification, though I do not recollect hav-
ing seen the form in any Welsh work of
Catholic origin dating from the Middle
Ages. As a set off against this bit of
pedantry, 'indulgence' is often rendered
'Indwlgens' in the new Prayer Book.

Referring to the intention attributed
to the Rev. Thomas Stephens, B. A., of
Wellingborough, to publish a series of
Welsh handbooks on Higher Criticism,
a writer in the "Goleuad" points out
how slowly Higher Criticism makes
progress in Wales. "If anyone," he
adds, "is actuated by a deep missionary
zeal, and ready to lose money, here is
an ample field for him. I venture to
assert that not a single book or a single
sermon on this subject has yet paid its
way in Wales."

In his lecture on "Odd People," Dr.
Gurnos Jones used his arm to illustrate
the chronology of the human race. Hold-
ing his left arm straight out, he pointed
to the finger tips and said: "There you
have Jacob." Pointing to the knuckles,
he continued, "There is Abraham."
"Here," he went on, touching his wrist,
"here is Adam, and somewhere back
here," he added, pointing somewhere
near the shoulder, "somewhere back
here is 'Moriën!'"

The Welsh language is reputed to be

remarkably deficient in puns, but the following incident serves to show that Cymric punsters are not an entirely extinct race. At the recent farewell meeting of the Rev. Ben Evans, Lloyd Street, Llanelly, now of Barry, the chairman received the following telegram, and read it to the audience: "Amanford, Gresyn fod Ben yn ymadael; ond nid yw ar ben ar eglwys Lloyd Street. Mae Crist yn Ben yr Eglwys, ac mae efe yn aros.—Glasnant."

Of the writing of books there is no end. A Welsh grammar for less advanced students than those who have been able to benefit by Professor Anwyl's scholarly twin volumes is shortly to be published by Mr. Southall, of Newport. The author is Mr. Samuel J. Evans, headmaster of the County School at Llangefni, who is notable in this connection as being the only M. A. of London University who has so far qualified for that degree in Celtic literature.

There are in Anglesey ten schools with less than 50 scholars, twenty with less than 100, and only eight with over 150. Statistics show that the attendance in the Anglesey schools is about the worst in the country, but there is one small school in the island which has a better average attendance than the schools of Scotland, which head the list. That school is Brynsiencyn, which gave to Anglesey its present member of Parliament, and one of the most popular preachers, namely, the Rev. John Williams.

Poets are proverbially sympathetic, and a Welsh bard has sung as follows to the dietary at the Cardiff Starvation Barracks:—

Ar gawl dwr goleua dydd—ac eilwaith
Hi a'n gawl ganolddydd;
A chawl dwr yw'r swccwr sydd
Yn diodi diwedydd.

Yn y Ty'n 'swil ymbilliwr—am ymborth
Mae ambell weddiwr;
Warcheldwaid! mae'r Iachawdwr
Yn coelio dyn y cawl dwr.

This is decidedly the age of iconoclasm—nothing by-and-bye will survive the knocks of the Thor's hammer of the critic. In the forties Thomas Stephen demolished the Madoc theory of the discovery of America by a Welshman. Two years ago Professor Morris Jones reduced the Gorsedd to the level of a clumsy literary fraud of the sixteenth century." Now, again, Mr. Jenkins, of Bedd Gelert, in a capital volume on Snowdonian folklore, has made mince-meat of the Gelert legend, which Spencer made the subject of one of the best ballads in the English language.

Wales has often been censured for its tardiness in putting up monuments to its distinguished sons, but no one seems to have noticed that there is no hesitation in erecting one after death if it can take the practical form of a tombstone. A South Wallian, journeying north from Moat Lane to Llanbrynmair, records with pleasure that the obelisk to "Mynyddog" at the picturesque graveyard by the side of the line near Llanbrynmair is in excellent preservation, and a notable object as one passes by. Many a traveller would be glad of a halt there, but a few seconds are all that can be allowed in the haste to satisfy excursionists.

It is gratifying to learn that the short course in music given during the holidays at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, by Mr. D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., and others, has been attended with considerable success. The course, which terminated on Saturday, was attended by as many as 25 students. The experiment will be repeated next summer, when in all probability the course will be extended. A feature of the breaking-up proceedings on Saturday was the excellent address delivered by Principal Prys, of Trevecca, on the importance of cultivating a taste for high-class music.

The "Cleidheamh," the Celtic League weekly, published in Dublin, protests

against the invitation of the Welsh Gorsedd, and states that the Pan-Celts, who have given it, have no claim to speak as the "men of Ireland." It states that "The Gorsedd is to come to establish 'rules of barddas,' to plant a branch of their institution amongst us. We must strenuously protest against such a thing. We have been fighting against Anglicisation; we should fight as determinedly against unnative institutions unsuited to the conditions and temperament and the needs of the Irish people. We have the Oireachtas. We understand that the Gorsedd is coming in the belief and hope that it may aid the language movement. As a matter of fact, its coming will do harm—its ceremonies and regalia, &c., however impressive in Wales, will injure the Irish language movement, even though the Gaelic League stands aside. The force of the Irish movement comes from the people's seeing in it a national and economic weapon. Once let the movement get a vague, a fantastic, or an antiquarian character and the edge is taken off our sword. We might have a reign of peace—there would be no more thunder from Trinity, and the reproach of being 'narrow' would be lifted from the Gaelic League—but good-bye to the hope of forming a solid base upon which to raise an Irish nation. The rank and file up and down the country would lose faith in a 'golden-age' and 'tenth-century-Irish' movement." It adds that of the six men who signed the invitation of the Gorsedd only three are Irishmen, and only one of the signatories is able to speak or write Irish.

It is a curious circumstance in connection with the appointment of Miss Vivian to be a Maid of Honor to the Queen that there are two sets of Vivian twins, one being the twin daughters of Lady Vivian, and the other the twin daughters of Lady Swansea. The first pair "came out" two years ago, and were greatly admired. The second pair will

not come out till the year after next. In each case the twins have a mother alive, but have lost their father. Lady Swansea's twins are god-daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their father was a cousin of Lord Vivian, who represents the elder branch of the Vivian family.

A South Wales bard writes:—"It is time somebody collected all the stray englynion which are floating about, and never have been reduced to writing. Here is one of them. It was composed in 1872, the subject being the face of the late 'Mynyddog.' The composer and that genius were sleeping together in the same bed at the Black Lion Hotel, New Quay, both having arrived the previous night for the Eisteddfod then held there. Before rising 'Mynyddog' was addressed as follows:

Yn loew deml i Awen—oludog
Mae dy lydan dalcen;
Dy farf sydd fel ffrwd felen,
Neu raiadr aur hyd yr en.

Those who knew 'Mynyddog' will be able to see a glimpse of his countenance in the four-liner."

One North Wales bard at the Cardiff Eisteddfod asserted that the hardest rhyme in Welsh was "as," and that there were no "englynion" ending in it by reason of the paucity of "as" terminations. Welsh genius, however, like John Bull, does not know when it is beaten, and lately a South Wales bard sent the following proof of his ingenuity to his North Wales friend. The "Chinese puzzle" is supposed to be an englyn to the starry firmament:

Asur geinion—ser gwynias—hyd faesydd
Y difesur gwmpas
Daenwyd fel lampau dinas
Rif y gwlith ar fwa glas.

Wales has no occasion to be afraid of any of the other nations, but she must not seek exclusiveness, and must rise above village patriotism, with all its

littleness and fear and its false-ideals. It is what the Welsh people do in the wider life of the world that will elevate the Principality in the eyes of the nations, and not how successfully they keep the small things at home entirely and exclusively in their own possession. The wiser sort of student will, we are sure, see the aim of Professor Hughes in his Inaugural Address at Aberystwyth, when deprecating the narrow spirit that would in any measure limit Wales to the Welsh, or hinder the spread of the English language, so as to prevent its being an efficient instrument in the hands of every man and woman in Wales. Wales has not yet learnt how to take healthy criticism, even from a Welshman like Professor Hughes, and the village patriot resents all adverse comment as insult and as the outcome of implacable hatred. We think that Professor Hughes rendered Wales good service by his lecture, and we hope to turn to other sides of it in future issues. —“Cambrian News.”

“To anyone who recognises that the Welsh are in a lower state of civilization than the Irish and Scotch, and, therefore, have contributed far less to the greatness of the Empire, it will seem obvious that some part, at least, of such inferiority may be ascribed to want of a proper knowledge of English—the Imperial language—among the peasants of Wales.” This is queer doctrine to declare of a people who had a literature when the English were barbarians, who gave them their best schoolmasters, who founded Oxford University, who gave them the idea of a trial by jury, and who even now from the ranks of their peasants supply England’s pulpit with the best preachers. What English peasants, by means of their knowledge of the language, have contributed to the greatness of the Empire? Let Professor Mahaffy be anathema-maranatha. “Morien” and “Gwil-

ym Cowlyd” should hurl all the stones of the Cardiff Gorsedd at his head.

“Unsociable Aberystwyth!” The editor of the “Aberystwyth Observer” takes the inhabitants of that would-be Welsh Metropolis severely to task for their unsociability, and institutes a comparison between Llandrindod and “Aber,” much to the disparagement of the latter. “At Aberystwyth,” he observes, “the visitors have hitherto been obliged to take apartments, and in those apartments they have lived and moved, and had their being, knowing nothing of the other visitors in the adjoining rooms and houses. At Llandrindod it has always been otherwise. The houses there have as an invariable rule a large drawing-room and a large dining-room, and in a few hours a newcomer becomes acquainted with those around him, and next morning, at the wells, he is further introduced to other people, so that in 24 hours he feels quite at home.”

Esgairnant, a Welsh Methodist Chapel situated about seven miles north of Llandilo, and founded principally through the labors of Mr. John Thomas, Cwmsidan, and Mr. Thomas Lewis, author of “Wrth gofio’i ruddfanau’n yr arddi,” is at present undergoing extensive repairs. A strong feeling exists in some parts of the county that the present is the time to place something inside or outside the chapel to commemorate the labors of these two gifted old deacons. A quarter of a mile distant from Esgairnant lies the picturesque village of Talley or Talylychau, far famed for its Cistercian Abbey, the gaunt tower of which after the storms of many centuries stands proudly aloft in silent contemplation of the two beautiful lakes that lie near its walls. It is under the shade of the old abbey, some assert, that the mortal remains of Dafydd ap Gwilym lie buried.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

MR. RICHARD JONES, COLUMBUS,
OHIO.

To live eighty-nine years in a century of such magnificent achievements as the present one is a great privilege. And

He was one of the sturdy sons of Montgomeryshire, and came to Columbus sixty-five years ago, which was then a town of 4,000 people. In October, 1837, he married Miss Nancy Matilda Jones, the daughter of David Jones, Columbus;



Mr. Richard Jones

to live them keeping abreast the times and grasping the opportunities of such a life-time is rare wisdom. This was done in a marked degree by the subject of this sketch, and one of the factors which kept him up with the times was "The Cambrian," of which he was an admiring subscriber from its first issue.

after a little over nine years she died, leaving four children—Mary, wife of Rev. Dr. A. C. Hirst, Chicago; David; Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. James Ohlen, deceased, Julia, wife of Capt. W. Felton, the latter three residing at Columbus. Six years later he married Miss Mary Jones, Utica, N. Y., of whom

was born Emma, also residing at Columbus. This happy union lasted nearly thirty-two years, for Mrs. Jones died May, 1884, and since then he was most tenderly cared for by his daughters. He died July 14th, and was buried on the 17th, aged 89.

He was a highly esteemed member of the Wesley (M. E.) Chapel, in whose welfare he took the keenest interest, and contributed liberally toward all its expenses. In the matter of liberality also he always responded heartily to every appeal for financial support which might come from his fellow countrymen. The Calvinistic Methodist Church remembers with gratitude the aid he extended on various occasions with characteristic readiness and enthusiasm. He was always pronounced in his Welsh pride, and in his admiration of the language and the people. His native temperament made it easy for him to assimilate the American spirit and aggressiveness, and he might well be considered a typical Welsh American; a lover of liberty doing his own thinking, industrious, energetic and thrifty, with just enough speculativeness to make a prosperous man of business. He furnished a striking example of self-reliance and independence, and at the same time of generosity and sympathy for those less fortunate than himself. Both literally and typically he filled the meaning of the epithet "Honest Richard," for he was thoroughly straightforward and transparently honest in all his business, social and moral transactions. That right is might, and that truth must stand were principles which were wrought into the very warp and woof of his character.

From these characteristics, it is not difficult to infer what kind of a "cref-yddwr" Mr. Jones would be. Men of his stamp do not hinder the church by their cant. I would almost say that he was too business-like even in his religion to masquerade piety. His conscience

would not allow him to be dishonest with his Master's spiritual talents any more than with his dollars and cents. True godliness embodies itself in whole-souled manliness, and our age demands not more men but more man, and in order to bless and beautify with more manliness, we must have more real and royal imitators of the man Christ Jesus. Mr. Richard Jones seemed to be such, therefore let his bereaved family cherish his memory so as to exemplify his virtues, intensifying his exemplary character, by living a life even more lofty and Christlike than that of their saintly and sainted father.—John Hammond.

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MRS. BESSIE EVANS STEPHENS.

Death never comes to any home or community without it is accompanied with more or less sadness, but never were there more tears of sympathy shed over any one who has departed this life than over that of the late Mrs. Rev. J. V. Stephens. Although she had been a resident of Radnor, O., but five years, still in that seemingly short space of time this beautiful character had so joined herself to a great host of friends by her many tender chords of love, that nothing but death could ever separate, and even death cannot remove the loving remembrance of Mrs. Stephens, who will always be remembered as one of the grandest and most Christian characters ever in Radnor. Indeed her life was as near perfection as can be found. Christ is our example, but for an example of this life, Mrs. Rev. Stephens was as good an example to follow after as any one could wish for. Kind, gentle and loving in all her duties, and always ready to lend a helping hand in every time of need.

As an aid and helper to a minister, none could be better, as she was always at her post of duty as a minis-

ter's wife, and gave her husband much help and strength as he himself will not know how great until later on in life he has to battle without her assistance.

Mrs. Bessie Evans Stephens was born at Long Creek, Ia., May 13, 1870, and was married to Rev. J. V. Stephens, of Radnor, O., June 19, 1894. She died at



Mrs. Bessie Evans Stephens.

her home in Radnor, O., on Tuesday evening, September 12, 1899, leaving an aged father, two little baby girls, aged two and four, a very devout and loving husband, two sisters and one brother, besides the innumerable number of dear friends, to mourn her very great loss from our midst. In saying that Mr. Stephens has the sympathy of all Radnor would not do justice in expressing the tender sympathy and love of his many Radnor friends.

The funeral was held the following evening at the late residence, at 7:30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Snodgrass, of the Baptist Church, after which Rev.

Stephens left on the 10 o'clock train with the remains for Long Creek, Iowa, accompanied by his two little girls. When the swift railroad train moved off with its burden, Radnor people saw the last of a noble life, the passing of a true Christian, the memory of whose good deeds will always be cherished in their hearts.

The remains reached Long Creek, Sept. 14, and were laid to rest amidst the scenes of her youth and with general expressions of grief and mourning, the Revs. Lloyd Williams and J. T. Morris, Long Creek, and Abram Jones, Williamsburg, officiating.

Not dead, but raised, a sainted life,
Delivered from a fevered strife;
How sweet thy treasured memory
How sweet the hope thee yet to see!

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The following correspondence from Professor E. D. Morris, Columbus, Ohio, speaks for itself:

I have read "The Cambrian" with great interest, and am sure that the publication must be very profitable—especially to the generation of Welshmen born in this country, who are in some danger of forgetting the noble stock from which they sprang.

In reading the accounts of the *Elsteddodau* in this country, and also in Wales, I have noticed two things which seems to me undesirable: first, the introduction of so much music and other matters to the exclusion of the bardic productions which were the main if not the sole feature of the older *Elsteddodau*; and secondly, and especially, the bringing into them of so much in music and literature that is English. I would rather see the Welsh language, Welsh poetry, Welsh music, supreme, if not alone, in their great national institution.

I have an old volume of poems by Goronwy Owen (*Goronwy Ddu o Fon*), and Lewis Morys (*Llewelyn Ddu o Fon*). I

sympathise heartily with the words of Morys in his Initiation Song:

"Cymraeg fyddl ein penillion,
Hen famlaith heb wehillion;
Ni chaffer neb, yn hyn o waith
Yn sisial iaith y Saeson."

Ceirlog's daughter was married on the 23rd of last month to Mr. Percy Cadle, of Cardiff.

There lives at Bangor, N. W., a little boy who was born at Johannesburg, on the very day that Dr. Jameson made his raid into the Transvaal. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Griffith, of the North-Western Hotel. He has been christened Doctor Jim Griffith.

Colonel Ivor Herbert, who is expected to have high command in South Africa, in the Boer war, is the oldest son of Mrs. Herbert, Llanarth, and grandson of the late Lady Llanover. Although he and his brothers are over six feet tall, the aged Lady Llanover always referred to them as "plant bach Llanarth" ("the little boys of Llanarth").

A happy literary idea has been conceived by the Rev. T. M. Evans, M. A., headmaster, St. David's College School, Lampeter. Feeling that the light side of Welsh literature may be developed, he intends next Christmas bringing out a volume of short stories descriptive of Welsh life and characteristics, and written by different authors.

Doctor Davies, the celebrated medico who received Queen Victoria into the world at her birth, was born and bred and spent several years of his life in a little house which is still standing near Llandyffelliog, Kidwelly. One day recently, it was the centre of attraction, for in it, in connection with special services held at a neighboring chapel,

there was a well-laden refreshment board for visitors from a distance.

The Rev. Owen S. Watkins, now of Malta, who has just been appointed Wesleyan Methodist acting chaplain to the forces going out to the Transvaal to be stationed at Natal, is a son of the Rev. Owen Watkins, who recently removed from Llandudno to Cardiff to be the superintendent of the first Wesleyan Methodist circuit in the Welsh Metropolis. Mr. Watkins, senior, was for many years a missionary laboring under the auspices of the Wesleyan Methodist Foreign Missionary Society in the Transvaal, and Mr. Watkins, Jun., was chaplain of the forces in the Battle of Omdurman.

Mr. O. M. Edwards, M. P., is not the only "don" of Lincoln College, Oxford, connected with Wales. Mr. Warde Fowler, one of the senior classical tutors, and appropriately enough the author of interesting works on birds, is the son of the Swansea Stipendiary. Another Fowler who at one time was fellow of Lincoln is the president of Corpus Christi College, who shared with Professor Jowett the distinction of being the stoutest champion of Nonconformists. Dr. Fowler, who is now vice-chancellor of the University, has been tutor to a number of famous Welshmen, including Professor Edwards, Bala, Bishop Edwards, St. Asaph, and the late Bishop Lloyd, Bangor.

Here is an interesting announcement from the Roman "Catholic New Era:"—"The Rev. Augustus Lyne, of Westgate, a brother of 'Father Ignatius,' inherited a large sum of money a little time since, under the will of Mrs. Lyne Stephens. A legacy of £25,000 fell to 'Father' Ignatius, who intends to leave his money to the Benedictines' Anglican imitators of the monk of the west as well as the originals."

Original and Selected Miscellany:

FAMOUS DONKEY NAMES.

"The donkey boys of the Nile deserve a book all to themselves," says Lillian Bell. "Such craft! Such flattery! Such a knowledge of human nature! With unerring sagacity they discover your nationality and give your donkey names famous in your own country. Never will an Englishman find himself astride 'Yankee Doodle' or 'Uncle Sam,' or an American upon 'John Bull.' 'What's the name of my donkey' asked my companion. 'Cleveland,' came the answer like a flash. We were enchanted. 'And what is the name of mine?' I asked. 'McKinley.' Then we shouted. You have no idea how funny it sounded to hear those two familiar names in such strange surroundings. We nearly tumbled off in our delight, and those clever little donkey boys are quick to watch your face and divine your mood."

A STRANGE CONVERSION.

M. O. Waggoner, of Toledo, the atheist, who announced his intention of burning his valuable collection of books attacking Christianity, says his interest in religion was aroused in a peculiar way. He had been stirred by the remarks of an evangelist, and he could not sleep. Getting out of bed, he chose at random a disk of a gramophone with which he had been accustomed to amuse himself. When he started the machine it gave out the air of "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow," which was followed by "Rock of Ages." Mr. Waggoner was so impressed that he soon

after announced his conversion in a church service. He is a lawyer, and is said to rank high in his profession.

THE WORD "ALE."

What would be more English than the word ale? It carries us back to the banquets of our dead ancestors in Wal-halla, and some of its compounds open up vistas into that old England which is fast disappearing, becoming a tale that is told, obsolete itself. Such are alebush, a tavern sign; ale conner, "an officer appointed in every court leet and sworn to look to the assize and goodness of bread, ale and beer." Alecost, the name of a kind of tansy used to flavor the rustic's home brewed, has a good old English look. Yet it bears witness to the mongrel nature of the speech of this mongrel nation, cost being from the Greek *koston*, a savory herb of species unidentified. Alegar is eager or sour ale, used as vinegar.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A NEW LIGHTNING ROD.

The following story comes from a western State: A glib young man called at several farmhouses and offered for sale a new patent lightning rod, claiming it was the greatest invention ever brought to light. It consisted simply of a rod 20 feet in length, with two points. The rod was laid along the apex of the barn and both ends pointed straight up in the air. "But where does the lightning go after it strikes one o' them

points?" asked a farmer. "Why," answered the agent, "it just travels along the rod and gets shot up in the air again from the other point."

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WORK AND LEISURE SHOULD BE MATED.

Work is good. No one seriously doubts this truth. Adam may have doubted it when he first took spade in hand, and Eve when she scoured her first pots and kettles, but in the course of a few thousand years we have learned to know and value this honest, troublesome, faithful and extremely exacting friend. But work is not the only good thing in the world. It is not a fetich to be adorned; neither is it to be judged, like a sum in addition, by its outward and immediate results. The god of labor does not abide exclusively in the rolling mill, the law courts or the cornfield. He has a twin sister whose name is leisure, and in her society he lingers now and then to the lasting gain of both.—Scribner's.

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IS AN AMERICAN.

The commander-in-chief of the Boer army, Gen. Joubert, it may be interesting to know, is an American, having been born in Uniontown, Pa., in 1841. When 14 years of age he left this country and went to Holland. His taste for war was always keen, and when the rebellion broke out he came to this country and served in the navy under Admiral Dupont. Later he was captain of a colored company under Gen. Weitzel. After the war he returned to Holland, and later went to South Africa. When the rule of the English became intolerant to the Dutch at Cape Colony and Cape of Good Hope, and many of them went north to the Transvaal, Gen. Joubert went with them. He commanded the Boers at Majuba Hill, and is now

vice president of the South African republic. He stands next to Com Paul Kruger in the affections of the people.

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THE UMBRELLA CONSCIENCE.

"You may bank on a guilty conscience almost every time when an umbrella is in question," said a New Orleans drummer. "You see this one? Well, it came into my possession quite recently by what they call the 'right of conquest' in a protocol. I was caught out in the rain after lunch and wondering what the deuce I would do when I noticed a chap under an awning trying to raise an umbrella. It was clear he didn't understand the fastening, and as the umbrella itself was not new the circumstantial evidence against him was conclusive.

"So I walked up and said firmly, 'That's my umbrella, sir.' At the same time I took it out of his hand. He wilted at once, stammered something about a mistake and sneaked off, while I walked away proudly, sheltered from a very moist shower. That's what nerve will do. Wonder, by the way, whose it really is."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL.

Here is a thoroughly up-to-date marriage proposal attributed to a young Kansas politician: "My Dear Miss —, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for your hand, and I shall use all fair and honorable means to secure the nomination. I know there are many candidates in the field, and I hesitated long before entering the race, but now I'm in to stay. My views on love and matrimony have often been expressed in your hearing in an emphatic way. If you decide to confer upon me the honor I speak of, please fix a date for a caucus with your mother. I have no objection to her acting as temporary chair-

man, provided it is clearly understood that I am to be chairman of the permanent organization. Should the results of the caucus prove satisfactory, we can soon hold the primaries and select the date and place of convention. I never believed in long campaigns, so if you decide to honor me, I will ask you to make the convention date as early as possible. Devotedly yours, —." The following telegram answered: "Caucus unnecessary; nomination unanimous; come at once and fix the date of ratification."

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ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S APHORISMS.

No one has contributed more to the the aphoristic treasures of his country than Shakespeare. In at least one instance he has supplied a saying upon what, though noticed elsewhere, had never received due notice in English. The saying occurs in "Romeo and Juliet," where we are told that "He jests at scars who never felt a wound." This goes to the very foundation of human sympathy as described by Aristotle, showing that it is only those who have suffered who can really feel for the suffering of others. Our countrymen, as a race, have not been of sufficiently tender mood to trouble themselves over this question enough to make it into a proverb; it was left for gentle Shakespeare to find them a household word on sympathy and its true source.—Macmillan's Magazine.

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SUNDAY ON BOSTON COMMON.

One of the most striking things is the sight which is presented by Boston Common on Sunday afternoon. It is coming to be a grand rendezvous for cranks of all sorts. The Salvation Army hold its meetings here; there are lectures on the faith cure, on the single

tax, on astrology and on Socialism, with all varieties of orators who must speak or die of inward inflation. There is a mixture of hymns, of turgid eloquence, of wild declamation, of argument, which it would puzzle the editor of a prize conundrum column to make head or tail out of; the singing of psalm tunes and the thumping of holy tambourines and the waving of gospel banners, the smoke of vile tobacco and the sound of Strauss waltzes from the band stand. It is wonderfully orderly for such a motley gathering, but souls of the Puritans! what would the godly forefathers say could they but return with earthly eyes to behold the spectacle.—Chicago Tribune.

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A CHINESE IDEA.

"The Chinese beat us to death in labor-saving devices," said an amateur orientalist only recently. "I'm pretty well acquainted with an old laundryman here, and frequently drop into his place to have a chat. The other day I noticed a queer little pad of rice paper sheets put together like a calendar and hung directly above his bunk. Each sheet was inscribed with numerous hieroglyphics, and I asked my host what the thing meant. He replied that it was a prayer book and went on to explain, in pigeon English that he tore off half a leaf every night before going to bed so as to expose a fresh supplication for the ensuing day. Seeing, that I was shocked, he assured me that the prayers were first class in every particular, and were much better than he could compose himself. As nearly as I could gather, there is a sort of prayer trust in Pekin that turns out the lithographed pads at extremely reasonable figures. They are protected by a native copyright, and if any other prayer foundry puts up the same brand, the proprietors are clapped into jail. What d' y' think

of that for a unique monopoly?"—*Boston Herald*.

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A DIFFICULTY.

A somewhat peculiar phase of the language difficulty in Wales has cropped up at the St. Asaph Board of Guardians. Some members of that body, monoglot Englishmen, have taken umbrage at the fact that Welsh-speaking members have developed a tendency to address the board in their native tongue and the language of the district in which the meetings are held. They contend that the board should have an official interpreter, who could translate for their benefit the Welsh speeches delivered. The "*Liverpool Mercury*" suggests as a simpler and surely saner method that these gentlemen make themselves conversant with the spoken language of their adopted country, and adds: "Had they been residents, say, of France, they would not have dreamt of seeking election on any public body without being able to address it in French. Then, why not Welsh?" This, we fancy, is easier suggested than done.

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RELIGION IN REAL.

The "*Christian Advocate*" inveighs against some of the irreverences of the day:

Without reverence religion is a hollow form. The minister who, for the sake of a laugh, will dissipate that essential spirit, poisons the sincere milk of the word or taints its strong meat, and gross violations of taste may do the same. A slovenly method of administering the sacraments and the seeking of sensation by bizarre methods are alike pernicious and unnecessary, the resorts of imbecility or vanity. To parade the fact that water has been brought from the river Jordan to baptize a person, is an appeal to a sentiment which, com-

pared with reverence, is as superficial as the tears shed at the death of a canary bird compared with the soul anguish of a mother bereaved of her first born.

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LAUGHTER IN THE BIBLE.

The Bible contains no cheerful exhortation to laughter. For the most part, indeed, it is referred to in the metaphorical sense of "scorning," as when it is written of Leviathan that "he laugheth at the shaking of a spear." But there are passages also where the ordinary meaning is evidently intended, and in almost every one of these it is eyed askance. Solomon is the great authority on the subject; let him speak for himself: "I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?" "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Again, "A fool lifted up his voice with laughter, but a wise man doth scarce smile a little." Not very encouraging, truly, to those of hilarious proclivities. It may be legitimate enough to compare the giggle of a fool to "the crackling of thorns under a pot," but it seems hard that there should be no word of approval for the milder merriment of the few who may be supposed not to belong to fooldom. Yes, by the way, there is one, and only one: "A time to laugh," but we may search the Scriptures from Genesis to the Apocalypse without detecting any intimation as to when that time occurs. Probably Solomon meant the brief period of childhood, when ignorance is bliss, and we are merry without knowing or caring to know why. He could not consistently recommend any such frivolity to those of a larger growth after having so bitterly commented on the practice in previous chapters.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.



THE HOLY FAMILY.

From the famous painting by C. Müller.

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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LANGUAGE AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

By Professor D. J. Evans, Athens, O.

I was an interested visitor a few Sabbaths ago at a Welsh Sabbath School. In most of the classes the work was carried on in English. In two, or perhaps three, of the classes consisting of adults, it seemed that Welsh was used. But the general work was done in English. The announcements were made in English. The children were called together in English to say "Rhodd Mam." The pastor conducted the catechising. The questions of the book were asked and answered in Welsh, but all the explanations and exhortations were English. It was a new experience to me. When I was attending Welsh Sunday School years ago all was done in Welsh. When I left home and lived away from the Welsh, of course, all was English. never before had I seen a mixture of the two.

Ever since that Sunday when I listened to the older people using incorrect Welsh and the youth in the next class using quite good English, I have felt that it would be better for

the young to be by themselves to study the lesson and the catechisms in the language they use best. There cannot be a strong bond of union between the young and the old in a place like that. I know the older people will cling to the ways and the speech of their childhood, and it is proper; yet, as they are fewest, it seems that the school should be conducted in English, and then have a compartment for the old people. In that school the other Sunday, a number of bright little boys refused to gather with their classmates to recite "Rhodd Mam." They did not seem to be bad, and their refusal may have been mainly due to their inability to master the catechism in Welsh. Indeed most of the little folks that did recite seemed to be parrot-like.

This backwardness was also a hinderance to making the best of the singing. The song book used was a Welsh version of the songs published in the "C. E. song book," and the singing was characteristically

Welsh hymn singing. There is a good deal of the music in the little book mentioned that I do not admire, but there are ways of singing which makes some of this music very acceptable. There was a fine pipe-organ in this church, and also a small cabinet organ in the school room, but neither was used in the singing. The superintendent lined the first stanza and then repeated the first two lines, and an elderly man started the singing. His pitch was correct, and his voice was melodious, but the time which he observed was altogether inappropriate for the sentiment of the song, and it seemed to me that those bright and lively children, having heard, probably, those hymns sung in the day schools, could find no pleasure in the mournful tone and time that they heard in the Sabbath School.

The Welsh Sabbath School has certain features which I would like to see preserved, and for that reason it seems that everything should be done to attach the young people of Welsh parents to the best that is in the school.

I noticed that in the classes the teaching was good. The young people seemed to enjoy the lesson, but as soon as those exercises were begun which were carried on in Welsh, then the interest died, and the active minds became otherwise engaged. In a city in this country everything that a child looks up to is American and is associated with the English language in the child's mind. On the other hand the Welsh

speech is associated in their mind with what is foreign and humble, and as far as success here is concerned, the Welsh language is connected with the incompetent. A young boy could find no profitable employment if he knew only Welsh. The Welsh girl hopes to find something to do to earn money when she acquires English. Thus unconsciously, children associate respectability and success and capability with the language of this country and not with the Welsh language. Even if a child could be made to believe that the old language is the language of religion, yet that is unfortunate, for the child, as it uses English every day, will come to imagine that religion is for Sunday and Welsh Church and Sabbath School, but not something for every day and to talk about in English. It is a matter of history that a child will love its native land. When our parents came to America 60 odd years ago, they did not dream that their children would not love Wales as dearly as they. They were pained to find the children manifest not only indifference, but even contempt, for a country that could not offer better opportunities to its people than Wales offered. But it is the history of all nations. Even the Jews, though they were captives, yet only a small part went to Palestine. The greater part remained where they were born and reared. This is the history wrought in the United States. The children and grandchildren of immigrants lose all at-

tachment for the land of their ancestors, and invariably love the land of their mother's hearthstone and tombstone.

Thus in view of those facts it seems that parents especially in the cities should not endeavor to enlist the interest of their children in religious doings, rather they should endeavor to have the children's religious training be associated with the people and the language, the sentiments and the customs that they admire. To force religion upon a child through the medium of a speech and custom that it secretly dislikes, or, at least, does not admire, is to risk the future stand of the child in matters pertaining to its spiritual welfare. Whichever view

we may take it is unfortunate that parents and children cannot worship together, yet it cannot be helped as long as people migrate from one land to another. When the Welsh come here, they intend to remain, and hope to see their children enjoy advantages denied them in the old country, and the sooner parents realize that the children born and reared in a country will hold that country dear, the better it will be. This love is especially strong when, as it is in this country, their country offers the best opportunities; and parents should take advantage of this attachment to inculcate deep religious convictions by the most efficacious means.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

Among the many musical attractions of Chicago, and other cities, we notice a tendency to fall back upon the quaint and exquisite melodies of old nations. For the first time in Chicago, the renowned Geo. Henschel, will give "Servian Romances"—a program of Servian Folk songs. Who will graciously condescend to give a program of Cambrian Romances? Can any nation excel us in the matter of melodic beauty? Are our "Welsh solo-

ists," "Welsh Parties" and "Prize Singers" conscious of the melodic perfection, form-perfection, and historic value to art of most of our Welsh melodies? Judging from their programs while "sojourning in our midst," we must answer in the negative. True, we get an occasional reminder that they are Welsh boys and girls. These "reminders" have proven to be the best numbers in each and every program. Strangers to our language and literature

have invariably pronounced their Welsh songs and Welsh concerted pieces to be their best. A Welsh melody arranged for four voices, seldom fails to stir the souls of singers and listeners. We deeply regret the folly of a Welsh party, no matter how excellent their voices may be, in filling up their programs with English songs and quartets that have become quite stale, and almost obsolete in American communities. A most appreciated exception in this matter was the Song Recital given here a few years ago by Mr. Ben Davies. He gave to enthusiastic listeners an exemplification of artistic excellence in songs sung in English, German, Italian and Welsh—the latter being "Mentra Gwen," "Y Fam a'i Baban," and "Gwlad fy Ngenedigaethau." "Ein Ben ni" excelled himself in that matinee, and honored his nation and himself. Will our coming Welsh parties and soloists from our beloved homeland, take the hint of the foregoing remarks? If they will, the result will be much satisfaction, and an impression remaining of which we shall be proud.

Apropos of our quotations from an English magazine, in the last number of "The Cambrian," concerning the Cardiff Eisteddfod adjudications of Sir Frederick Bridge, the October number of the same, Novello, Ewer & Co.'s publication, gives an account of a paper read by Mr. Harry Evans (Cefn Coed), on "Music in Wales," before a three-day convention of choirmasters and

music teachers held at Bristol, during September last, at which J. Spencer Curwen presided. The following quotation ought to set us all to think, and especially the musicians of Wales, including Eisteddfod promoters:

"Wales, he said, was called the land of song, but whether the people were really musical in the true sense was a debatable question. From a natural point of view they were a musical nation, but from an artistic standpoint he did not think they were. As to Welsh choral singing he thought every one would agree that they were superior in quality and equal to the best the world could produce. Then there was the Celtic enthusiasm, which was such a potent force in Welsh singing—sometimes for good, sometimes for evil. The natural enthusiasm was responsible for the vigor, brilliancy and warmth of feeling which were the characteristics of their choral singing. But what they sadly lacked was technique and finish, and the purely Welsh people were slow to believe this. The weak spot in their chorus was reading at sight. It was really amazing how they were able to produce such good singing with so few readers. The lack of readers was a serious matter to conductors, and was a barrier to the production of complete works. The learning by heart, which took a great deal of time, was responsible for the splendid attack noticeable in their choral competitions. He thought the remedy for the lack of readers was in

the teaching in elementary schools, where too little attention was paid to reading at sight. Something should also be done in elementary schools to prevent the ruin of so many boys' voices in Welsh schools.

* * * Months were spent in the preparation of a single chorus to be sung at a competition, but the same people could not be induced to attend the performances of an oratorio.

Although there were numberless conductors, only a few were thoroughly equipped in the knowledge of the art. * * *

There was an abundance of natural vocal talent and amateur soloists, who would become great professional artists if they were better educated and were able to afford the training.

* * * The number of composers of any note was also small, due to the absence of training schools and competent teachers. He thought a good deal might be done by the Eisteddfod to encourage students to take up the theatrical side of the art. The competitions might be graded. But they were not without hope. Given the proper teaching advantages the Welsh would one day be found in the front rank of musical nations in every branch of the art."

Some of these strictures and suggestions are in keeping with the criticisms of Mr. David Jenkins, published lately in the "Drych."

Out of the common evening singing classes have come some of the best readers and vocalists that are to-day well-known and well-patron-

ized public singers. It would be sensible and highly profitable for all churches to organize singing classes for rudimentary and reading studies.

In the November "Ladies' Home Journal" it is stated that Mr. Ffrangcon Davies pronounces his first name Fran-shon. In the "Drych" Cerdd-Nodion, sometime ago, attention was called to the same as announced in "Music" by its editor, Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, whose authority was Mr. Davies himself. Following said nodiad, I received letters inquiring if Mr. Davies was a Frenchman? Readers of those remarks need not write similar letters. Mr. Davies can sing Cymraeg splendidly.

A writer in one of the magazines says that four great sciences divide the art and practice of music between them: Psychology, physiology, mechanics and acoustics. The writer refers especially to students of the piano, but he could, also, apply the same quartet to the students of vocal expression. He aptly asserts that art is the expression of the soul in terms of beauty, and that five-sixths of it is created in the soul itself, the other sixth being worked out in material objects and under the laws of matter, and even that being the expression of the will of the Creator.

Probably, at no time in the history of music has there been so much effort made by musico-literateurs to elevate the art-thought in music, as at the present time. Books ably written, and articles replete with

thought and inspiration on this line. are becoming numerous. No book has made so great an impression, in this matter, on the minds of musical thinkers as "Mezzotints in Modern Music" by Mr. James Huneker, recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and now in its third edition. Magazines have devoted elaborate articles to it. This is fortunate, and bespeaks volumes of the growth of the art-thought. James Huneker makes it clear that music depicts thought, "philosophical ideas in tone." The book is replete with literary allusions, which lead us to remark that he believes in the literary sisterhood of these muses. Poetic literature is the best interpreter of music. The literary scholar is the one that gets the most out of a symphonic poem. An able critic remarks that "music and literature are almost one in their motives, their themes, and in the nature of the appeal they make to man's complex intellectual and emotional being, just as historically they are

one in their origins." Mr. Huneker writes of a musician, as he writes of a poet, and why not? A melodic phrase is a thought in musical form. If the phrase is a good one, and has in it the true ring, form and feeling, it will last and be sung, as well as a true thought in poetic language. "Brahms' music throbs with humanity; with the rich red blood of mankind," he writes. Who is poetic enough, and enough of a master of linguistic expression to translate the musical treatment of high themes, the rounded periods of form-magnificence, the contrapuntal architecture, and the heart-throbs of a Bach, a Handel, a Beethoven, a Schubert, a Mendelssohn, a Wagner and a Brahms in their monumental symphonies, concertos, and musical dramas? For the "Mezzotints" of Mr. James Huneker, wherein, with the master-hand of a true poet, he lifts the veil upon landscapes of eternal musical beauty and wonder, let all be truly thankful.



STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Thou Star of Bethlehem so bright,
The fairest of the stars of night,
Which shiuest far, and shimest near
In all our darkest hours to cheer.

Star of His love, so low and nigh
Whereon the sinner may rely;
Always so bright to draw the eyes
To hidden Glories in the skies.

Where'er we are, whate'er our woe
So near we see thy gladdening glow,
O'er the dark desert of this life
With all its sorrow and its strife.

Although we miss our friends, and stray
Oft from the weary trodden way,
Thee still we find, the same safe light
To guide us through our life's long night

Since from the east the Magi came
Attracted by thy humble flame,
Thy kindly light has thrown its ray
To many a pilgrim on his way.

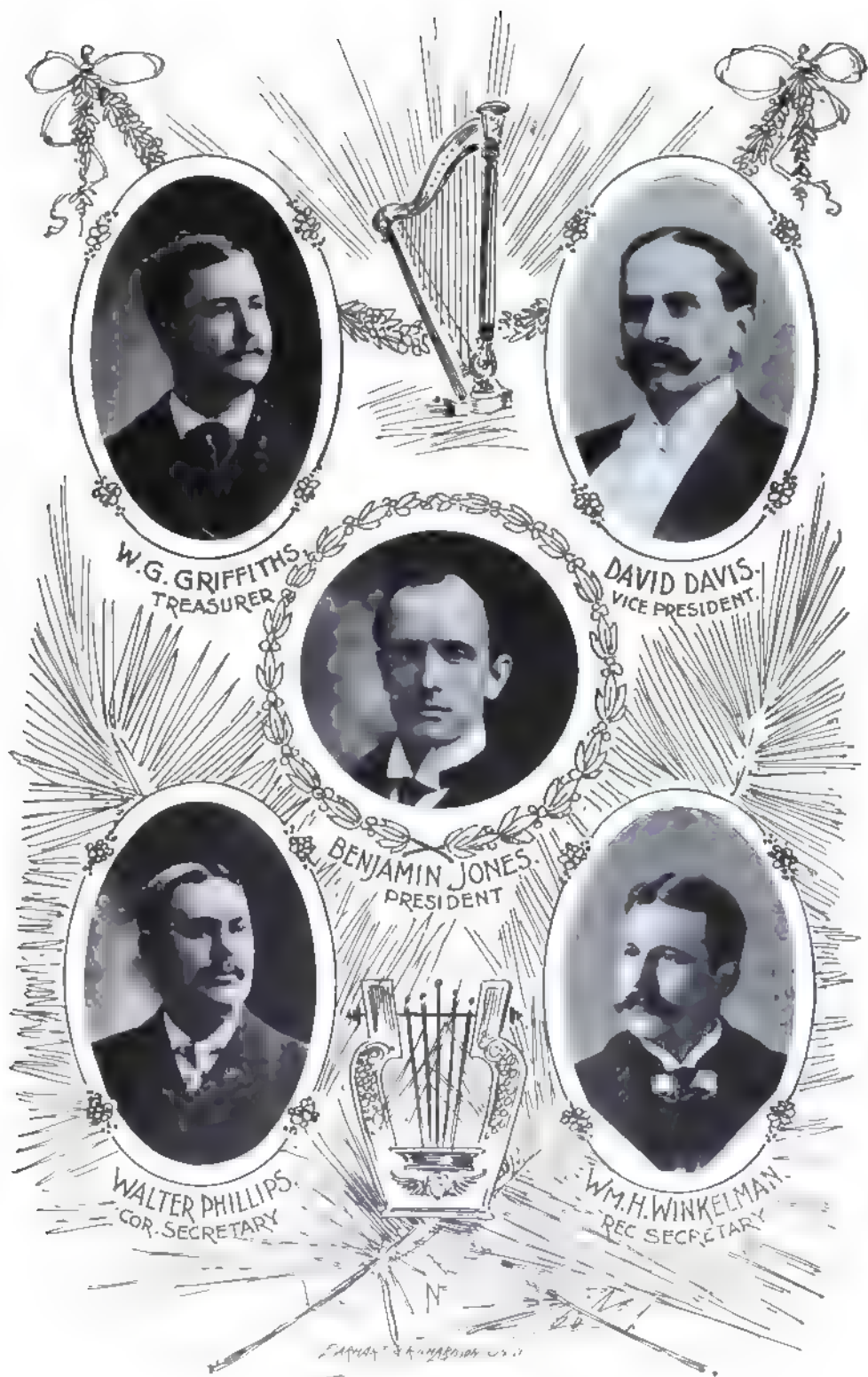


THE EISTEDDFOD OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

 By D. D. Williams, Jackson, O.

The antiquity of the Eisteddfod is unquestioned, for it dates back to an early period in the history of the Celtic tribes. It was instituted by the Druids, the noblest and purest of the old world priesthods. It was originally purely political, an annual assembly, parliament and high court for the adjudication of all questions of public policy and private right. It thus became the cradle of liberty and equality, and the archetype of the deliberative assemblies of to-day. The first change in its character resulted from the encroachment of the knights upon the domain of the priests. Might triumphed over mystery, and knighthood usurped all the authority of the priesthood in temporal affairs. The Eisteddfod then became ecclesiastical in character, a religious assembly synod, council or conclave, as occasion required. Linus, a converted Druid who became the second bishop of Rome, and the founder of the Roman Catholic church, used the ecclesiastical Eisteddfod as his model. Many of its offices and forms survive in that church and its offshoots to this day. The second vital change in the character of the Eisteddfod followed the extirpation of the Druids by the Roman generals in the first century of the Christian era. It then ceased to be ecclesiastical, and

became purely literary. The literary feature had been an adjunct in a former period, but it was now cultivated more assiduously by the Welsh princes, because it served the double purpose of fanning the patriotic ardor of their people, and preserving their language and literature. For fifteen centuries the Eisteddfod was a bardic institution, and was the means of preserving the Welsh language until the printing press gave it a new lease of life. During the Dark Ages, a new feature, music, was gradually introduced. Giraldus Cambrensis writes that the Welsh excelled in part singing, as early as the Norman conquest, but music did not become an important feature until near the close of the eighteenth century. The modern Eisteddfod properly dates from 1771, which marks the beginning of the fourth period in Eisteddfodic history. With the decadence of Welsh literature music has been gaining the ascendancy, akin to the Saengerfest of the German. Such deterioration if it continues will result in its early extinction as a distinctively national institution, except in name. How can this result be averted is the problem that will confront the Eisteddfod lovers of the twentieth century. That this institution, which has sur-



THE OFFICERS OF THE CINCINNATI EISTEDDOD.

vived more than thirty centuries should be perpetuated as a memorial will be readily conceded, but it must be made more than a feast of song. Welsh patriots in the motherland across the seas have a national Eisteddfod, but it can never be more than a provisional affair. The Eisteddfod must seek an abiding home under the Stars and Stripes to secure that consideration which it deserves, and that field where its benign influence can be most effective. The time is propitious. A number of Ohio Welshmen have formed a provisional organization, and will hold an Eisteddfod at Cincinnati, January 1st, 1900. It promises to be a complete success. That success will be largely the result of their effort to make it more than a mere local meeting. Organizations from four or five states will take part in the musical competitions, and representatives will be present from nearly every state in the upper Mississippi valley. Their presence will give an oppor-

tunity to effect an Eisteddfodic organization national in character, and thus pave the way for the American National Eisteddfod. Such an association should be made permanent, and should be equipped with an endowment fund. It should hold annual meetings, rotating among the largest cities. Musical competitions should be made the advertising feature of each meeting, but the real work of the promoters should be to encourage the study of the Welsh language, literature, folklore and history, to assist in the establishment of a library of books, pamphlets, manuscripts and records of all kinds, relating to the Welsh and their history, to endow Welsh chair at some university of national importance, and to make the Eisteddfod a worthy memorial of a people comparatively unknown to the world, who have contributed more to the advancement of civilization, in proportion to their number, than any other.



A WINTER REVERIE.

Fast falls a fleecy shower; the downy flakes
 Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
 Softly alighting upon all objects. Earth receives
 Gladly the thickening mantle; and the green
 And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast
 Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

—W. Cowper.

THE CYMRY BEFORE THEY CAME TO BRITAIN.

The Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

(Continued.)

The footprints of the Cymry in language, like their footprints in history, evidence their descent from the Cimbri, Cimmerii, Kimmerioi and Gomeri. The language of the Cimbri as far as preserved corresponds to the language of the Cymry, and proves their essential oneness. Their ethnic designation, Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cymri, Cymry, as said before, points to the same name and the same people, only in different languages and different ages. The Cymric designation of countries, as already explained, indicates the people who once inhabited them; as Cimeria, Cimmerian Bosphorus, Cimbric Chersonesus, Cambria, Cymry, Cumberland, Northumberland, Cambrai, Cambrilla, Coimbra; Gaul, Galatia, Gael, Gwalia, Wales; Llygwria, Liguria, Liger, Loir, Lloeger, Armorica, now Bretagne, or Brittany, comes from "ar," on and "mor," sea—a country on the sea. "Morini" comes from "mor" and the termination "ini," inhabitants of the sea coast. "Nantuates" comes from "nant," a valley, and the termination "uates," men of the valley, dalesmen. "Ambarri" comes from "amb," and "ar" the people about or on both

sides of the river Ar. "Baltic" comes from "Balt," belt, the sea of belts, or straits. Pen, Ben, Ven, signifies head; as Penarth, headland; Benlomond, beacon mountain. Bennevis (nevis, nev, heaven, clouds) cloud-capped mountain. Apennines, Cevennes, "According to Bonwick," Rev. Isaac Taylor, in "Words and Places," believes in the wide extension of the Celtic races at some unknown prehistoric period. He finds "hardly a single Celtic word meaning stream, current, brook, channel, ford, or flood, which does not enter largely into the river names of Europe." "While eighty per cent. of European streams are Celtic, Captain Burton, the great traveler, discovers no Celtic names of Asiatic waters." Had Captain Burton discovered the family relation between the Celtae and the Cimbri, the daughter and mother nations, he would have discovered Cimbric names of waters and of lands in Western Asia and Eastern Europe around the Black Sea as well as in Northern, Central and Southern Europe as far west as the British Islands; and he would have also discovered that these names of Cimbric, Celtic, Belgic and Aquitanic of land

and water were everywhere essentially similar or identically the same, and are essentially similar and identically the same with those now in use in Wales by the Cymry of to-day. But as it is not our purpose to compare the Cymric language with its dialects or its dialects with each other, either in Britain or on the continent; nor to compare it with the Greek and Latin or with the Gothic and Slavonic, but the ancient Cimbri with the modern Cymric, sufficient instances have been adduced to show their essential correspondence and identity. Yet as Togarmah was a son of Gomer and the founder of the Armenians we may compare the Armenian and the Cymric and if they correspond in some essential points we may naturally infer that the two languages and the two people were akin, and that the line of descent ran through the Gomeri, Cimmerii, Cimbri, Cymry. The basis of the following comparison is from Garnett according to Pritchard:

| <i>Armenian.</i> | <i>English.</i> | <i>Cymric.</i> |
|------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| Dsiern | Hand | Dourn, Dwrn |
| Khuir | Sister | Chwaer |
| Djwr | Water | Dwvr, Dwr |
| Ardj | Bear | Arth |
| Dzarr | Tree | Derw |
| Tun | House | Tin, Ty |
| Oskr | Bone | Asgwrn [glog |
| Gloukh | Head | Clog, as in Pen- |
| Sir | Love | Serch |
| Amis | Month | Mis |
| Khoz | Sow | Hwch |
| Ter | Lord, Tyrant | Teyrn |
| Am | Time | Amser |

This comparison, which might be extended much further, shows that the Cymric and the Armenian came

from the same source and were originally the same language, and the Cymry and the Armenians the same people—Gomeri. The more the Cymric will be compared with the Armenian, and the more the Cymry will be compared with the Armenians the more will their affinity and unity appear." The Armenian language," remarks Dr. Smith in his Bible dictionary, "presents many peculiarities which distinguish it from other branches of the other Indo-European families, but in spite of this, however, no hesitation is felt by philologists in placing it among the Indo-European." "Gomer," says the same author, "is generally recognized as the progenitor of the early Cimmerians, the later Cimbri, and the other branches of the Celtic family, and of the modern Gael and Cymry, the latter preserving with little variation the original name." Wherever the Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimerii, Cimbri, Cymry, or the mother nation under whatever name, age, or condition appear; and wherever its branch nations under whatever name, age, or condition appear from the Black Sea to the Baltic—throughout the whole of Europe, the British Islands, and Asia Minor, they left the impress of their existence on language in the nomenclature of different objects, whose names have been preserved to the present day by Greek and Latin authors, which we can readily decipher and intelligently read in the light and by the use of the language of the

modern Cymry-Cymraeg, which now is spoken in Wales. As the language of the Greeks and the language of the common people of Egypt were the key to unlock the hidden and bound up hieroglyphics, so the language of the Cymry is the key to open hidden and locked up history of the Cymric nations in Western Asia, the whole of Europe and the British Islands.

The footprints of the Cymry in temperament, like their footprints in history and language, evidence their descent from the Cimbri, Cimmerii and Gomeri. Their warmth of nature, love of liberty and energy of action are substantially the same always and everywhere. Natural impetuosity, absolute independence and reckless courage distinguish them among the nations. Mark their movement into Asia, into Greece, into Italy, into Spain, throughout Gaul, Britain, Scotland and Ireland; the advance of the Cimmerii under Lygdamis, of the Cimbri under Brennus, of the Cymry under Caractacus, of the French under Napoleon, and of the Scotch, Irish and Welsh under Wellington. The same ethnic characteristics distinguish the Gomeri in the war of Gog against Israel, the Cimmerii in their marches east and west from the Black Sea, the Cimbri in their invasions, east, south and across the channel, and the Britons in their resistance of the Roman arms. What did the walls between Scotland and England indicate? What did the castles that bedecked the principality

mean? And what did the independence of Scotland and Wales till the 13th century prove, but the love of liberty, impetuosity and valor of the inhabitants? Cæsar, who saw them fight from morning till night without once turning their backs, who saw them fight over the dead bodies of their fallen comrades, four deep, who saw them fight with naked bodies the armed soldiers of Rome, who saw them mow down his Roman legions like fields of wheat, had reason to acknowledge their independence, impetuosity and bravery; and so had the Roman governors of Britain and the Saxon kings that succeeded them. "As to their courage, their spirit, and the force and vivacity with which they made an impression," says Plutarch in a quotation already made, "we may compare them to a devouring flame. Nothing can resist their impetuosity; all that came in their way were trodden down or driven before them like cattle." "In the same quarter of Germany, "to repeat the words of Tacitus," adjacent to the ocean dwell the Cimbri; a small state at present, but great in renown. Of their past grandeur, extensive vestiges still remain, in the encampments and their lines from the compass of which the strength and numbers of the nation may still be computed, and credit derived to the account of so prodigious an army." The freedom, dash and courage which marked their military life marked also their civil life. Their thoughts and feelings, words and

deeds evidence heat, independence and energy. Fire, freedom, force, marked their line of march and mode of life.

The footprints of the Cymry in religion correspond with their footprints in history, language and temperament, and corroborates if they do not establish the testimony. Their system of religion and mode of worship were the same. The Druidism of Gaul and the Druidism of Britain were identical. It was evidently brought from the East, through Gaul into Britain; and when it had waned in the East and in Gaul, it spread from Britain through Gaul toward the East. Throughout British Islands and Western Europe, among the Cimbric nations everywhere, the worship of their deities was in the heart of the forest, within circular temples with canopy of heaven their only roof and dome; and the sacrifice of their vic-

tims, both of men and beasts, were under the oak, their national tree, on whose branches they happened to find the misletoe, the sacred plant of the order. From the clear, strong and convincing testimony of history, languages and temperament, corroborated by the presumptive testimony of religion, which we have patiently, thoroughly and candidly examined, we can but come to the natural, legitimate and only conclusion, that the Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri and Cymry were one and same people, identically the same nations, which, under diverse names and different ages, through a period of forty centuries, and an area of thousands of miles, inhabited Western Asia, the most of Europe, the whole of the British Islands, and which still inhabit Western Europe and the British Islands, under diverse names and in different countries.



A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By Max Norman.

Christmas from time immemorial has been a jolly season, and this seems strange when we think how long the night is and how cold the atmosphere. Providence appears to have concentrated especial efforts to make this gloomiest time of the year happy when the sun has reached the extreme south turning

point, and is gradually but unfailingly returning on its journey north. This great and comforting fact had much more significance to our forefathers in ancient pagan times than to us of to-day. They had their Christmas although they knew naught of the Babe of Bethlehem. Their Christmas was the return of

the beautiful sun from the south. Through the fall the sun keeps straying further and further southward; the days get shorter and shorter; and the air gets colder and colder; the leaves have disappeared from the trees; the flowers have vanished from the meadows and gardens; nature seems in a state of consumption; and everything appears to be undergoing a natural death. In the primitive ages, the childhood of the world, anxiety would reign as to whether the beautiful eye of day would return! Suppose it would continue its journey southward, and leave the world to darkness and death! Was it in response to the prayers and religious rites of the people that he returned every Yule time?

However, it was, Yuletide has been a time of rejoicing and jollification, in pre-historic ages, for the simple reason of the gracious return of the fair sun (*fagrahvel*); and in Christian times on account of the birth of the Sun of Righteousness in the City of David. It is very much the same continuous worship, barring that our pagan fathers rejoiced at the coming of the light which symbolizes the spiritual Sun. They were gladdened naturally by the instinct of returning summer and replenishing harvest as we are by the dawn of the spiritual day, with its rich blessings upon the sons of men.

The old heathen Yuletide shows how the human heart instinctively, like Abraham's, enjoys the advent of things long before their time. It

was a beautiful and comforting belief of the Germans at Christmas that they could trace the personal movements and interferences on earth of their great deities, Odin, Berchta, &c., &c., and how foreseeing and prophetic this superstition seems of the night when in the fields around Bethlelehem, the glad shepherds mixed with the heavenly host who praised God with the joyful words "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!" There never was such a simple song fraught with such depth of meaning; verily, they were (and are) "Good tidings of great joy." Even those far off pagans, during their Yuletide, felt the mysterious presence and activity of God's angels around them. They were the foreshadows of glorious events coming.

Around this Christmas thought cluster a wonderful number and variety of rites, ceremonies and customs, which are truly interesting and instructive, such as Santa Claus, Kris Kingle, manger songs, carols, waits, feasts, farces, adornments, trees, cakes, dumplings, and every kind of gifts, joys and congratulations. But our celebration of Christmas is only symbolic of the beautiful times to come when the angel anthem will be verified in practical peace and good will among men.

One Christmas eve, ages ago, the following incident took place. The weather had been extremely fine and bright until the dusk of Christ-

mas eve, when the sky began to darken with gloomy clouds, and the wind started to whistle through keyholes and shake the windows as if about to force an entrance with burglarious intents. There was a comfortable fire on every hearth, and the fun and frolic were confined to indoors. The snow began to fall in flakes thick and copious and the fitful gusts piled it up against fences and walls and half way up the door entrances. Everybody had hastened home, and neither a dog nor a cat could be seen anywhere in the avenue. A man foolhardy enough to have remained out in the interests of science observing the fantastic conduct of the wind, might have noticed a forlorn character passing along the sidepath almost blinded by the blizzard weather. Presently he stopped by a great house which had all the appearance of belonging to a rich man. Alongside it there was a carriage drive which terminated in a spacious building which served for a stable and a barn. The number of vehicles and carriages in the barn betokened that a considerable company was in the house, whose jollities could now be faintly heard from the outside. The strange character approached a back entrance and after a minute's suspense, he knocked with the modesty of a well-mannered beggar. He was dressed in an outlandish style, with furred headgear, something like a bearskin coat, and his feet wrapped up in heavy boots, having the striking appearance of a Santa Claus. A word,

also, as to the character and social status of Mr. Pomponius Pryde, the millionaire, would not be untimely.

Mr. Pryde had started life in very humble circumstances, but during an unfortunate war between his people and a neighboring nation, he had made considerable wealth by extensive contracts in supplies. Subsequently it leaked out that his bargains with the government had been gigantic swindles, but such is wealth that it makes little difference how it is gained the owner becomes great in the eye of society, and is greatly honored in spite of suspicions. He very soon became a man of great importance, and his palatial residence was the rendezvous of the upper crust of society in that part of the world. He was selfish, self-willed and self-important, peremptory in tone, imperious in way, with a well-rounded body, which he always cared to stuff with the richest viands and wines. With the poor he was rather harsh, although he would have fits of liberality—giving to the poor, though, rather to show off his own importance than out of a love of his fellows. Among his guests he was noticable as prominent by reason of his self-importance. From head to foot he was a self-worshipper, and although publicly honored and magnified, privately and secretly he was despised and even abominated. From the point of view of the Sermon on the Mount, he was a bad man and a great sinner.

After the almost inaudible knock which the stranger administered, the

door opened sharply, and a man servant appeared, all powdered and brushed. "What is the excitement?" asked he brusquely and authoritatively.

"I have been caught in this terrible storm," said the stranger, "and I am afraid if I continue my journey, I'll be snowed under, and, more than probably, perish. I would ask for shelter for the night."

The man retired with the message, and as sharply returned with his master's ultimatum, which was "that the storm was seemingly inevitable, could not be helped; that his residence was no public house, nor a home for unfortunates; and the door slammed with merciless rudeness.

On a diagonal line from Mr. Pomponius Pryde was an old homestead wherein resided an old couple who had descended from a long line of ancestors, who had declined to sell the little patch they lived on. This little humble home had been to Mr. Pryde an eyesore and many an unsuccessful attempt he had made to strike a bargain, but the old couple thought more of its possession than of its value in money. They loved the old home for its happy associations. Although neighbors of the rich man, they were in a Christian sense, antipodeans. They were citizens of another world. Their conversation was with things and morals dear to angels. Their house was humble, with a thatched roof covering white-washed walls, from which a

moderately tall man could pull the straw out of its projecting eaves. The gable end in which there was a small window faced the road, and a little gate led into the yard in front of the building. A low door led into the humble home and small windows with small diamond shaped lights let in the light. The inside was the pink of domestic comfort; and an ideal philosopher would have thought more of this simple home of humanity than of the loudly brilliant and pompous residence of the rich man.

After the stranger had left the rich man's door somewhat disappointed, but not depressed, and had reached the road, he saw the little light which shone through the small window in the end of the poor couple's home. He went straight for it, opened the little wicket gate which made its impression on the pile of snow back of it, and stealthily approaching the humble door he knocked on it with his muffled hand, and with the opening door a flash of welcoming light shot out far over the snow. Without asking questions, the old lady said "God o' mercy! Come in. The Lord save you!" The stranger stepped inside, and the old man, who sat at a table by the fire, raised his spectacled eyes out of a book and said "Good man, you are welcome. It is a shocking night. Step up to the fire. Make yourself comfortable in our humble home." The old lady stood there ready to take the stranger's furs and bear-

skin coat, and he was soon seated before a brightly burning log. The old lady resumed her seat on the other side of the "pentan" and picking up her half-finished stocking she started to ply her knitting needles with the rapidity of an expert. She would stop occasionally to recount the loops or meshes, or pick up a stray one, and again she would start off knitting and talking as if part and parcel of the same occupation. In the "crochan" hanging to a hook over the fire was the Christmas pudding boiling and babbling something like welcome to the stranger, and a Christmas goose had already been cooked beautifully ready for the morrow.

"You must be starving, friend," said the old gentleman, "but we have a remedy here for all such ailments. When will the pudding be ready, mother?"

"It is almost done, and the gentleman will be attended on, presently," said the old lady.

Lifting the cover of the crochan, she stuck a fork into the plum pudding, and said she "It is done beautifully!"

It took very little time for the old lady to prepare a hearty supper which the stranger enjoyed with great zest. After the substantial meal a couple of hours was spent by the old people around the comfortable fire telling their Christmas experiences of years ago, and comparing those romantic times with later unheroic days. Old people have pretty generally disparaging views

of the present as contrasted with the glorious past. In due time the stranger retired and the old couple wished him happy dreams.

In the dreamy hours of the morning the old pair woke to hear the most enchanting music, which crept over the senses like sweet reminiscences of days gone by. Now, it seemed as if the angels were passing in grand procession, celebrating the coming of the Babe among men, playing on all manner of celestial instruments and repeating the most charming passages out of Heaven's masterpieces! To what can it be likened? It pleased the sense as good news of a long-lost child; like the sweet visit of consoling thoughts, after periods of depression; like the joy of assurance after dark spells of despair; like a new hope after the shattered life had ebbed almost away; like a message from old friends or whisperings from loved ones who have gone before. After a while, the music seemed to pass away on a diminuendo like a gradual falling asleep.

Next morning the old man woke, and as his custom was, opened the door to greet the new day.

"Mother!" said he, in great surprise, "Are you awake? I am certainly a-dream!"

"What say you, boy?" replied mother.

"Come hither and see for yourself," said he; and there surely, a grand transformation act had taken place. Mr. Pomponius Pryde's mansion had shrunk to a shabby

hovel, while their little cottage had grown and expanded into a most magnificent palace! The old lady also had been changed into a princess, and the old man looked like a prince. When they visited the stranger's room the place was unoccupied, and the bed unused; and it struck them at once that they had entertained an angel unawares.



A PRAYER FOR THE RETURN OF THE MUSE.

By George Coronway.

Oh! Heavenly Muse—where hast thou gone?
 Thine absence deeply I deplore!
 Return, thou sweet, and lovely one;
 And, as in happy days of yore,
 Inspire my soul to sing again
 Some happy, tender, touching strain.
 When moved by thee, the poet can
 Add comfort to the heart of man—
 Alloy his pain, disperse his woe,
 And set his star of hope aglow.

Celestial Muse! Thou maid divine—
 My heart for thee doth truly yearn;
 I, in my loneliness, repine,
 And sadly long for thy return.
 Oh! could I feel thy pow'r once more,
 As oft in brighter days of yore:
 I know my soul, with joy extreme—
 While in some happy, mystic dream,
 Forgetful of its ev'ry pain,
 Would burst again with sweetest strain.

RANDOM NOTES.

 By "Cambro."

Every true American believes that the amassing of great fortunes in this country by individuals and the vast combinations of wealth in trusts and gigantic railway corporations is a serious menace to republican institutions. "Human rights versus property rights," must be the watchword of all who believe in the glorious principles of the Declaration of Independence, and of all who desire to perpetuate those principles in the hearts of our children and their children for ages to come. Let it not be forgotten

"But greed for gold, the power of wealth,
 "Invades the hearts of men by stealth,
 "Creating discord, strife and woe
 "More dangerous than a foreign foe."

History repeats itself and our beloved republic like Greece, Carthage, Rome and others may be destroyed by internal corruption, the seeds of which are now being insidiously sown by many arrogant multi-millionaires and their minions, who unblushingly assert the right of large capitalists to dictate what legislative measures shall be adopted for the benefit of all.

* * * * *

What means this spirit of unrest among the Jews throughout the world and a growing desire to return to their (former) promised

land? The persecution of Jews in Russia, Austria, France and to some extent in other countries may partially account for this peculiar phenomenon, but there is evidently a deeper meaning to it, which only the inscrutable plans of Providence will, at the proper time, reveal. In reply to the question of one of his courtiers "what are the three greatest proofs of the truth of Holy Writ," Frederick the Great of Prussia, said, "The Jews," "The Jews," "The Jews." The truth of this terse reply is readily apparent to those who have carefully studied the prophecies of the Bible in their relation to the chosen people of God. For their idolatry and other sins they were sent into captivity and although restored to their country they were finally scattered to the ends of the earth for their rejection of Christ as the promised Messiah. What a sublime spectacle is presented in the preservation as a distinct race of this peculiar people—(a nation and yet not a nation) for nearly 2,000 years. It is an interesting study and from present indications in the world's movements supplemented by God's promises in Holy Writ, the time is not far distant when the Jews will return once more to the land of

promise, but believers in and participants of the gospel of Christ (the Messiah.)

* * *

The fable of "the wolf and the lamb," is doubtless, in the opinion of impartial observers, exemplified in the present controversy between Great Britain and the Transvaal. A continuous railway from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope, that will traverse British territory exclusively, has for many years been the ambition and purpose of many English statesmen and wealthy residents of the Cape settlements.

Joseph Chamberlain, the wily if no unscrupulous, British Secretary for the Colonies, has made the foregoing enterprise his special hobby. Cecil Rhodes, the multi-millionaire of South Africa, has on many occasions including the famous, or rather infamous, Jameson raid, abetted Chamberlain in his great scheme. In their opinion and that of many others whose inordinate ambition is to achieve British supremacy on the dark continent, the killing of a few thousand Boers and the sacrifice of as many English

lives is an insignificant matter compared with the important benefits to be derived therefrom. Cecil Rhodes has already completed the projected railway through Rhodesia to Umtali in Mashonaland, 1,800 miles from the Cape and is extending it through Nyassaland to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, 700 miles further north. That will still leave a gap of 4,000 miles. After leaving German territory, through which, presumably, it may be permitted to run on extremely binding conditions, the route traverses Uganda, afterward skirting the frontier of Abyssinia and forming a junction with the Anglo-Egyptian system on the Soudan frontier. It is estimated that in ten years' time the railway will be completed and in operation from Cairo to the Cape. When the fact is borne in mind that the main lines of feeders to this gigantic railway system terminate in the Transvaal, an independent republic, whose president is bitterly opposed to the enterprise, the object in forcing hostilities upon the Boers on some pretext or other is readily apparent.



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

The thought of marrying Magnus under any circumstances was unbearable to Nest; but how was she to avoid it? An early visit from her father on the day after the Norwegian king's proposal, forced her into a promise she would not otherwise have given, and which when given she had no real intention of fulfilling. Gryffydd spoke mildly and persuasively at first, alluding to the unlikelihood that Trahaiarn would ever return, and mentioning the advantages to be gained by a matrimonial alliance with the royal house of Norway. But finding his daughter immovable he became angry, and resorted to upbraidings and threats.

"If thou marry not the king of Norway," said he, bringing his fist down upon his knee by way of emphasis, "thou art no daughter of mine, and I will shut thee up in the dungeon to be a prey for rats and the horrors of darkness!"

"Do give me more time to decide, dear father," said Nest, terrified by her father's awful threat.

"That cannot be," continued the irate king, "the preparations are nearly ready, and we must leave for England early to-morrow morning.

I must have thy promise now to marry him."

"Oh, not now, say not now," cried Nest in the agony of despair, throwing herself on her knees in front of the king.

Touched by his daughter's extreme agony Gryffydd relented so far as to intimate that a conditional promise might do for the present. Nest therefore seeing no alternative said,

"If it must be I promise to marry him at the close of the campaign if the prince come not to claim me in the meantime. But it will be a loveless match, for I can never love a man who would marry me against my will."

Convinced that Trahaiarn would never return, and that, therefore, there would be no obstacle in the way at the close of the campaign the king passed into the queen's hall, and after listening a moment to a tirade against his daughter, he rejoined Magnus to acquaint him with the result of the interview. This done the two kings and the earl spent the rest of the day in reviewing the troops, and next morning marched against England.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the Robber's Den.

"Were I not a beggar I would be a king; leastwise were I a king I might wish myself a beggar."

"Not if you had the promise of the hand of so lovely a princess as Nest in marriage."

"Or had such powerful allies as Gryffydd and Algar to aid you against your enemies."

Such were some of the remarks made by a small group of beggars, who, standing near the castle gate, watched the departure of the allied forces. The first speaker was a little above the average in height, and but for a pair of crutches and ragged and filthy appearance he seemed the equal of any in the Welsh army. He was but little known to the other beggars, having been seen but once or twice before in Rhuddlan, and being freer to talk about matters in general than about his own affairs. Lingered with the others until the rear of the marching column was lost in a dense mist which had not yet allowed the morning sun to kiss the few scattered flowers which heralded the coming of spring, he presently left his beggarly companions on some pretense and slowly betook himself on his crutches in a southerly direction through the town, occasionally stopping to solicit alms of those he met. At length finding himself beyond the limits of the town he approached a gate in the hedge-row on the left, and veiled by the mist he threw his crutches into a wheat field and cleared the gate

at one leap. Then hiding both the crutches and his rags in the hedge he pursued a course parallel to the highway, perfectly sound in every limb and clad in the simple garb of a peasant. Screened by the hedge-row, in which an occasional cowslip nestled at the base of the green, neatly trimmed hawthorns, and an occasional robin or thrush lingered a moment in search of food or to indulge in song, he finally reached the spot where the public highway turns in the direction of St. Asaph, and feeling that there was no further need of concealment he now followed the road. A brisk walk brought him to the "Red Dragon," and after a good draught of cwrw he continued his course. Towards sunset he arrived at the robber's den, and saluting the sentinel pacing in front of the cavern, he passed into the interior. Then pushing aside the thick blanket which served as a curtain he found himself face to face with Hoel the robber chief, whose features were dimly discerned in the light of a fire, around which were sitting several men whose rough exterior was in perfect keeping with their grotesque surroundings.

Indifferent to everything around him Trahaiarn sat on the ground a short distance from the fire with his back against the side of the cavern and his head resting on his arms. In this dark and cheerless place he had no idea of time. The lack of appetite resulting from petty annoyances, inhuman threats, and con-

stant brooding over his hopeless condition, together with his cold and disagreeable surroundings had robbed him of much flesh and strength, and though he still longed to be with the idol of his heart he had given up trying to invent a way of escape. Sometimes he dreamed that he was with Nest once more, and saw her shedding tears of sympathy as she listened to his tales of suffering and woe; but such dreams were far from conducive to his peace of mind, for they always left him in deeper despair. It so happened that he was in one of his most unhappy moods on this occasion, and any ordinary conversation would have been unheeded by him. But the mention of names and places dear to him made him specially attentive to what the spy now began to relate, although he gave no indication of being interested.

"Like all true patriots," said the spy with a hypocritical grin, "ye will doubtless rejoice at the marriage of the comely daughter of the illustrious son of Llewelyn."

"Nest married! To whom?" cried a chorus of voices.

"She is married to a king!" was the reply. "Magnus, King of Norway, led to Gryffydd's court by his desire to secure timely assistance against England was captivated by the surpassing beauty of Princess Nest, and left the castle only after winning her for a bride."

"Methought the princess was too devoted to the memory of her former lover to marry even a king," said

Hoel, winking at his men and glancing in the direction of Trahaiarn.

"She did at first swear by heaven and earth that she would never love another," continued the spy; "but who has confidence in a woman's word? A lily bends before every passing breeze, and footprints on the sand vanish before the aspiring waves. The princess is not an exception to her sex that she should prefer a dead prince to a live king."

"What thou sayest is true no doubt," remarked Hoel, "but there are those who think a dead king better than life itself."

"True, for where the desire is father of the thought there is no accounting for the opinions or actions of men. At least some who have long sought Gryffydd's life will not rest until they see him dead, and in pursuance of their dominant desire they have again set a trap for him. If he returns alive to Rhuddlan from his present campaign it will be a miracle more wonderful than that performed by St. Beuno when he replaced St. Winifred's head upon her shoulders."

Trahaiarn scarcely knew how to regard what he now heard. He had been forced to listen to so many stories during his captivity that were plainly intended to add to his sufferings that he found it difficult to believe that what was now said was true. Yet he could not dismiss it from his thoughts. It might well be true that the dastardly Caradoc would again try to assassinate King Gryffydd, he thought, and it was not

impossible that the King of Norway should seek the aid of one whom he knew to be no friend to England. But would Nest look with favor upon his advances should he wish to make her his queen? Would it be possible for her to forget her betrothed so soon? So soon! Why it was several months since she saw him last, and doubtless had every reason to think him dead! Why should she longer hope for his return, or throw away an opportunity to marry a king if he sought her hand? Would not Gryffydd himself be likely to encourage an alliance so favorable to all concerned? Trahaiarn's heart sickened at these thoughts, the more so because he had no means of knowing how much was true or false in what he had heard, or whether it had any foundation in truth or not. Yet he would die rather than give his tormentors any reason to believe that he was affected by their cruel thrusts. This, however, made it only the more difficult for him to endure a suspense to which there seemed no end, and the sting of jealousies and suspicions that would obtrude upon his thoughts.

Hoel and his men were somewhat disappointed at the seeming indifference of the prince to a bit of news that might reasonably be supposed to concern him not a little. They continued to torment him in various ways, however, going so far one day as to relate in his hearing that Gryffydd had been assassinated and that Magnus had grown tired

of the princess and had abandoned her and that she was now in Harold's power. To make matters worse also the hermit gave color to the false report by paying him a visit of consolation.

"My heart bleeds for thee, my son," said he, seating himself on the ground beside the captive, and simulating the expression and tone of a spiritual comforter. "The hand of affliction has been heavy upon you of late, and thy sorrows have been rapidly multiplying."

"Hold thy peace, thou base hypocrite," said the prince, giving the hermit a vigorous push, which afforded the listening robbers much inward amusement. "I will have none of thy empty cant. Had I my sword I would do for thee what justice has long neglected to do."

"It will avail thee nothing to kick against the pricks, my son," continued the wily Einion, "or for me to become angry at thy ill-tempered words. It is my duty to offer thee the consolations of religion whether thou wilt hear or forbear, and the saints forfend that I should ever neglect my duty even in the face of insults. Thou art beginning to realize that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, or that man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. Pax vobiscum!" Trahaiarn perceiving that the easiest way to get rid of the canting hermit was to pay as little attention as possible to him remained silent during the remainder of his obtrusive service; and at length his

patience was rewarded by Einion's departure.

It seemed as if all the powers of darkness had conspired against the prince for soon after the hermit's departure Caradoc entered the cave and after a brief interview with Hoel turned his attention to Trahaiarn. It was now four weeks since the spy had returned from the castle; therefore Caradoc's appearance at this time involved no contradiction of the new plot implied in the spy's false report. As a matter of fact, however, Caradoc was weaving a plot which demanded his presence in the south while the allies were invading England. But he readily fell in with the cruel farce that Hoel and the hermit had been acting, and startling the prince from a state of semi-unconsciousness he said with a malignant smile.

"The prosperity of the wicked is of short duration, the day of vengeance has come at last. The proud exalted himself, but the hand of the mighty overthrew him. He wooed and another has taken his betrothed. He stood in defense of tyranny against the stroke of justice, but his spear was broken in pieces and his shield wrenched from his hand."

He paused thinking that the prince would add to his pleasure by resenting his words; but Trahaiarn resting his head on his shackled limbs uttered not a word. For once he succeeded in controlling his temper.

"Has the vain boaster lost his tongue?" continued the vindictive

lord, irritated by the prince's silence, or is he playing a part which belongs only to the meek? I will give thee a true reason for silence thou base dissembler. I will pluck thy tongue from the roots and fling it into yonder fire."

Again there was silence. Trahaiarn moved not a muscle. The robbers looked on with the immovability of statues. Caradoc alone made any movement and it was to unshield his sword; but before he had time to carry out his intention Hoel grasped his arm. A brief struggle followed, during which Trahaiarn sprang to his feet trembling with a passion he could no longer restrain.

"Let the damnable coward strike," said he. "If there is a hell it is infinitely preferable to this intolerable place."

"He shall strike," said Hoel, "but not yet. Thou shalt make the acquaintance of Gwyn ap Nudd only after thy cup of bitterness is full on earth."

"Thou art right, Hoel," said Caradoc, recovering his self-control. "I was too hasty. To-morrow is the anniversary of my father's death, and I shall celebrate it in a manner becoming the occasion. Until then relax not your vigilance over our victim."

Among those who witnessed this exciting episode was one whose sympathy with one of the actors was such that he exercised self-constraint with the greatest difficulty. In appearance there was no striking

difference between him and the rest of Hoel's men. He had belonged to the band about three months and had gradually ingratiated himself into favor with the robber chief. He was glad that the by-play of passion that he had just witnessed had ended so favorably, but there was a greater joy awaiting him. He had long wished to be detailed as one of the prince's guards in the absence of the rest of the band, and his longing was never so strong as when he saw Trahaiarn resuming his former position with a look that betokened intense hatred and misery combined, and watched Caradoc after a moment's whispered talk with Hoel leaving the cave. He was wise enough not to betray his feelings, however, by any outward tokens of anxiety. From certain remarks that Hoel had made during the day he knew that a raid was to be made on the estate of a chief in the vicinity of Mold; but it was not until evening that he learned that he and the man who had played the part of a beggar near the castle were to be left to guard the prince. Soon after to his great inward delight the raiding party was gone, and he was in possession of the opportunity which he had so long desired.

"I had much rather be on the way to Mold than to be assigned to this duty," said he in a voice that sounded strangely familiar to the prince, though he wisely showed no sign of recognition.

"Hadst thou belonged to the band as long as I have," was the re-

ply, "thou wouldst be glad to have rest even at the cost of increased responsibility. Besides, thou shouldst be thankful for this evidence of the chief's favor, for there are few he would trust with this important charge."

"My master has never had any reason to doubt my fidelity, and I expect to use this opportunity to serve him to the advantage of all concerned."

The already alert ear of the prince missed not a single word of the conversation, and the last sentence conveyed a meaning to him of which one of the guards at least had no suspicion. Though he simply shifted his position and cast a careless glance at the fire, on the opposite side of which the two guards sat on a log with their swords resting on their knees and his heart beat fast with renewed hope, and a wink from one of the men assured him that he had not misunderstood the hint couched in the words he had just heard. Every fiber of his being was thrilled with anticipation, and his mind was flooded with thoughts that he had not dared to entertain for a month.

"The fire needs replenishing; be kind enough to throw a stick or two on, Owen, seeing that thou art near the wood."

So said one of the guards, and while the other leaned over to pick up a stick he knocked him senseless with the hilt of his sword. Then with wonderful agility he sprang to the prince's side, and while he re-

moved his fetters Trahaiarn whispered excitedly.

"God bless thee Cadwallader; this is more than I ever dared to hope. Thou shalt be richly rewarded for this."

"There you are free," said the faithful squire, "follow me, and let your step be lighter than your heart. Thanks will keep. This is a time for action."

Glancing at the senseless form near the fire the two moved stealthily towards the curtain which concealed the interior of the cave, and pushing it aside Cadwallader saw the dim outlines of the sentinel only a few paces from him and sending an arrow through his heart he and the prince hastened by the expiring man in a direction different from that usually taken by the robbers. Cadwallader showed that he was perfectly familiar with the locality, and soon conducted Trahaiarn in a round about way to the road that led northward, the starlight enabling them to proceed with comparative ease. As they hurried along the squire said:

"Methinks I did the world a great kindness in ridding it of that accursed sentinel, for he was the most murderous of the whole of that ungodly brood. I would have dispatched the other also had I had my wits about me."

"Thou hast nothing to regret, Cadwallader, for am I not a free man once more, thanks to thy skill and forethought? Thou shalt tell

me presently how thou camest to be with the robbers, but now for heaven's sake tell me what thou knowest of the princess?"

"Hark!" said the squire. "I hear voices. Let us hide behind this thornbush."

They did so, and soon their ears caught these words:

"Ay, the King of Norway returned with his prospective father-in-law last night, and the wedding was to take place at the castle to-night or early to-morrow morning."

"I cannot see why it should be to-night, seeing that it is the custom of our people to have weddings in the morning."

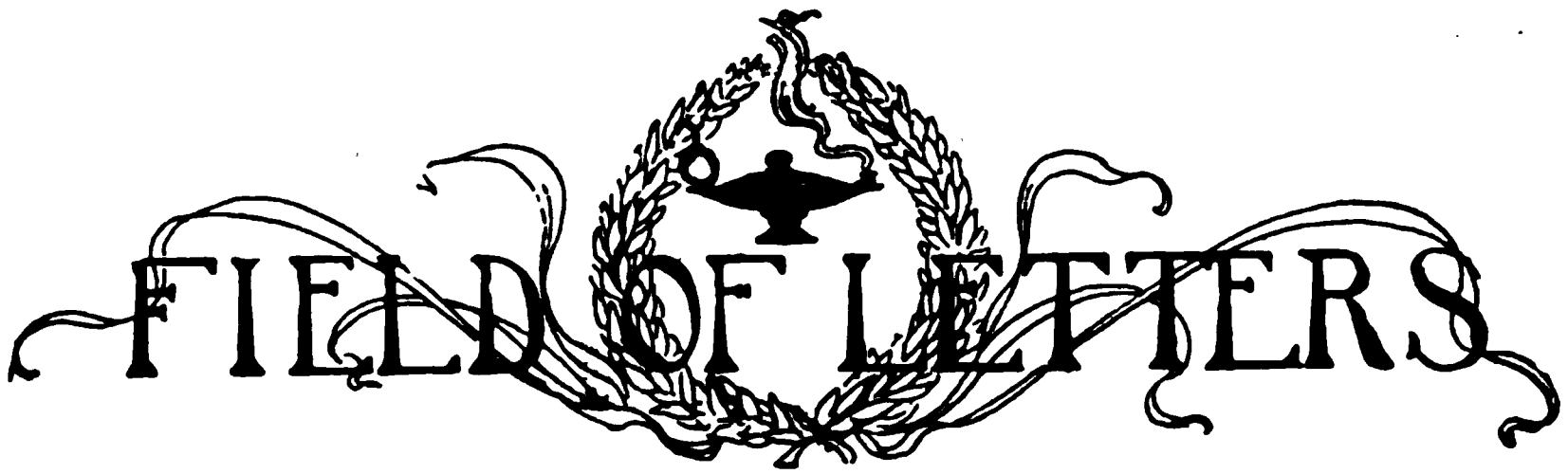
"They say it was Magnus' wish to have it to-night at an early hour, and if he had his desire they have been married long ere this."

"Ha, ha, were it not for the fact that my father's slayer is still living it would be a capital way to punish our captive to release him in time to see his betrothed the wife of another."

"Ay, but since Gryffydd is not we must add to the miseries of the prince and send him where he can do no more mischief. To-morrow will.—"

The speaker, who was none other than the hermit, did not finish the sentence, for an arrow from the hand of Trahaiarn brought him to the ground and Caradoc, his companion, would have shared his fate had he not taken to his heels in the direction of the cavern. Having heard enough to make him extremely desirous to reach the castle, which he knew to be more than twenty miles away, the prince did not stop to see whether the hermit was dead or not, but hastened away with his squire.

(To be continued.)



FIELD OF LETTERS

CELLULAR COSMOGONY OR THE EARTH A CONCAVE SPHERE (illustrated): Guiding Star Publishing House, 314 W. 63d. St., Chicago, Ill. Price 25c.

We cannot do better to enlighten our readers as to the nature and aims of the above volume than by quoting the words of the author in his Introduction, "This scientific volume, largely devoted to details of the execution of the practical demonstration of the earth's concavity, is but preliminary to the most stupendous and comprehensive exposition ever projected and consummated by human intellect." The following chapters will serve to show how interesting the book is, whatever we may think of its conclusions: Proof that we live inside the Globe; Easily Susceptible to Decision; Koreshan Science and Theology; Reverse of Popular Theories; How Eclipses Occur; Planets not populated; Hollow Globe and the Bible. This interesting theory of creation is certainly startling. This theory, it is claimed, will affect the popular theology. If it can be proved that the universe is a great shell containing all there is of life from the lowest domain of existence to the highest realm of being, even God, as well as the stars, planets, sun and moon, it will, certainly, make this world more comfortable, homelike and neighborly than those theories who teach the infinity of the universe.

"Allen Raine," the prolific author of "A Welsh Singer" and "Torn Sails," is about to publish another novel descriptive of Welsh rural life. It is a story of a Welsh farmer in Cardiganshire who

educates one son for the Church, and of the bitterness and heartburning which ensue. So popular has "A Welsh Singer" proved that it has long since run to a sixth edition.

M. Jaffrennou, the Breton patriot, who will be remembered for his visit to the Cardiff National Eisteddfod, is about to publish another volume of his poems under the title of "An Delen Dir" (Y Delyn Ddur). The new volume is to be profusely illustrated with sketches from the pen of John Edwards (Pwyntil Meirion), the young artist from Ffestiniog, who is now pursuing his studies at Paris

There are a number of interesting articles in the "Drysorfa" for November, among which may be mentioned the following: "Following Jesus," "The Association Meeting at Abergwaun," "Anselm," "George Bancroft," "Religion in Glamorgan;" "Monthly Notes" by the Editor; Sunday School lessons, etc.

The "Dysgedydd" is wholly devoted to questions of theology and religion. The number opens with a sermon by the late Rev. Ambrose of Porthmadoc. Then follows "Reminiscences" by the Rev. Ivor Jones, Chester; "The Revival of 1859" Article X) by W. J. Parry, Bethesda; "Our Perils and Safety," by the Rev. O. Jones, Mountain Ash; "Events of the Month," by the Editor; Reviews, Obituaries, Reports and news of the Denomination. In "Events of the Month" the Editor gives a short sketch of the proceedings of the Church Congress held at the Albert Hall, London. Every party in the Church was largely

represented. The Hall seating from 8,000 to 10,000 was during several of the meetings crowded; the sessions being presided over by the Bishop of London. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, his remarks being a "Call to Unite." Lord Halifax read a paper on "The Principles of Ritualism," and the Rev. W. Webb-Peploe on the same subject from an opposing standpoint. The paper read by Professor Wace created a profound interest, it being a sketch of the growth of Nonconformity during the last century and a half.

The earliest recorded book printed at Carmarthen is dated 1723. The library of Trevecca College contains a little volume "Cyffes Ffydd," a statement of the faith of the Baptists, which was printed at Carmarthen in 1721. The history of the printing press in Wales (writes Mr. John Ballinger, of the Cardiff Free Library) has yet to be written. It is a work which is badly wanted, but involving extensive research and careful verification of facts. If some of the money so thoughtlessly wasted each year on the National Eisteddfod could be used for encouraging the production of a careful and accurate history of printing in Wales the work might be done.

In November "Cerddor" A. G. E. discusses the question "Is Music a Product of Nature?" "If we take music in the sense of harmony," says he, "we have no objection to admitting that it grew gradually but we could not for a moment accept the theory that music as well as language was evolved originally from nature." "It seems to us," he continues, "quite irrational, and a blasphemy against God to think that he created Adam and Eve and placed them in the Garden of Eden without a language as means of society." It is a fact that every man and woman that comes into the

world since, comes without a language, except as a potentiality which the increased needs of the child and his association with the world evolves. There is nothing disparaging in believing that music and language are derived from nature, nor is it blasphemy to state it as long as we hold that God also created nature. Nature is not a territory outside His kingdom.

The November "Traethodydd" has a number of readable articles, such as the following: "Catholicity," by Evan Jones, Carnarvon; "The Pleasures of Reading," by James Evans, Pontardulais; "The New Methodist Hymnal," by Prof. J. Puleston Jones, M. A.; "Welsh Intermediate Schools," by Prof. E. Anwyl, Aberystwyth; "The Transvaal," by R. G. Davies; "The Apostolic Fathers;" and "The Temperance Problem," by D. Rowlands, M. A., Bangor. The article on the Transvaal gives a fairly good sketch of the causes that led up to the present crisis, but now and again it shows an acerbity of feeling against the Britons, and a partiality towards the Boer side which discloses the author's bias. He is evidently, an Anglophobe. He falsely states that the Boer system of government is better than that of the British!

The November "Ceninen" is rich in articles on subjects of interest to the Welsh reader. The number opens with the old time-honored subject 'Eu hiaith a gadwant,' by the Rev. Charles Davies, wherein are arranged the reasons for preserving the Welsh language. Some of these are plausible and passable, but the preservation of the language depends on the fact as to whether the Welsh people themselves are prepared to give it their practical support. There are unmistakable signs that it is degenerating as a spoken and written language. "The Valley of Teify," by the Rev. D. Stanley Jones; "The Musical Adjudications of the National Eisteddfod"

fod," by D. Emlyn Evans; "Oliver Cromwell," by Hartwell Jones, M. A.; "The Mission of Wesleyism in Wales" by Llanystwyth; "The National Chair," by G. Vaughan and Eilir Evans; "Studies in Hiraethog's 'Emanuel,'" by Rev. D. Adams, B. A.; "John Elias," "Thomas Gouge," "The Bishop of Bangor." "Michael D. Jones," and other Welsh departed celebrities; "The Other Comforter," an unsuccessful poem at the National Eisteddfod; with a great and varied collection of short poems and englynion by writers of note.

As D. Emlyn Evans states in his article on "Adjudications," detailed critical decisions at the Eisteddfodic gatherings are out of the question and impractical. Of what use is it to detain and tire an uncritical audience with long winded dissertations, discussing questions that the majority of the hearers know hardly anything of? Especially is it impractical to immense audiences at the National Eisteddfod wherein the greater portion of the remarks would be inaudible. However, the chief merits or demerits of the renderings should be stated, and should be given out in English as well as Welsh, for the general benefit of all concerned.

A movement has been started in the "Haul" to have rectors, vicars and curates in their respective parishes in Wales to write their history, an undertaking which would furnish Welsh literature with very interesting reading material. There is a considerable amount of history in Wales which has never appeared in book form; and tales and romances which are worth preserving for ages to come.

It is no reason that a language should survive simply because it is old; that it is so closely related to our history as a people; that it is worthy in itself; the survival of the Welsh language will de-

pend entirely on the survival of the Welsh nation as a live people, and as separate and independent. In the States. it is fast and inevitably disappearing, and increased intercourse with the English, with English civilization and culture, will also cripple its use. It certainly should be used as long as there are Welsh who don't understand English; but once the English will have become universal, the use of the Welsh language will fall into desuetude.

"Yr Haul" for November is a number of interest and information. Several of the articles are pleasant reading and raises the "Haul" in the estimation of the reader. Such articles as "The Status and Privileges of Laymen in the Church" and "The Primitive Church and Paganism" are truly valuable. The tone of the other papers is elevating. Readers of a religious turn of mind will find in the "Haul" much to interest them. The other articles are "Acknowledging the Most High;" "The Church and the Reformation;" "Parochial Histories;" "Religious Instruction;" "Masters in Music;" "Abstracts from an address by the Bishop of St. David," &c., &c.

"Cymru" for November is largely devoted to historical sketches of localities and biographical reminiscences of notable and eccentric characters. The following are among the contents: "Nanhoron," by the Rev. H. Hughes; "Pencerdd Ceredigion," by D. Samuel, M. A.; "William Jones, Maescaled," by Gutyn Ebrill; "The Farm Houses of Llangyfelach," by G. H. Thomas; "The Wern Schoolhouse," by E. Williams, Llanfrothen; "William Prichard, Clwchdernog," by Asledydd; "Old Cwmystwyth Characters," by T. Jenkins; "Vivisection," by Glan Menai; "Llanfaelog Church," by J. W. Huws, etc., etc. The illustrations are: The Craped Chair; Edward Edwards; John Mathews, Aberystwyth; Literary Society of Penygroes;

Rhos y Meirch Chapel; and the Prichard monument at Clwchdernog.

The Editor, O. M. Edwards, compliments Morien and congratulates him on having produced another book, this time explaining and revealing all the mysteries pertaining to the Bardic Gorsedd, although denying his premises. According to Morien the Bardic Gorsedd is the centre of creation, and the standard of all weights and measures under the canopy of the heaven as well as beyond. God never did anything except with regard to this Gorsedd, and the Darwinian theory of evolution is merely a scientific treatment of the philosophy of the Gorsedd. The Solar system is merely an expansion of the Gorsedd, and the Archdruid is the authentic Vicar of God.

"Cwrs y Byd" under the caption "Britain's Glory" attacks the honor of England with considerable bad feeling. A short sketch of the Brito-Transvaal trouble is given, and forthwith the Boers are painted as third-heaven angels, while the Britons are triple-coated devils. The writer, probably, makes the mistake of measuring the Boers by their best samples, and the British by their worst. Some of his comparisons are ludicrously trivial; such as where he contrasts the tea and tobacco taxes in Britain with the dynamite monopoly in the Transvaal. The writer is also led away by the old fallacy that the outlanders are the outcasts of society, what he calls the offals of the upper class, outlaws, etc., etc. Even if it be so, the Transvaal needs an equated system of government; and especially, where the Outlanders own nine tenths of the wealth of the country, they should have some political and civil privileges. He also ignores the fact that the franchise was an impossibility in the Transvaal until the British government brought

pressure to bear on the Boers. The Boer promises, also, would never be fulfilled. At the close, he suggests that no other country can show a blacker record than Britain's, which statement, we believe, is that of a bigoted and a seriously contorted brain.

The contents of "Young Wales" for November are as follows: "Education in Wales;" "A Review," by Prof. T. Lewis, M. A., B. D.; "The Development of the Agricultural Resources of Wales," by Tom Parry, Aberystwyth; "Admiral Rodney's Welsh Memorial," by H. G. A.; "Impressions of the Highland Mod," by E. E. Fournier; "Scenes from Welsh History," by Professor Edward Edwards, M. A.; "Ceiriog," by Eilir Evans; "Charles Ashton—the Welsh Literary Policeman;" "The Daughter of the Mill (A Welsh Idyll)" its conclusion, by Annie Pierce.

The remarkable change which has come over the Principality during the last quarter of the century—perhaps I should say since the establishment of the University College at Aberystwyth—is one of which any nation might reasonably be proud. Wales has been transfigured. Yet we have really only planted the machinery. We have hardly commenced active work. About 30 years ago Wales, from an educational point of view, was in a deplorable condition. There was a number of Voluntary Schools, National or British, but wholly inadequate to meet the wants of the people. Foster's Act of 1870 set elementary on a satisfactory basis and, the foundation once laid, the educational structure has advanced with astonishing rapidity. We have succeeded in establishing a system of education which will compare favorably with that of any nation.—"Young Wales."

SCIENTIFIC

A natural soap mine and a paint mine have been discovered in British Columbia. Several soda lakes recently found in the foothills near Ashcroft, we are told by "Feilden's Magazine," have bottoms and shores encrusted with natural washing compound containing borax and soda, and equal to ordinary washing powders for cleansing purposes. About 275 tons of the compound have been cut and taken out of one lake, being handled exactly like ice. One lake alone contains 20,000 tons.

The French government is considering the advisability of discontinuing the use of the guillotine and contemplates the adoption in its stead of electrical execution. The head of the criminal is inclosed in a helmet somewhat similar to that used by a diver. When the executioner turns on the current two needles leap from their sockets, penetrate the temples and enter the brain. A powerful alternating current ruptures and destroys the brain cells so quickly that it is believed that death will be instantaneous. This seems like a clumsy method of execution, but there is no question that it will be efficacious.

There is a large bird found in the Philippine Islands which has a peculiar way of protecting not only its little one, but the mother bird as well. The mother bird hatches out only one baby at a time, instead of having a nestful, as most birds do. When it is time to lay the egg the father bird selects a hollow tree, into which the mother bird goes. The father bird then seals up the opening of the tree with mud, leaving only a small hole through which he supplies her with food until the young bird is hatched and large enough to care for it-

self. The reason for this strange sort of care, which seems more like imprisonment, is that there are a great many snakes in the forests of these islands, which could get into the hollow tree and destroy both the mother bird and her baby.—Forward.

"It may not be generally known that the by-products of fruit stones are of considerable value," says "The Scientific American." "The pits of peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, and prunes which have heretofore been thrown away or used for fuel have a market value. This is specially true of the peach and apricot pits. There is now a strong demand for them at \$8 to \$10 a ton, delivered in San Francisco. The kernel is, of course, what is sought. From the kernel of the apricot Turkish 'nut candy' is made which has almost displaced the almond. The same substance is used for the adulteration of cinnamon, allspice, and nutmeg. Prussic acid and essence and oil of almonds are made from the peach and prune pits, and these flavors are used in many ways. The pits are cracked in San Francisco, and the kernels are then sent East."

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NEW USES FOR THE AUTOMOBILE.

The principle of the horseless carriage is being constantly extended. The latest development, we are told by "The Electrical Review," is in the form of an invalid's chair. "A Toronto electrician is said to have designed an electromobile for this purpose, carrying a 4 horse power motor and sufficient battery capacity for a 15-mile run at 4½ miles per hour." The same journal reports that an automobile ambulance is being made for St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City. "It will be propelled by electric-

ity, and will be a model of its kind. Electric power is more advantageous for propelling a vehicle where it is essential to have a very steady motion. The large pneumatic tires, it is expected, will also contribute in no small degree to the comfort of the patient."

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WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

"Sir William H. Preece has recently been carrying on some interesting experiments on wireless telephony, so called, says "The Scientific American" (October 7): "Four of the poles have been erected near Carnarvon on a sand bank at the southern end of Menai Straits. Half a mile off four similar poles were erected, and half a mile further on is a high pole supporting a coil of wire, one end being anchored in deep water. Between these points he has succeeded in transmitting the sound of a succession of taps. These taps were made with the view of sending messages by the Morse mode. They were heard at the receiving-station by placing a special telephone to the ear. The system is more rapid than that of Marconi, but the sounds are not as distinct as they might be. As a matter of fact, it is not telephony at all, but a system of telegraphy in which a telephone is used as a receiver."

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A NEW INSTRUMENT.

A new instrument has been designed by Mr. Cowper-Coles, of London, for readily locating the direction of sound, and for projecting sound long distances. It consists of a reflector mounted on an arm which can be readily turned on its center and depressed or elevated by the operator. When it is desired to ascertain the exact direction from which a sound emanated the apparatus is turned on its axis, and as soon as the reflector is opposite the source of the sound it is heard much more intensified in the re-

ceiver. Two instruments are used to carry on the conversation between two distant points or ships. The sound waves are thrown from one reflector to the other, the sound being focused in one instrument in the receiver when the operator speaks into the flexible tube, while the operator working the other instrument places the tube attachment to the receiver to his ear.

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GOLF AND THE NERVES.

A paper on "Golf from a Neurological Point of View," has recently been read before the Neurological Association by Dr. Irving C. Rosse of Washington. "There is a great deal to be said in favor of golf," says "The Medical Record," "for those suffering from heart lesions, arterial calcification, or certain hysterical conditions, and undoubtedly as a medical adjunct is it not to be despised. Dr. Rosse, while enjoining moderation, alleges that benefit has been derived in some cases of cough, nervous asthma, and in affections of bladder and prostate, but it is pre-eminently in functional nervous disease that our great Anglo-Saxon game is to be recommended both as a prophylactic and curative. As to its being a remedy for insomnia, there may be some doubt, as we have met within the last few days a golfer who, despite his golf exercise, suffered from insomnia. A great deal might be said in favor of golf as a mental and nervous tonic, but not to the exclusion of other sports which have many of the same advantages."

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SMOKELESS COAL.

A "smokeless coal" of recent invention has just been tested in England. In the course of the experiments, which are described in "La Nature" (July 22), the new combustible "was burned in ordinary grates and also in braziers placed in the middle of the room, and it was

found that it gave off only traces of smoke, which were hardly perceptible even when fresh coal was added to the fire. The fire resembled an extraordinary brilliant coke fire, and had long white and blue flames. The heat given off is intense, and as to the production of steam, one pound of coal evaporates fourteen pounds of water. The residues (ashes, etc.) do not exceed three per cent. For industrial use, the combustible is molded into perforated bricks weighing about ten pounds a piece, but for domestic use it takes the form of cakes or lumps of lenticular form, of which 140 weigh 100 pounds. At present the bricks can be bought in London at retail for 21s. (\$5.25) a ton. We are told that the new combustible is composed of 93 per cent. of coal-dust and of 7 per cent. of a mixture of pine and caustic lime. These three substances are mixed and run into molds, where they harden to such a degree that they do not separate in burning."—Translation made for The Literary Digest.

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INDIVIDUAL THINKING.

So long as the idea prevails that it is dangerous for brethren to differ from each other in opinion there is no encouragement to individual thinking, for the exercise of our individual judgments, in an honest effort to know the truth for ourselves on every subject that comes before us, is certain to result in differences of opinion. It soon comes to be, therefore, that thinking for oneself is regarded as a dangerous experiment, and we begin to look around for the most commonly accepted view, and we take that second-hand. There are, of course, many things that most of us are compelled to accept second-hand, because only a few specialists have entered these fields of investigation, and are competent to express an opinion upon them. But as soon as the facts they furnish us come within our possession we are to

exercise our individual judgment as to the bearing upon the particular question in hand, and he who does not do this is doing injustice to his own moral and intellectual nature. In the Roman Catholic church all questions are settled by the hierarchy, and the people are saved the trouble of thinking for themselves, but the result of it we all know. The chief distinction between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism has been and is the greater freedom of thought which the latter inculcates; but all Protestants do not act consistently with this distinction.

We have long been of the opinion that there is more intellectual than physical laziness. There is a constitutional indisposition to mental exertion as well as an inherent reluctance in expending physical energy, and it, perhaps, is more widespread than the latter.—Christian Evangelist.

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THE NEW RELIGION.

The Christian church and a Y. M. C. A. are of course very different institutions, and the latter is free from any traditions of austere dignity, but one is not surprised to find that the church has also been touched with the social spirit and is also doing her best to make religion entertaining. One enters what is called a place of worship and imagines that he is in a drawing-room. The floor has a thick carpet, there are rows of theater-chairs, a huge organ fills the eye, a large bouquet of flowers marks the minister's place; people come in with a jaunty air and salute one another cheerily; hardly one bends his head in prayer; there is a hum of gossip through the building.

A man disentangles himself from a conversation and bustles up to the platform without clerical garb of any kind, as likely as not in layman's dress. A quartet advances, and, facing the audience, sings an anthem to the congrega-

tion, which does not rise, and later they sing another anthem, also to the congregation. There is one prayer, and one reading from Holy Scripture, and a sermon which is brief and bright. Among other intimations the minister urges attendance at the Easter supper, when, as is mentioned in a paper in the pews, there will be oysters and meat—turkey, I think—and ice-cream. This meal is to be served in the “church parlor.”

No sooner has the benediction been pronounced, which has some original feature introduced, than the congregation hurries to the door, but although no one can explain how it is managed, the minister is already there shaking hands, introducing people, “getting off good things,” and generally making things “hum.” One person congratulates him on his “talk”—new name for a sermon—and another says it was “fine.”—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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WHAT CONSTITUTES A HEALTHY MAN.

One of our medical contemporaries, the Texas “Medical News,” thus sums up the qualities which constitute a perfectly healthy man. He should have a strong, healthy heart; one not weak from disuse or the excessive use of tobacco, alcohol or other causes; lungs well developed, and that expand rhythmically with ample breathing space for health and a surplus for work or disease; muscles well rounded and elastic, made hard and strong by use and carrying, like the camel's hump, reserve energy for trying journeys; nerves, nature's electric wires, properly insulated and connected, bringing all the various organs of the body into one perfect system, and all under the control of a brain of just proportions, well balanced and convoluted, not soft from disuse or destroyed for the need of rest; educated for the high duties it was intended to perform, not only to stand guard over and protect the health and life of the individual, but at the same time to furnish feeling and

thought and pleasure for the human being. All of these organs, when properly constructed and adjusted and perfect in every detail, go to make up a healthy individual and one possessing within himself a power of resistance not easily overcome by disease-producing organisms.—“*Scientific American*.”

CANNIBALISM PRODUCED MANKIND.

It has often been a matter of speculation among scientific men who accept the Darwinian theory of human origin how an ape ever managed to pass into a man. If the writer, Mr. Morley Roberts, of a paper in “*The Humanitarian*” is to be believed, it was by learning to eat his brother monkeys. “Cannibalism,” we read, “was the thought of a genius among the apes, who then commenced rapidly advancing by its aid to man's estate.” War at once became in the true sense of the term, “self supporting.” The commissariat of a simian army was found in the ranks of the enemies it had conquered and when the enemy could not be got at it fell back for its meat supply on its own camp followers. This was a great convenience. It gave apes a supply of “concentrated, highly oxygenated food,” taught them to combine together in order to become more efficient cannibals, and thus gradually improved their physical vigor and expanded their brains. And it is thus a mistake to talk of the man eating tribes that still exist as degraded. They have simply not advanced, but prefer to keep up a custom that other human beings have long abandoned. Cannibals, in fact, are good conservatives, and we may be thankful to the author of this pleasing theory that he has not carried the argument one step further and tried to prove that all conservatives are necessarily cannibals.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Mr. Albert Spicer, M. P., intends during the next Parliamentary session to introduce a bill for the purpose of securing Sunday closing for Monmouthshire.

Some of the Carabineers who will do active service in South Africa were stationed at Pontypridd during the strike, and won the esteem of the townspeople for the practical sympathy shown by them with the distressed women and children.

The people of Southern Pembrokeshire—the descendants of the Flemings—are closely related to the Hollanders we are now fighting in South Africa. This gives point to Sir Charles Philipps' complaint the other day, that in some things Pembrokeshire is two hundred years behind the rest of Wales.

It is stated that the application of the executive on the Powys Provincial Eisteddfod that the Druids, bards, and orators might wear their official robes at that Eisteddfod has been rejected by the Gorsedd Committee, on the ground that the robes can only be worn at the National Eisteddfod and its proclamation.

The following placard appears in the shop window of one of Briton Ferry's shoemakers' windows: "War! War! War! War declared by the Renowned Boot King against brown paper shoe taps. Note my desperate onslaught on

high prices and use of stationery in footgear impedimenta."

A lawyer can sometimes say the truth—and Mr. Bryn Roberts succeeded in doing so by a slip of the tongue in his "peace" address at Carnarvon recently. Referring to the Transvaal burghers, he described them as "President Kruger's burglars." The audience saw the point and appositeness of the description and laughed uproariously, while poor Mr. Roberts stood dumbfounded, at having inadvertently let the Boer cat out of the peace bag.

Numerous as were the visitors at Llandrindod and Llanwrtyd Wells last summer, we have not heard that any patrons of these favorite spas have been placed in such a dilemma as has overtaken visitors to several of the Welsh seaside resorts. Aberystwyth, for instance, was so crowded on some occasions during the summer that visitors were obliged to sleep at the railway station and in the schools, and in some instances even bathing machines on the beach had to serve as sleeping apartments.

On March 17, 1689, Henry Lord Herbert, authorized by William III., raised a regiment of infantry in Wales, and some adjacent counties, and this was the origin of the "Gallant 23rd," which was one of the twelve regiments formed to oppose the adherents of James II., and whose departure to the Transvaal from Pembroke dock recently was

witnessed with so much enthusiasm. The old colors of the regiment, tattered and torn, are now lodged in St. Peter's Church, Carmarthen, having been presented to the churchwardens, with military honors, on November 19, 1849.

A curious pair of dog tongs, Gefail Gwn, is preserved in the interesting Parish Church of Llaneilian, on the north coast of Anglesey. According to the "Reliquary," which gives an illustration, they were used for removing intruding dogs from the church, the "business end" of the implement being furnished with four projecting iron teeth, which gave the beadle a good grip of the neck of the offending animal. Besides Llaneilian, dog tongs also exist at Penmynydd (Anglesey), Bangor, Clynnog Fawr, and Llankestyn (Carnarvon), Gyffylliog and Llanynys (Denbigh, and Clodock (Hereford).

A Welshman felt compelled to write his will in English and this is the result:—"Janry 31th 1896. I, John Williams of Eidsvold, Deue Wish the Folling Pepel to get my money after my Death, and this is to be Put in my Will: Mr. W. Conming, £150; to the Eidsvold Hospital, £100; to T. Eldmons, £100; to T. J. Gillhesphy, £100 to Mrs. McCulla, servant, £50. My House, Stock, and Furnter, and money to Created (? credit) in the Savings Bank to be Divided Between the Churches after all my Dets are Paid." The Brisbane Supreme Court had the document translated into decent English and then granted probate. John Williams was a publican at Eidsvold, Queensland.

Two memorial chapels are to be erected shortly to perpetuate the memory of two of the great preachers of Wales. At the village of Llansannan a Hiraethog Memorial Chapel is to be

built in memory of the late Rev. Dr. William Rees (Gwilym Hiraethog), who commenced preaching in the old-fashioned chapel, where the congregation of Independents at present worship in the village, and at Rhostyllen, near Wrexham, a "Williams o'r Wern" Memorial Chapel is to be erected in memory of one of the "three princes of the Welsh pulpit."

Canton Church is in some respects the most interesting in Cardiff. It was here that the famous John Griffith, rector of Merthyr, preached an annual sermon, which attracted crowds to hear his always remarkable utterances on things generally, and more particularly bishops and bazaars, for neither of which he had the smallest sympathy or respect. "I don't care," he once said, "if right rev. prelates are listening to me now in this church. More bishops, indeed! If I had my way I would hang the whole lot of them--and not by their necks, either, but by their feet, so that all the money could fall out of their pockets," adding, facetiously, "What a scramble there would be among the church wardens!" It was a common occurrence for the congregation to give way to audible laughter.

Another Welsh tradition demolished! According to the Rev. E. D. Jenkins, of Portmadoc, in his book on Beddgelert, the story of Llewelyn and his dog was imparted to Beddgelert from South Wales by David Pritchard, who at one time kept an hotel at the village of Beddgelert. Mr. Jenkins supposes that Pritchard must have known the story localised by Iolo Morganwg in South Wales, and that he upon his removal to Beddgelert began to touch it up with local color. It is more than probable that Spencer got the materials for his ballad from Pritchard and a local writer

is quoted to prove that the stone denoting what is known as Gelert's grave was placed there by Pritchard and others. The story, however, has been the making of Beddgelert.

At the little village of Llandderfel, near Corwen, a memorial to the late Dewi Hafesp was recently unveiled by Lady Robertson, of Pale. Dewi Hafesp, who was a native of Llandderfel, was one of the best englynwyr produced by Wales, some of his stanzas being real gems, such as the following, "to a little girl":--

Ha, fe alwyd nefolion

I hollti aur yn wallt i hon.

In another direction the following englyn to the "donkey" is characteristic of Dewi's productions:--

Ara' deg er gore dawn--ydyw'r mul,

Cefnder Malwen ddiddawn;

Ond mae'r od anghymodlawn

Wedd 'i wneyd i nadu'n lawn.

A Welsh author in the middle of the present century, commenting on the pretty name of Gwladys (the Latin Claudia), says: "It should be pronounced Gladdis, as none but a pedantic Welshman would think of calling it Goo-la-dis." He adds the following: "An English commercial traveler in North Wales, noticing a cheerful-looking child of that name, observed, 'Aye, a very proper name for you, my dear, is Glad-eyes, for you have as pleasant a pair of peepers as ever were cased in a pretty face. Here's a penny for you, Glad-eyes. Good bye, Glad-eyes! Well, if I ever have a little girl of my own I should like to have her christened Glad-eyes. Good bye, Glad-eyes,' and off he ambled, leaving the poor girl amazed, but understanding his present better than his compliment."

The union of the Theological College of Wales, of which Principal Rowlands, the Memorial College, Brecon, is pres-

ident, and Professor Young Evans, Trefecca, secretary, will not take steps this year to appeal to the court of the University of Wales, against the rejection by the Theological Board of the proposal to include theology in the faculty of arts, as provided by the charter. A proposal to modify the present syllabus for the degree of B. D. still remains from the last meeting on the agenda of the Theological Board, and will be discussed when the Board meets in May. In the meantime the agitation in favor of making degrees in theology more accessible to Welsh students is proceeding.

Do Welshmen of note avoid the holiday resorts of Wales? The Rev. Pedr Williams thinks they do. "There was a time," he writes in his "Outlook Across the Border," in the pages of "Young Wales," when nearly all the sons and daughters of the principality who had reached distinction in the realms of music, politics, journalism, and the pulpit were to be found in August either at Aberystwyth or, in still larger numbers, at Llandrindod. This year men missed their compatriots in the crowds of English visitors who inundated both places. This is less true of Llandrindod than of Aberystwyth. Yet even at the Wells it was felt that the place had become even less than ever the meeting place of notable Cymry."

"Instead of the ordinary dictation," said a Swansea school teacher to his class, "I want each boy to write an account of what he knows about South Africa and the present war." The following, (says the "Post") is one of young hopeful's production:—"Mr. Kruger is the President of the South African Republic, and is noted for shaving off his upper lip. He wears other whiskers on his chin, and is very fond of drinking coffee, and is allowed £300

per year from the government for it. He has a companion named Oom Paul, who is very fond of smoking tobacco. The Boers themselves are very good shots, and can hit almost anything at 20 to 30 yards. There is a lady there called Lady Smith, who is very good to the soldiers. The Boers carried off Majuba Hill one time, but the English are going to make them put it back again. Sir Rivers Buller will arrive in a few days, and will give the Boers beans.'

Incidental to an excursion from South Wales to Glasgow recently, whereby a crowd of Welsh folk journeyed to the Scotch city, "Cassell's Saturday Journal" tells a good story. It is pretty well known (says the paper) that in one thing at least "Taffy" excels, and that is in the art that has charms with which to soothe the savage breast. A large party of the excursionists visited the cathedral, and upheld the Cymric musical reputation by giving a magnificent rendition of the Welsh national anthem, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" ("Land of My Fathers" in the close. The singing attracted a large crowd of other excursionists and Glaswegians. "Wha's that they're skirlin'?" asked a Gordon Highlander on furlough, of a Welshman. "That's "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," proudly replied the "Taffy." "Hoot, mon! 'The hen laddie naddy,' indeed!" retorted the Gordon scornfully. "Ye should hear 'The Cock'o the North!'"

What was probably the first Eisteddfod ever held in Cardiff was that of Cymreigyddion Caerdydd, in 1833—66 years ago, and the records are interesting as showing the great advance made both by Cardiff and the Eisteddfod since that day of small things. The Cymreigyddion, we find, met in the afternoon at the house of a Mr. Thomas, at the Cross Keys, whence, each having

been decorated with a strip of blue ribbon around the arm, they marched in procession to the Tabernacle Baptist Church to hear a sermon by the Rev. L. Roberts, Congregational minister of Watford. Then came a dinner at the Cross Keys, and the Eisteddfod was held in the evening in the school room, presumably that of the Tabernacle. The report of the proceedings from which we quote is signed L. J. Little, and states:—"Such a meeting as this has not been held in this town for centuries, but we hope this shall not be the last, but that friends will continue to meet unflinchingly to maintain the language and the rights of Wales." L. J. Little, despite his name, was clearly a patriotic and enthusiastic Cymro.

Dr. Zimmer, professor of the Sanscrit and Celtic languages in the University of Griefswald, has been staying at Llandyssul. He spent a large part of his vacation in North Wales, learning the North Wallian dialect in personal contact with the inhabitants of Snowdonia. Dr. Zimmer means to spend the interval before the opening of his classes at Griefswald on the banks of the Teify, as the best centre to cultivate an acquaintance with the dialect that best represents the classical dictum of the "Mabinogion." Dr. Zimmer is said to be one of the best Irish scholars living, and possesses an almost unequalled knowledge of Mediaeval Welsh. What phenomena these German savants are, to be sure! We have the programme of studies at Griefswald during the coming session before us, and we find that Dr. Zimmer is engaged to lecture in the historical grammar of the Breton language, also on old Irish texts, and, mirabile dictu, he will give an exposition on "Enklarymy der Cyfreithiau Hywel Dda." Is there any university in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland that does similar work?

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

THE LATE REV. H. P. HOWELL, D.
D., COLUMBUS, O.

The Rev. H. P. Howell, D. D., after a long illness, departed this life Tuesday morning, November 28. About two

this country when a mere lad, having had very little schooling, and settled for a time at Cassville, N. Y. Thence he moved to Racine, Wis., where his brother resided. He subsequently removed to Paddy's Run, O., where he attended



Rev H. P Howell, D. D.

years ago, he suffered a paralytic stroke, from the effects of which he never recovered. He was widely known among Cambro-Americans as a popular preacher, editor and writer.

He was born at Cemmes, Montgomery, N. W., in 1836, and was the son of Edward and Mary Howell. He came to

school for two years and where he also began preaching. August, 1863, he returned to Wales and studied four years at the Bala College, N. W., and recrossed over to this country in 1867 when he accepted a call at Milwaukee.

He remained there until 1884, when he moved to Columbus, O., where he re-

remained until his death. In 1886 the Rev. W. Roberts, D. D., resigned as editor of the "Cyfaill," and Mr. Howell was chosen to undertake the work. He ranked among the best Welsh preachers in this country; his delivery being characterized by the style and enthusiasm of Old Wales. He was a fine-looking man, and a pleasing speaker.

Mr. Howell was twice married, and leaves one son by his first wife, and two sons and two daughters by his second.

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The late Mr. William Spurrell, father of the mayor-elect of Carmarthen, was for some time engaged as a compositor on the original MSS. of Dickens' most popular works.

Mr. G. Hay Morgan, B.Sc., the young Welshman who is about giving up the pastorate of a London Baptist church in order to practice as a barrister-at-law, is also the adopted Liberal candidate for Edmonton Division at the next general election

If the Robertses predominate in North Wales the Lewises are able to make a good show in the South. At the recent Glamorgan Licensing Sessions, Mr. Arthur Lewis, on behalf of Mr. Lewis Lewis, and instructed by Mr. J. W. Lewis, applied for a license for a new hotel at Trelewis.

Lady White, the wife of Sir George White, is a Welsh woman. She is the daughter of the late Stephen Lewis, of London, who was born at Tycoed Farm, in Llanfyrnach Parish, Pembrokeshire. Years ago, says a correspondent of the "Pembrokeshire County Guardian," the general paid many visits to the neighborhood as the guest of the late John Owen, of Glogue.

"Gwilym Cowlyd," of Llanrwst, the "Chief Bard Positive of the Christian Bardism of Wales," has sent a protest

to the secretary of next year's National Eisteddfod of Wales, to be held at Liverpool, in which he states that the Eisteddfod of 1900 is a "rebellious and idolatrous gathering." He "warns the committees," and quotes the Scriptures to support (?) his assertions.

The Rev. A. Ll. Jenkins, the Welsh missionary of Brittany, is at present engaged in translating the Book of Psalms into the Breton language. Owing to trouble in the mission under his supervision arising out of clerical opposition, Mr. Jenkins has been unable to do much of the translation recently. He hopes, however, to give the work his undivided attention, and bring it to a completion before the end of the year.

It will be good news to Welshmen to learn that Owen Edwards will not contest Merionethshire at the next election. Mr. Edwards finds he has too much to do at Oxford to attend Parliament. Mr. Edwards is too useful a figure in the Welsh literary world to be spared to do indifferent work in politics, and his return to his natural field of labor will be hailed with approval. Mr. John Morley crossed over years ago, and the movement was a loss to literature and no gain to politics.

Who says the Welsh language is not elastic? Dr. Llugwy Owen, Ph. D., in his new Welsh work on the "Philosophy of the Greeks" makes even the ancient philosophers of that land speak in the language of the Cymry, but the modern Welsh reader, it must be confessed, will be slightly puzzled when he will find such words as *enfodolion*, *erfodolion*, *eideau*, *eidosau*, *bodolion*, *wsaidd*, and *bodolion anwsaidd* staring him in the face from the pages of the new book.

Lord Lisburne, though he was well known about London as Lord Vaughan in his bachelor days, had since his mar-

riage lived almost exclusively at his home in Wales, which he rebuilt and did a great deal to beautify. It is situated close to Aberystwyth and he entertained a large party there when the Prince of Wales opened the Aberystwyth University. Lord Lisburne, whose title is an Irish one, married Miss Probyn, sister of his father's second wife—that is to say, two sisters married father and son. The earlier Lady Lisburne is now Lady Amherst, the wife of Earl Amherst.

With the object of furthering the national testimonial to Miss Sarah Jane Rees ("Cranogwen"), a meeting of her admirers was held at Peniel Chapel, Pontypridd, lately. William Jones, J. P., Cardigan, presided. Letters supporting the movement were read from Messrs. O. M. Edwards, M. P., Oxford; "Mabon," M. P., "Gwenyth Vaughan," the Rector of Llangranog, Mrs. Davies, Plasdinam; Miss Marsh, Carno, &c. A large and influential committee was formed to further the movement, and Mr. E. H. Davies, J. P., Pentre was elected chairman; Messrs. John Griffiths, Aberdare, and Daniel Davies, Ton Pentre, joint secretaries, and Wm. Jones, Cardigan, treasurer.

English religious weeklies continue to pay increasing attention to Wales. Thus in a recent number of the "Christian Age" the front page is occupied by an admirable portrait of the new chairman of the Welsh Baptist Union, the Rev. W. Morris, F.R.G.S., Treorky, and the accompanying letterpress depicts the reverend gentleman's ascent "from the workshop to the president's chair." As illustrative of his boundless energy the writer shows how Mr. Morris and a congregation of working men, chiefly colliers, were daring enough to erect an edifice at a cost of £6,000. This was the Noddfa Baptist Chapel, Treorky, with its seating accommodation for 1,500 per-

sons, which is one of the finest in the principality. During the building of this large structure Mr. Morris's medical adviser rebuked the energetic pastor in a somewhat expressive manner, saying, "You are building your coffin." The enterprise, however, was more than justified, and the pastor remarks good-humoredly in his reminiscences, that he has survived the kind physician.

Dr. T. Witton Davies, M. A., professor of the Semitic language at the North Wales College, Bangor, is the only Welshman among the contributors to "The Encyclopædia Biblica," the dictionary of the Bible projected by the late Professor W. Robertson Smith, and which is now being carried out under the joint editorship of Professor T. K. Cheyne, D. D., of Oxford, and Dr. J. Sutherland Black, assistant editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Dr. Witton Davies, who is also among the writers to the great Bible dictionary brought out by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh, will write on "Divination" to the first volume of the "Encyclopædia Biblica."

Friday has been a noted day in the history of many persons. Of the late Vicar of Llantrisant, the Rev. J. Powell Jones, it is said that nearly all the important events in his life took place on Friday. He was born on Friday; entered St. David's College, Lampeter, on Friday; he became curate of Loughor, on Friday; he received a letter from the Lord Chancellor, offering him the living, on a Friday; the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester offered him the important living of Llantrisant on Friday; the late Bishop of Llandaff wrote to him of his intention to appoint him canon on Friday; he died on Friday, and was buried in the churchyard of Llangyfelach, December 28th, 1883.

THE LATE REV. DAVID PROBERT,
YOUNGSTOWN, O.

Rev. David Probert, one of Youngstown's worthiest pioneers and most honored citizens, died at his late residence, 1830 West Federal Street, Thursday morning, October 26, at 1 o'clock.

December 25, 1814, Rev. Mr. Probert first saw the light of day, in Llangender, Breconshire, South Wales, being the son of John and Margaret Probert. While a boy, his father died, and in 1832, accompanied by his mother and two brothers, he steered his course to America, locating at Pottsville, Pa. He remained there but a short time, then going to Pittsburg, where he remained for a year or two, then removing to Parisville, Portage Country. There it was he met, wooed and married Eleanor Davies, who for 62 years was his faithful companion, and who preceded him to the other world by only nine months. Their marriage was solemnized October 2, 1836, and the 60th anniversary of the same was fittingly recognized October 2, 1896, in Youngstown. Shortly after their wedding, they went to Pittsburg, and then to Brady's Bend, where Rev. Probert organized a church of 100 members, having been received into the ministry in that place, July 10, 1841. In 1846, they located in Youngstown, taking up their residence on the site on which the Excelsior Block now stands. Some little time was passed there, and then they removed to Brier Hill, where they spent the remainder of their lives. Since the death of his wife, Rev. Probert has lived with his eldest son, John D. Probert.

In May, 1846, he organized what is now the Walnut Street Baptist Church, with a membership of eight persons, includ-

ing with him and his estimable wife, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. David Jones, Ann Phillips, Thomas Probert and John Edwards, all of whom are now dead. In 1847 they erected a small frame church building just east of Worthington Street, and the congregation being then unable to support a pastor, Rev. Probert worked in the mines operated by the late Governor Tod. In 1866 they decided to move nearer the city in order to accommodate the majority of the members, who lived here. A site on North Walnut Street, on which the Walnut Street Baptist Church now stands, was purchased and a structure erected. For 43 years this worthy man ministered to the wants of the thriving congregation, and was ever the ideal pastor and friend. No inconvenience or trouble or sacrifice on his part was considered, providing it meant the furthering of some one's happiness, or the lessening of the sorrow and affliction of any one whom "The hand of the Lord hath touched," in bereavement. On account of his advanced age he resigned from the pastorate of the church a few years ago. Surely no greater tribute could be paid to him than that frequently offered by the children or grandchildren of old-time parishioners when, after his retirement, they would request the venerable gentleman to bless a nuptial union, or perform the last sad offices for a dear departed one.

His loyal helpmeet, with six children were called to the eternal home prior to his summons, and four sons still remain, John David Probert and Frederick Redmond Probert, of Youngstown; Rev. Evan Morgan Probert, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Tiffin, and Rev. Thomas Crosby Probert, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Petersburg, Ind.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

An affectionate Irishman once enlisted in the Seventy-fifth regiment in order to be near his brother, who was corporal in the Seventy-sixth.

While a Cardiganshire clergyman was officiating at one of his churches the other Sunday, his little grandson, feeling tired, called out. "Digon 'nawr, tadcu; dewch tua thre." ("That's enough now, grandpa; come home").

Queen Victoria was greatly interested with Lord Kitchener when he was in England and asked him in the course of a private interview if what she had heard of him was true, that he did not care for any woman. He replied that it was true with one exception. The queen asked for the name of the exception, and was much amused when the sirdar replied "Your Majesty."

A country exchange wants the formation of a society for the prevention of cruelty to vegetation. Just think of digging the eyes out of potatoes, pulling the ears off from the corn; cutting the head off a cabbage; pulling the beard out of rye; cutting the heart of a tree; spilling the blood of the beet; tearing the skin from a peach and breaking the neck of a squash and other outrages.

A good story is going the round of ecclesiastical circles about a well-known bishop—not a Welsh one, we believe. His grace was at a garden party, and was being bored by the small talk of a lady, who was famous for the extent of her family, and her taste for

conversing with bishops. "By the way, my dear bishop," she said, "I don't think you've seen my last baby yet." "No, madam," replied the bishop, wishing to indicate that he does not care much about babies, "and I don't suppose I ever shall."

An "Old Transvaaler" writes: A visit to his honor, the present ruler of the Transvaal, prior to the friction that has arisen between him and the Suzerain Power, was an experience decidedly out of the ordinary intercourse with high dignitaries. To begin with, it is not every potentate that receives his guests at 5 A. M., for you must be ready to go out with the morning milk if you aspire to the honor of being received by the president of the South African republic.

The effect of the President, clad in a green silk scarf over a greasy frock-coat, taking his pipe out of his mouth and rising to address his faithful but sometimes turbulent burghers requires to be seen to be fully appreciated, continues the writer. He is not easy to follow, unless you are very conversant with the "Taal," as in loud guttural Dutch, accentuated by the frequent smacking of his hands, he hammers in his ideas willy-nilly and brooks no opposition.

Three game cocks were brought back from Porto Rico by Admiral Sampson for his boys and placed at the Sampson home at Glen Ridge, N. J. They had records as fighters, and some care was taken to keep them from attacking and

hurting a little American bantam which strutted around the place. These precautions failed, however, and the bantam killed two of the Spanish chickens one after the other, and the third roosted so high that it took the admiral's field glass to find him.

The story of Professor Jowett, the learned and late lamented Greek scholar of Oxford, recently given a new start in the papers, is more than a bright bon mot; it is a new theology in a nutshell, the living issue in religion in an epigram. The pupil said: "I want to know, professor, what you think of God." "I am more concerned, sir, to know what God thinks of me." Theories of the divine have but little influence upon our lives, but the effort to adjust ourselves into the divine necessities and realities has profound significance.

A sine qua non with "Oom Paul" is that you speak Dutch; English he will not understand. Provided you can only talk the "Taal" you are on a different footing. He will unbend enough to order coffee for you, for which coffee he gets a special allowance of £300 per annum voted by his faithful Raad. This in addition to the trifle of £7,000 per annum he draws as salary, but which, it is said, Mrs. Kruger (the "Mrs. Kruger" immortalised by Mr. Chamberlain) makes it her proud boast she is able to save entirely, and run the house on the coffee-money alone.

A number of Scotch reservists before leaving for the Cape were entertained at a farewell supper the other evening by their fellow workers in Dundee. "Now, boys," said the chairman, after an appropriate speech, "treat what is on the table as you would the Boers." As the feast ended one of the reservists was observed by the chairman stowing away a bottle of whisky in his pocket.

"What's that ye're daein', Tam?" shouted the chairman, good humoredly.

"Oh," replied Tam, to the great amusement of all, "I'm only obeyin' orders. Ye tellt us to treat the supper as we would the Boers, and, ye ken, what we dinna kill we tak' prisoners."

Preparations are now being made for the Passion Play, which will be held at Oberammergau in 1900. The last Passion Play was given in 1890, and was a success financially and artistically. Singers have been selected, and some of the actors who are to take important parts. Anton Lang will probably take the part of Christ. The committee has decided to erect new buildings, and the auditorium is to be covered with an iron roof. This was very essential, as many of those who visited the play nine years ago found their pleasure in it greatly marred by the fierce rays of the sun beating down upon them.

An exchange prints the following marriage ceremony, which was said by a Tennessee squire a short time ago: "Wilt thou take her for thy pard; for better or for worse; to have, to hold, to fondly guard until hauled off in a hearse? Wilt thou let her have her way, consult her many wishes; make the fire every day and help her wash the dishes? Wilt thou comfort and support her father and mother, Aunt Jemima and Uncle John, three sisters and a brother? And his face grew pale and blank; it was too late to jilt; as through the floor he sank he said: "I wilt."

Pat Maloney was nailing a box containing articles which he intended sending by rail. From the nature of the contents a friend knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted during the passage. He ventured to suggest to Pat to write conspicuously on the case: "This side up with care." A few days afterward, seeing

Pat again, he asked: "Heard any more about your goods? Did they get there safely?"

"Every one of them broke," said Pat.

"The whole lot? Did you label it 'This side up,' as I told you?"

"Yes, I did. And for fear they shouldn't see it on the cover, I put it on the bottom, too."

One of the Kansas volunteers who on account of wounds returned from one Philippines in advance of his regiment, was tendered a reception on his arrival at his home town. In one of his letters he had said he would give four years of his life for one of those apple pies such as mother used to make. So at the reception he was presented with a huge pie. It was in square form, measuring two feet one way by five the other. In it were two and one-half bushels of apples, ten pounds of flour, ten pounds of sugar, six pounds of lard, two pounds of butter and a commensurate amount of the other ingredients which go in this kind of pastry.

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THE QUAKER'S ANSWER.

A young man travelling in a stage coach to London attempted to ridicule the Scriptures. Among other things he made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and in particular to a grave gentleman—a Quaker. "Indeed, friend," was the reply, "I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

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HE DIDN'T MENTION THAT.

There is one Welshman who will never again buy a birthday book. De-

lighting to hear the girl's silvery laugh, he bought her a copy of "The Mark Twain Birthday Book," with a space under each date for writing a name, and on the opposite page a quotation from the Yankee humorist. "A thousand thanks, darling!" she said; "you must write your own dear name first. When were you born?" "October 21," he said; and he wrote his name, in his beautiful, bold handwriting; and then they read, with icy horror, the quotation on the opposite page:—"He didn't mention that he was a lineal descendant of Baalam's ass, but everybody knew that without his telling it!"

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RATHER FRESH.

Fresh from a holiday at Llandrindod Wells, and with the thought of a fair maiden's promise to be his bride filling and exciting his mind, a young South Wales traveller started on his rounds bent on making his fortune early. He determined to break new ground. He called upon an old acquaintance not on his regular list with the object of getting an order. "That's my firm, old chap," he said, with confidence, handing over his business card. "And a very good firm, too," said his shopkeeper with a most kindly smile, "one that I think you will get on well with, and I hope you will soon be admitted to a partnership." Then he handed back the "business card," which the young commercial was horrified to find was a photo of his beloved!

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A SELF-MADE JACOBITE.

One of the most crazy of the Jacobite leaguers in Scotland, says the Chicago "Record," is Theodore Napier. Curiously enough, he does not happen to be a highlander, and was not even born in Scotland, hailing from one of the Australian colonies, but summer and winter he wears a full highland dress of the Montrose period. When he marches

along the streets of Edinburgh with his Jacobite nose in the air, everybody turns to look at him, which he regards as a great compliment. Though in private he is the most mild-mannered and gentle of elderly gentlemen, when he is on the Jacobite war path he makes speeches of a fiery nature, which are intended to strike terror to the heart of the present "usurping Hanoverian dynasty."

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THE BOER NATURE.

In her recently published book, "An English South African's View of the Situation," Olive Schreiner has this to say about the Boers: "They are a brave, free, fearless folk, with the blood of the old sea kings in their veins. They are a people most nearly akin to the English of all Europeans, in language, form and feature resembling them, and in a certain dogged persistence, and an inalienable, indestructible air of personal freedom. When you try to coerce them they are hard as steel encased in iron, but with a large and generous response to affection and sympathy, which perhaps no other European folk gives. They may easily be deceived once, but never twice. Under the roughest exterior of the up-country Boer lies a nature strangely sensitive and conscious of personal dignity—a people who never forget a kindness and do not easily forget a wrong."

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A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

A story is now going the rounds to the effect that the Chinese government will soon make a contract for tearing down the Great Wall, which is 1,300 miles long. It is very unlikely that any at-

tempt to do this will be made, because the expense of taking down such a wall, even with the cheapest labor, would amount to an almost impossible figure. The reservoir at Forty Second Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City, may be compared to the wall of China in certain ways. It is estimated that it will cost over \$100,000 to remove the reservoir, and when its very small size is considered, it will be seen that to pull down 1,300 miles of wall would cost a billion or more dollars. It is probable that the wall may, however, be utilized as a quarry for those in search of building materials.

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CATS WITH KNOTTED TAILS.

The following is from the narrative of a voyager in the Indian Ocean:

"The steward is again pillowed on his beloved salt fish, and our only companion is a Malacca cat, which has also an attachment for the steward's pillow. Puss is a tame little creature and comes rubbing herself mildly against our shoes, looking up into our faces and mewling her thoughts. Doubtless she is surprised that you have been so long looking at her without noticing the peculiarity of her tail, which so much distinguishes her from her mates in other quarters of the globe. Take her up in your lap and see for yourself. Did you ever observe such a singular knot? So regular, too, in its formation, and she has outlived both the pain and inconvenience. But here comes her kitten, all full of gambols and fun, and we find that her tail is in precisely the same condition. So, then, this is a remarkable feature among the whole race of Malayan cats, but no one seems able to give a satisfactory explanation of it."

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Contents for January, 1899.



| | Page. | | Page. |
|------------------------------------|-------|-------------------------------|-------|
| Successful Sabbath School Teaching | 1 | The Apple as Medicine | 36 |
| Excursion to Canadoc (Poem) | 5 | Poisonous Plants | 36 |
| Bull Fighting | 6 | The Age of an Oyster | 36 |
| Bunch of Violets (Poem) | 11 | WELSH NEWS & NOTES— | |
| Corn-Mouth Club | 12 | Many Items of Interest | 37 |
| Pills and Powders | 13 | PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS— | |
| Chorus of Cambria | 16 | Notes of Persons and Things | 41 |
| A Trip to Boyhood's Days (Poem) | 28 | ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCEL- | |
| FIELD OF LETTERS— | | LANY— | |
| Notices on Books, Magazines, &c | 30 | Sassafras Christians | 45 |
| SCIENTIFIC— | | Cannibals in Russia | 46 |
| Baby Drink | 34 | Did Shakespeare Ride a Wheel? | 46 |
| Insect Brunkards | 34 | He Stopped at Home | 46 |
| Illegible | 34 | Impartial | 46 |
| Remedy for Damp Cellars | 34 | We Are Protestants | 47 |
| Look Them in Water | 35 | Pet Mice a New Fad | 47 |
| Laugh at Eyes | 35 | Divorce in Burmah | 47 |
| Social Life of Clerks | 35 | How to Make Money | 47 |
| Why Brunkards see Snakes | 35 | Marriage in the Phillipine | 48 |
| Curiosities About Wood | 35 | Encouraging Paternity | 48 |
| | | Bullets Point to Point | 48 |

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The Standard of Excellence Has Been Reached.

An Editorial from The American Journal of Health, Oct. 12, 1897.

PROGRESS IN MEDICINE.

By C. H. JAMISON, M. D.

DR. DIO LEWIS said: "Nineteen diseases out of twenty originate in the stomach, liver or kidneys, or arise from indigestion and constipation." Those who have made pathology a study will agree with this eminent physician in the opinion that where the stomach is debilitated, the bowels inactive or sluggish, or the liver or kidneys fail to perform their functions, the whole system becomes enervated and the body diseased. When these organs do not exercise their wonted task, effete and injurious matter is carried to all parts of the body. Through a mistaken diagnosis, these symptoms are often pronounced separate and distinct diseases, but as a matter of fact they can only be cured by remedies which strengthen the stomach and reach and relieve the over-worked liver and kidneys, thus strengthening these organs so that they can successfully act their part as cleaners of the body, thereby insuring regularity, pure blood, strength and good health throughout their entire system.

Among all the remedies claiming to perform this much desired result, and which have been investigated by the publishers of the *Journal*, it has been found that while there was much to commend, there was much to be desired. It is therefore with more than ordinary pleasure that, after a most painstaking investigation through our Secret Inquiry Bureau, and a long and careful examination of the results achieved by the remedy placed upon the market by Bright's Chemical Company, Little Falls, N. Y., and known as Bright's Kidney Beans, that we pronounce this preparation a remedy par excellence, and one that will speedily and effectually cure all diseases of the blood, bowels, stomach, liver and kidneys, whatever their origin or name, or however chronic and deep-seated they may be, including indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, etc. During more than a quarter of a century of journalism, during which time we have exercised a watchful care over many of the preparations having for their object the cure of blood and stomach diseases, we have never come across a preparation more deserving of heartiest commendation.

The high character of the endorsements which this remedy has obtained from highest sources leaves no reasonable question of doubt as to its extraordinary virtue. It goes without saying that reputable physicians of the various schools would not prescribe Bright's Kidney Beans to their patients unless they were first thoroughly satisfied that they would, as is claimed, cure, and without leaving injurious effects. Moreover, they are in constant use in families where proprietary remedies are never used for purposes of economy, which again leaves but one conclusion, viz: It possesses high virtue.

If you will follow the advice herein given, you will be put in possession of a sure cure for the every-day troubles resulting from weak stomach or diseased liver and kidneys, and one that has received the approval and sanction of the authorities of the country. Bright's Kidney Beans are unexcelled for all complaints arising from such causes. They are a purely vegetable remedy and will not nauseate the most delicate.

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v. 192

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THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER UTICA, N. Y.

Contents for February, 1899.



| | Page. | | Page. |
|------------------------------------|-------|-----------------------------------|-------|
| Sectarianism in Wale | 49 | WELSH NEWS & NOTES— | |
| Fame (Poem) | 50 | Many Items of Interest | 84 |
| Revival of the Celt | 51 | PERSONAL & MISCELLANEOUS— | |
| The Philippine Islands | 53 | Notes of Persons and Things | 88 |
| Land of Wales (Poem) | 60 | ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCEL- | |
| How Things Were Created, VI. | 61 | LANY— | |
| Musical Notes | 65 | To Abolish Snoring | 93 |
| The Chiefs of Cambria | 66 | Wanted Something Real | 93 |
| FIELD OF LETTERS— | | Through French Eyes | 93 |
| Notices on Books, Magazines, etc. | 76 | Scientific | 94 |
| SCIENTIFIC— | | An Ancient Sport | 94 |
| Chinese Remedies | 80 | New Science | 94 |
| Future Blacksmith Shop | 80 | Prima Facie | 94 |
| Germs the Agents | 80 | Send Both | 94 |
| Rest for Tired Brains | 80 | Betrothals in Spain | 95 |
| The Burning of Green Wood..... | 81 | Ruskin and the Beggar | 95 |
| Nation's Food | 81 | Santa Claus | 95 |
| Turf as Fuel | 81 | Lucky for the Last "Next" | 95 |
| A Waste | 82 | The Way he Does it | 96 |
| The Relative Insignificance of Man | 82 | Fife and Drum | 96 |
| National Life | 82 | An Editorial Apology | 96 |
| Increase of Cancer in England ... | 82 | | |
| A Theory of Living | 83 | | |
| A Transformation | 83 | | |

TERMS:

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THE CAMBRIAN



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

Contents for March, 1899.



| | Page | | Page. |
|---|------|--|-------|
| True Basis of the World's Uplift- ment | 97 | WELSH NEWS AND NOTES— | |
| The City's Lights (A Poem) | 100 | Many Items of Interest | 132 |
| A Welsh Rip Van Winkle | 101 | PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS— | |
| A Relic from Wales | 106 | Notes of Persons and Things | 136 |
| Hail to Thee (A Poem) | 108 | ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCEL- LANY— | |
| Our Patron Saint | 109 | Short Items | 140 |
| Ideals | 113 | Sunshine | 141 |
| Musical Notes | 114 | Was Pardoned | 141 |
| The Chiefs of Cambria | 116 | The Little Girl's Burden | 141 |
| FIELD OF LETTERS— | | Salaries of Presidents | 141 |
| Notices of Books, Magazines, &c. | 124 | A Good Law | 142 |
| SCIENTIFIC— | | Lincoln's First Speech | 142 |
| The Uses of Peat | 128 | The Oldest | 142 |
| The Darwinian Theory | 129 | Don't Make a Noise | 142 |
| The Seat of the Soul | 129 | Westminster Abbey Customs | 142 |
| Has Two Hearts | 129 | An Island People | 143 |
| Food and Endurance, &c. | 130 | A Novel Barometer | 143 |
| Does Drink Keep Out the Cold .. | 130 | The Language of Animals | 143 |
| Exercise and Growth | 130 | John Wesley's House | 143 |
| Egyptian Discovery | 131 | About Bacteria | 144 |
| Depopulation in France | 131 | | |
| Spirit Photographs | 131 | | |

TERMS:

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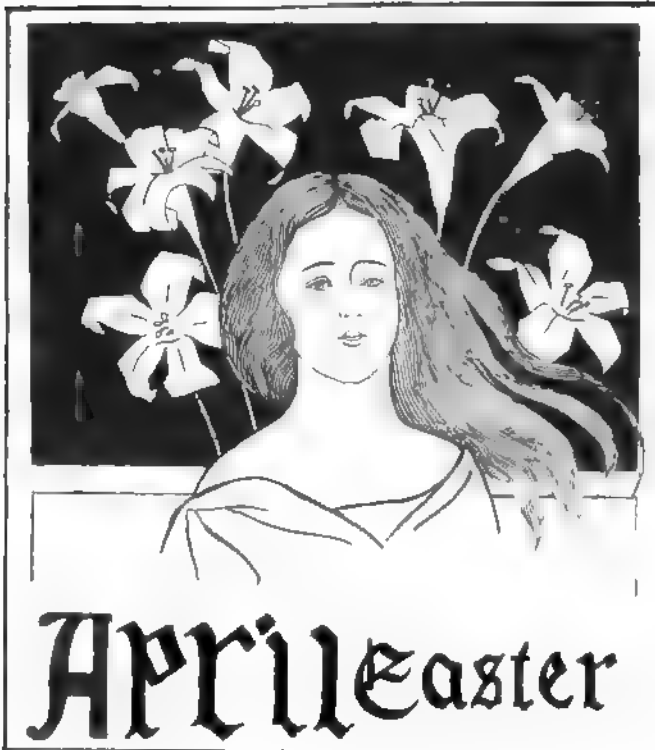
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THE CAMBRIAN

v. 194



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

Contents for April, 1899.



| | Page | | Page |
|------------------------------------|------|----------------------------------|------|
| John Ruskin.. . . . | 145 | An Electric Revival | 179 |
| Fallen Leaves (A Poem) | 146 | A Killing School System | 179 |
| An April Fool | 147 | About Bacteria | 179 |
| Hints to Theological Students | 150 | An Artificial Winter | 179 |
| Address to a Robin (A Poem) | 151 | WELSH NEWS AND NOTES— | |
| The Welsh in Marietta College ... | 152 | Many Items of Interest | 180 |
| St. David's Society of New York .. | 155 | PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS— | |
| Signs of the Coming Storm | 158 | Notes of Persons and Things | 185 |
| St. David (A Poem) | 164 | ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCEL- | |
| The Observatory | 164 | LANY— | |
| Musical Notes | 166 | A New Version | 189 |
| The Chiefs of Cambria | 168 | Clerical Insurance | 189 |
| FIELD OF LETTERS— | | What the Cubans Want | 190 |
| Notices of Books, Magazines, &c. | 172 | A Musical Critic | 190 |
| SCIENTIFIC— | | The Best Literature | 190 |
| The Care of Children in German | | Yankee Science | 190 |
| Schools | 176 | Blind Hymn Writer | 190 |
| No Doctors Needed in Turkey .. | 176 | A Teacher of the Old School | 191 |
| Stomach Photographing | 176 | All American Children | 191 |
| About Negro Children | 177 | Tobacco in England | 191 |
| Nerve Poisons | 177 | World's Youngest Lawyer | 191 |
| The Plague Microbe | 177 | 'Twas Not So | 192 |
| Electricity a Thawing Agent | 177 | A Marvelous X Ray Girl | 192 |
| Poisonous Clothing | 178 | Mr. Gladstone on Riddles | 192 |
| Was Wagner Crazy? | 178 | The Only Penny | 192 |
| Origin of the Thimble | 178 | | |

TERMS:

Cambrian, \$1.00 a Year, - 10 Cents a Copy.

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THE
CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

14 STATE COUNTY

Contents for May, 1899.



| | Page. | | Page. |
|-------------------------------------|-------|----------------------------------|-------|
| The Welsh Barony..... | 193 | What Mrs. Eddy Believes | 228 |
| The Grand Old Men of Wales..... | 196 | He Saw It..... | 228 |
| Lovely Land of Wales (a poem)..... | 204 | WELSH NEWS AND NOTES— | |
| St. David's Society of New York.... | 204 | Many Items of Interest..... | 229 |
| Signs of the Coming Storm..... | 207 | PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS— | |
| Musical Notes..... | 212 | Notes of Persons, &c..... | 233 |
| Chiefs of Cambria..... | 214 | ORIGINAL AND SELECT MISCEL- | |
| Love and Life (a poem).... | 220 | LANY— | |
| FIELD OF LETTERS— | | A Welshman's Appeal..... | 238 |
| Notices of Books, Magazines, &c.... | 221 | A Boy's Essay on Breath..... | 239 |
| SCIENTIFIC— | | Three Queens..... | 239 |
| Various..... | 225 | Benefit of Peerage..... | 239 |
| Function of Poetry..... | 226 | Feeding Hens on Newspapers..... | 239 |
| A Wonderful Railway..... | 226 | His Last Word..... | 239 |
| Christian Science and Poison..... | 226 | Obeying The Robin's Warning..... | 239 |
| A Crannog..... | 227 | Quite as Good..... | 240 |
| A Regular Beverage..... | 227 | Slightly Mixed..... | 240 |
| Bigotry of Ignorance..... | 227 | Telephoning When Snow Bound.... | 240 |
| Liquid Air..... | 227 | A Great Event..... | 240 |
| The Secret of Longevity | 227 | Professor Garcia..... | 240 |

TERMS:

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THE CAMBRIAN

V. 96

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N.Y.

Contents for June, 1899.



| | Page. | | Page. |
|-------------------------------------|-------|---------------------------------|-------|
| The Survival of the Strongest, &c.. | 241 | Excavation of Babylon | 277 |
| In and About Monterey | 243 | Religion of the Future | 277 |
| A Tragedy of Cader Idris | 246 | WELSH NEWS AND NOTES— | |
| Musical Modes | 254 | Many Items of Interest | 278 |
| To Sunbeam H——(A Poem) ... | 257 | PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS— | |
| The Master of the Mind | 257 | Notes of Persons and Things ... | 281 |
| An Old Fashioned Garden | 261 | ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCEL- | |
| The Chiefs of Cambria | 262 | LANY— | |
| Musical Notes | 267 | White Hands | 285 |
| Minstrels' Longing for Wales..... | 269 | A Curious Postal System | 285 |
| FIELD OF LETTERS— | | The Kansas Boys | 285 |
| Notices on Books, Magazines, &c. | 270 | Imitating a Cascade | 285 |
| SCIENTIFIC— | | Curious Clock | 285 |
| A Swallow's Flight | 274 | Sleeping Machines | 286 |
| The Harvest of the Sea | 274 | Great Lovers of Water | 286 |
| Is Poetry Passing | 274 | A Horse with Spectacles | 286 |
| A New Light | 274 | A Singular Statement | 286 |
| The Bible and Microbes | 274 | A Model Republic | 286 |
| Must be Examined | 275 | An Original Story | 286 |
| A Popular Question | 275 | Babies in China | 287 |
| The Reindeer's Food | 275 | Where the Atrocity Occurred.... | 287 |
| Laughter as Medicine | 275 | Nothing New | 287 |
| New Process of Cleaning Linen .. | 276 | Talking with Foreigners | 287 |
| Examples Needed | 276 | Rudyard Kipling Ancestry | 288 |
| Lynching Does Not Stop It | 276 | Funny Toothache Cures | 288 |
| Through Nature to God | 276 | | |

Invitation!

THE FIRM OF MAHER BROTHERS AT 56-57 FRANKLIN SQUARE TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN TENDERING TO THE PEOPLE OF UTICA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY AN INVITATION TO CALL UPON THEM.

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2, 197

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



JULY

THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N.Y.

Contents for July, 1899.



| | Page | | Page |
|-------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------|------|
| Thoughts in Song | 289 | Liquid Air | 323 |
| War Song of Dinas Fawr (A Poem).. | 291 | Bad Language of Birds | 324 |
| The Observatory | 292 | Llanberis Pass | 324 |
| Poet Laureate's Tribute (A Poem).. | 294 | The Eye and Tobacco | 324 |
| The Army and the Navy | 295 | WELSH NEWS AND NOTES— | |
| A Kansas Pulpit | 298 | Many Items of Interest | 325 |
| Musical Notes | 300 | PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS— | |
| The Gift of Music | 302 | Notes of Persons and Things | 329 |
| The Memorial at Llansannan | 303 | Dr. Joseph Parry | 329 |
| The Chiefs of Cambria | 306 | ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCEL- | |
| About a Famous Poem | 314 | LANY— | |
| The Eloquence of the Eye (A Poem).. | 315 | His Reason Why | 333 |
| FIELD OF LETTERS— | | The Buds Always There | 333 |
| Notices of Books, Magazines, &c... | 317 | Music and Caterpillars | 333 |
| SCIENTIFIC— | | He'd Rather Leave | 334 |
| Worth Considering | 321 | An Elephant's Memory | 334 |
| Liquid Air as Appetizer | 321 | The Preacher's Book | 334 |
| About Disputing | 322 | Britain and Polygamy | 334 |
| Science's Latest | 322 | The Grave of Jenny Lind | 334 |
| Mosquitoes and Malaria | 322 | A Board of Management | 335 |
| A Relic | 322 | The Best Spaniards | 335 |
| Voice is Power | 323 | The Lord's Day | 335 |
| Song Birds and Phthisis | 323 | A Departure | 335 |
| | | The Joy of the Lord | 336 |
| | | Col. Bryan's Two Jokes | 336 |
| | | Cromwell | 336 |

Invitation!

THE FIRM OF MAHER BROTHERS AT 56-57 FRANKLIN SQUARE TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN TENDERING TO THE PEOPLE OF UTICA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY AN INVITATION TO CALL UPON THEM.

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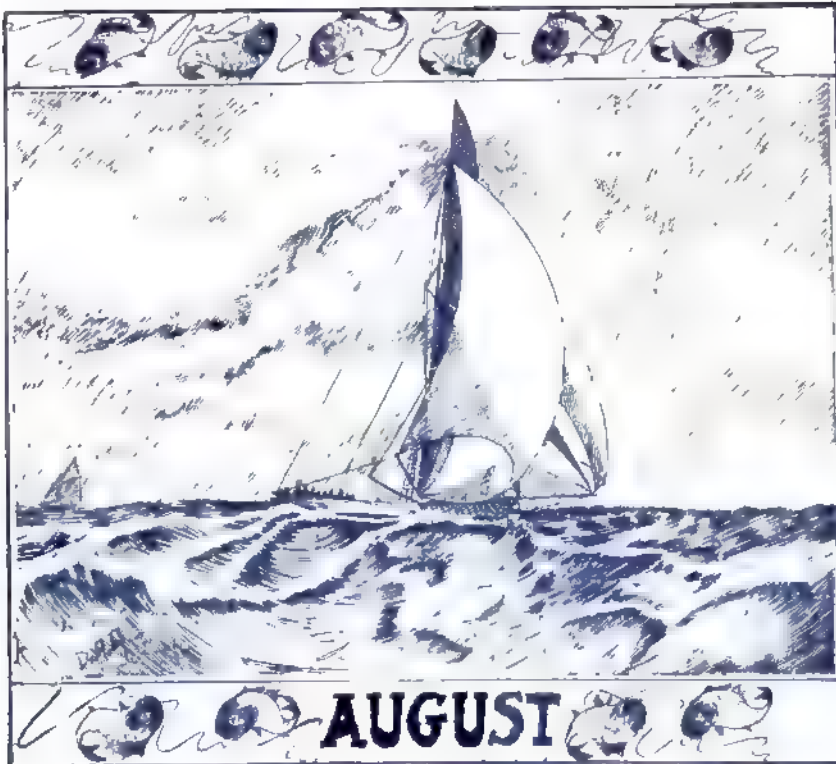
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V. 19

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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MADE IN U.S.A.

Contents for August, 1899.



| | Page | | Page |
|--|------|---------------------------------|-------|
| The Mission of Poetry | 337 | Shakespeare and Insanity | 373 |
| The Morning (A prose poem) | 344 | Individual Cups | 373 |
| Gwrych Castle | 345 | About Cheese | 373 |
| The Cymry Before They Came to Britain.. | 347 | Cure for Rheumatism | 374 |
| Looking Toward the Light (A Poem).. | 352 | There is Danger in Beards | 374 |
| A Fancy Sketch | 353 | The Effect of Drink | 374 |
| Musical Notes | 357 | PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS— | |
| Random Notes | 359 | Notes of Persons and Things .. | 375-6 |
| The Black Psalm | 360 | Dr. Naunton Davies | 375 |
| The Chiefs of Cambria | 364 | Rev. D. I. Jones | 379 |
| FIELD OF LETTERS— | | WELSH NEWS AND NOTES— | |
| Notices of Books, Magazines, etc.. | 371 | Many Items of Interest | 379 |
| SCIENTIFIC— | | ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MIS- | |
| Miscellaneous | 372 | CELLANY— | |
| Science of Skull Tapping | 373 | An Open Question | 384 |
| | | The Earliest Bird | 384 |
| | | Theology in Romance | 384 |

Invitation!

THE FIRM OF MAHER BROTHERS AT 56-57 FRANKLIN SQUARE TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN TENDERING TO THE PEOPLE OF UTICA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY AN INVITATION TO CALL UPON THEM.

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v. 19⁹

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W. E. COLE

Contents for September, 1899.



| | Page. | | Page. |
|--|-------|--|-------|
| Children's Rights..... | 385 | The Size of the Sun..... | 419 |
| An Eccentric Welshman..... | 387 | Liquid Air as a Caustic..... | 419 |
| At Twilight (A Poem)..... | 390 | Music and Disease..... | 419 |
| Kings of the Welsh Platform and Pulpit..... | 391 | Plants That Seem to Reason..... | 420 |
| Cymry Before they Came to Britain | 398 | Curio Factories..... | 420 |
| What the Flowers Say (A Poem)... | 404 | WELSH NEWS AND NOTES— | |
| Nadab and Abihu, or the Perils of Privileges..... | 405 | Many Items of Interest..... | 421 |
| Musical Notes..... | 407 | PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS— | |
| The Chiefs of Cambria..... | 409 | Rev. J. Hughes Parry..... | 425 |
| The Prince of the Sea (A Poem.... | 412 | Herbert A. Lewis..... | 428 |
| FIELD OF LETTERS— | | ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCEL- LANY— | |
| Notices of Books, Magazines, &c.. | 413 | And Odd Bird's Nest..... | 430 |
| SCIENTIFIC— | | He Couldn't Swim..... | 430 |
| Pompeii at Paris..... | 417 | Oom Paul..... | 430 |
| Why Babies are Cross..... | 417 | Consider the Hen..... | 430 |
| Sea Water for Sprinkling..... | 418 | A Comfort..... | 431 |
| Centenarians..... | 418 | Does Not Apply..... | 431 |
| The Way to Know Them..... | 418 | A Clever Appreciation..... | 431 |
| Origin of Spines..... | 418 | Brigham's Argument..... | 431 |
| A Lip Guard..... | 419 | Boiling Eggs For the Bishop.... | 432 |
| | | A Dog's Bed..... | 432 |
| | | Queer Advertizing..... | 432 |
| | | The Dead Irishman..... | 432 |

Invitation!

THE FIRM OF MAHER BROTHERS AT 56-57 FRANKLIN SQUARE TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN TENDERING TO THE PEOPLE OF UTICA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY AN INVITATION TO CALL UPON THEM.

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GILL AND CO. N.Y.

Contents for October, 1899.



| | Page. | | Page. |
|--------------------------------------|-------|----------------------------------|-------|
| The Eisteddfod Musically | 433 | Barley Water | 466 |
| The Bards (A Poem) | 435 | Tobacco and Alcohol | 466 |
| The Cardiff National Eisteddfod | 436 | Music and Worship | 467 |
| Enjoying "The National" | 439 | The Jews | 467 |
| The Cymry Before They Came to | | WELSH NEWS AND NOTES— | |
| Britain | 442 | Many Items of Interest | 468 |
| Rev. Griffith Jones of Llanddowror.. | 447 | PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS— | |
| The Mystic Symbol | 450 | Rev. B. Gwernydd Newton | 473 |
| Musical Notes | 452 | Daniel T. Davies, Minneapolis, | |
| The Chiefs of Cambria | 454 | Minn. | 475 |
| Age is Not Wintry (A Poem) | 459 | Colonel Morris, Girard, O. | 476 |
| FIELD OF LETTERS— | | ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCEL- | |
| Notices of Books, Magazines, etc... | 460 | LANY— | |
| SCIENTIFIC— | | Latin in Philadelphia | 479 |
| Photography of the Stomach | 465 | Told by a Clergyman | 479 |
| A Relief for Hunger | 465 | Ingersoll's Money Argument | 479 |
| The Infinite | 465 | Hard on the Devil | 480 |
| Religion and Money | 466 | The Blessing of One Newspaper .. | 480 |
| | | A Beautiful Tribute | 480 |
| | | A Girl's Idea of Boys | 480 |

Invitation!

THE FIRM OF MAHER BROTHERS AT 56-57 FRANKLIN SQUARE TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN TENDERING TO THE PEOPLE OF UTICA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY AN INVITATION TO CALL UPON THEM.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

Contents for November, 1899.



| | Page. |
|-----------------------------------|-------|
| John's Wife's Brother | 481 |
| A Unique Occupation | 489 |
| Infant's Adieu (A poem) | 491 |
| Musical Notes | 492 |
| Our Admiral (A poem) | 494 |
| Llandudno and Surroundings | 495 |
| Rhys Llewellyn | 498 |
| Chiefs of Cambria | 506 |
| FIELD OF LETTERS— | |
| Notices of Books, Magazines, &c.. | 510 |
| SCIENTIFIC— | |
| Is the Universe Infinite? | 514 |
| Did Man Once Possess a Third Eye | 514 |
| Lithium Minerals | 515 |
| WELSH NEWS AND NOTES— | |
| Many Items of Interest | 517 |
| PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS— | |
| Richard Jones, Columbus, O. | 321 |

| | Page. |
|----------------------------------|-------|
| Mrs. Bessie Evans Stephens, Rad- | |
| nor, O. | 523 |
| ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCEL- | |
| LANY | 525 |
| Famous Donkey Names | 525 |
| A Strange Conversion | 525 |
| The Word "Ale" | 525 |
| A New Lightning Rod | 525 |
| Work and Leizure | 526 |
| Is An American | 526 |
| The Umbrella Conscience | 526 |
| A Marriage Proposal | 526 |
| One of Shakespeare's Aphorisms.. | 527 |
| Sunday on Boston Common | 527 |
| A Chinese Idea | 527 |
| A Difficulty | 528 |
| Religion in Real | 528 |
| Laughter in the Bible | 528 |

Invitation!

THE FIRM OF MAHER BROTHERS AT 56-57 FRANKLIN SQUARE TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN TENDERING TO THE PEOPLE OF UTICA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY AN INVITATION TO CALL UPON THEM.

MAHER BROTHERS' CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT IS THE LARGEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE IN UTICA. THE MERIT OF THEIR CLOTHING IS: FIRST IN QUALITY; ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY THAT THE MARKED PRICES ARE THE LOWEST PRICES AND THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY. MEN DO BUSINESS WITH THIS FIRM BECAUSE IT IS A RELIABLE ONE. YOUNG MEN AND BOYS TRADE THERE BECAUSE THEY CAN GET FITTED NICELY, AND THEY REALIZE THAT THEY APPEAR BEST IN THE CLOTHES MADE BY ...

Maher Brothers.

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THE CAMBRIAN



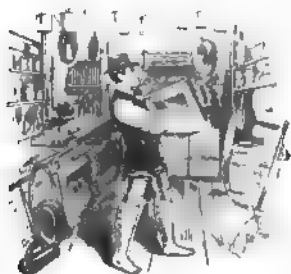
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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A. A. MARKS,

701 Broadway,
New York,
N. Y.

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Maher Brothers.

Contents for December, 1899.

| | Page. | | Page. |
|---|-------|----------------------------------|-------|
| Language and Religious Instruction | 529 | Individual Thinking | 563 |
| Musical Notes | 531 | The New Religion | 563 |
| Star of Bethlehem (a poem) | 535 | What Constitutes a Healthy Man | 564 |
| The Elsteddfod of the Twentieth Century | 536 | Cannibalism Produced Mankind | 564 |
| A Winter Reverie (a poem) | 538 | WELSH NEWS AND NOTES— | |
| The Cymry Before They Came to Britain | 539 | Many Items of Interest | 565 |
| A Christmas Story | 542 | PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS— | |
| A Prayer (a poem) | 547 | Rev. H. P. Howell, D. D., Colum- | |
| Random Notes | 548 | bus, O. | 569 |
| The Chiefs of Cambria | 550 | Rev. David Probert, Youngstown, | |
| FIELD OF LETTERS— | | Ohio | 572 |
| Notices of Books, Magazines, etc. | 557 | ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCEL- | |
| SCIENTIFIC— | | LANY— | |
| New Uses for the Automobile | 561 | The Quaker's Answer | 575 |
| Wireless Telephony | 562 | He Didn't Mention That | 575 |
| A New Instrument | 562 | Rather Frosh | 575 |
| Golf and the Nerves | 562 | A Self-Made Jacobine | 575 |
| Smokeless Coal | 562 | The Boer Nature | 576 |
| | | A Great Undertaking | 576 |
| | | Cats with Knotted Tails | 576 |

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290th. 291st. 292nd. 293rd. 294th. 295th. 296th. 297th. 298th. 299th. 300th. 301st. 302nd. 303rd. 304th. 305th. 306th. 307th. 308th. 309th. 310th. 311st. 312nd. 313th. 314th. 315th. 316th. 317th. 318th. 319th. 320th. 321st. 322nd. 323rd. 324th. 325th. 326th. 327th. 328th. 329th. 330th. 331st. 332nd. 333rd. 334th. 335th. 336th. 337th. 338th. 339th. 340th. 341st. 342nd. 343rd. 344th. 345th. 346th. 347th. 348th. 349th. 350th. 351st. 352nd. 353rd. 354th. 355th. 356th. 357th. 358th. 359th. 360th. 361st. 362nd. 363rd. 364th. 365th. 366th. 367th. 368th. 369th. 370th. 371st. 372nd. 373rd. 374th. 375th. 376th. 377th. 378th. 379th. 380th. 381st. 382nd. 383rd. 384th. 385th. 386th. 387th. 388th. 389th. 390th. 391st. 392nd. 393rd. 394th. 395th. 396th. 397th. 398th. 399th. 400th. 401st. 402nd. 403rd. 404th. 405th. 406th. 407th. 408th. 409th. 410th. 411st. 412nd. 413th. 414th. 415th. 416th. 417th. 418th. 419th. 420th. 421st. 422nd. 423rd. 424th. 425th. 426th. 427th. 428th. 429th. 430th. 431st. 432nd. 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Can cure Consumption—it is curing it every day. It can stop the coughing and expectorating the fever and chills, the night sweats, the wasting away. It can heal up the diseased lungs, restore strength and absolutely **Cure 90 per Cent.** of all cases. We want every consumptive to know that it can really effect a cure. The treatment does not consist of cheap, worthless inhalers, where you simply get the odors or fumes of poisonous nostrums, nor is it a combination of poisonous drugs and nauseating cod liver oil, but a scientific course of treatment at your own home, under special care and direction of the inventor, Dr. J. A. MILLER, who is a **Specialist** in all diseases of the throat, lungs and breathing organs, who has devoted his whole life to them and knows every phase and complication.

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Dr. Miller's discovery is one of the most valuable in the history of medical science. I have watched it carefully and have yet to find a case in which the directions were faithfully carried out, that did not result in complete restoration. I admit that I doubted the practicability of it at the beginning, but no man can be a doubter who has investigated it as I have.

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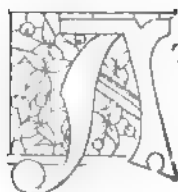
Write for other reports of hopeless cases.

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FOR 1900.



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Do You Know that you cannot get a good gold-filled watch for 2 or 3 Dollars? And that you are throwing your money away when you send for one of these so-called cheap watches, because the watch will not last? We say to you. **Don't do it!** If you want a watch we will sell you one for the factory price so that you save the profit of all middlemen, and **we can sell** it to you cheaper than anybody on earth. These watches are **14K. Solid Gold** filled, strong and durable, as the gold is filled over a plate of composition metal, and **look and wear as well** as any \$60 Gold watch. The movement is a **Genuine American Standard** (not cheap Swiss) richly jeweled damaskeened, quick train, bearing in composition settings, safety pinion and compensation balance. **We guarantee each one to be accurate in**

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WRITE PLAINLY LETTERING WANTED, and we will send you by freight, **FREE** of charge, a **GRAVESTONE**, **PAID, U. S. D.**, subject to examination, (this base, some Royal Blue Marble Gravestone, guaranteeing delivery. Examine it at your freight depot, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, and equal to stone that retail at \$20.00 to \$30.00, pay the freight agent **Our Special Offer Price, \$9.98**, less the \$1.00 sent with order. We prepay the freight to any point east of the Rocky Mountains.



THIS HANDSOME GRAVESTONE is made, cut, traced lettered and polished in very latest style, from **Best Royal Blue Cross Grain Marble**, is non-destructible, and has a rich, highly polished, un fading color. Gravestone is 20 inches high, 16 inches wide at base. Write for prices on other styles and sizes. Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.**

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Lessons by mail, for home study. These lessons have been prepared for us by the well-known New York teacher, Frank H. Tubbs, and consist of exercises and instruction in training the voice for church and concert solo singing. The instruction is clear and plain and differs for different voices. Sopranos, altos, tenors and basses. They do not teach sight reading, but are for those having good voices who want to be solo singers. The lessons tell how to practice each day, and about one hour of study is needed each day. There are eight lessons in the course and are sent one at a time and ten days apart. With the review the course lasts 100 days, the benefit lasts a lifetime.

Price, for the Course, \$3.00.

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ON EASY CONDITIONS.

Cut this ad. out and mail to us. Send a small sample of your hair, cut close to the roots. **SEND NO MONEY**; we will make and send you by mail, postpaid, a **FINE WOMAN HAIR SWITCH**, as even match, made of inches long from selected human hair 1/4 ounces, short stem. We will inclose in package with switch sufficient postage to return it to us if not perfectly satisfactory, but if found exactly as represented and most extraordinary value and you wish to keep it, either send us \$1.50 by mail within 10 days or **TAKE ORDERS FOR 3 SWITCHES AT \$1.50 EACH** among your friends and send to us without any money, we to send the 3 switches to them direct by mail, to be paid for 10 days after received if perfectly satisfactory, and you can then have the switch we send you free for your trouble.

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 YOU WILL FIND
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Fine Hair Goods, Real Shell Goods,
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 Young ladies at your service for Shampooing, Hair
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DEAR SIR: I think your remedy is the greatest thing in the world for kidney and bladder. I can recommend it to all persons who suffer from kidney and bladder diseases. I had what two doctors called the gravel, but they could not give me anything to relieve me. I sent for a bottle of your Great Kidney and Bladder Cure, and it gave me relief as soon as I began to take it, and I have not been troubled since.

I remain, yours truly,
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Pittsburg, Pa.

DEAR MR WILLIAMS: Having heard of the merits of your Celebrated Kidney and Bladder Cure, I recommended it to several suffering friends in this city: I am glad to inform you that all who have tried it speak of it in the highest terms. There are many here who have been perfectly cured by it, and that after other remedies have failed—some of the cases were considered perfectly hopeless; but this wonderful English remedy proved a great blessing to all of them.

Yours respectfully, R. W. OWEN.

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Sold for \$1 a bottle. For \$3, three bottles will be sent to any address, postage free.

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JOHN B. WILLIAMS Druggist,

44 South Street, UTICA, N. Y.

Send letter in Welsh or English describing your ailments.

Western Agent, J. E. ROBERTS, Chemist, Cambria, Wis.



\$2.75 BOX RAIN COAT

A REGULAR \$1.00 WATERPROOF
 MACKINTOSH FOR \$2.75.

Send No Money. Cut this ad out and send to us, and we will send you this coat by express, C. O. D., subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of, and equal to any coat you can buy for \$5.00, pay the express agent our special offer price, \$1.75, and express charges. **THIS MACKINTOSH** is latest 1909 style, made from heavy waterproof, tan color, genuine Davis Cover Cloth; extra long, double breasted, Sager velvet collar, fancy plaid lining, waterproof seams, strapped and cemented seams, suitable for both rain and overcoat, and guaranteed greatest value ever offered by us or any other house. For Free Little Samples of Men's Mackintoshes up to \$5.00, and Made-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats at from \$5.00 to \$10.00, write for Free Book No. 58C. Address,

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\$1.98 BUYS A \$3.50 SUIT

A 1900 CELEBRATED "NEVERWORN" DOUBLE
 NEAT AND NEAR, REGULAR \$3.50 BOYS' TWO-
 PIECE KNEE PANTS SUITS AT \$1.98,
 A NEW SUIT FREE FOR ANY OF THESE SUITS
 WHICH DON'T GIVE SATISFACTORY WEAR.
SEND NO MONEY, cut this ad. out and
 send to us, state age of boy and say whether
 large or small forage and we will send you
 the suit by express, C. O. D. subject to ex-
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 express office and if found perfectly satis-
 factory and equal to suits sold in your town for
 \$3.50, pay your express agent our Special
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THESE KNEE PANTS SUITS are for boys 4 to
 15 years of age and are retailed everywhere at
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 special heavy weight, wear-resisting, all-wool
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SEND NO MONEY. Cut this ad. out, and send to us, state your weight and height, also number of inches around body at bust and neck, and we will send this **BEAUTIFUL FUR TRIMMED BEAVER CLOTH CAPE** to you by express, C.O.D., subject to examination. You can examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented and the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of, pay the express agent our special offer price \$2.75, and express charges. Express charges will average 40 to 60 cents for each 1,000 miles. **THIS CAPE IS LATEST STYLE FOR FALL and WINTER,** made from an extra fine and heavy all wool black or blue genuine Ravenna Beaver cloth, 37 inches long, very full sweep, 13-inch upper cape, extra full. Upper cape and large storm collar, beautifully trimmed with black Battle seal furs; upper cape trimmed with three rows and collar with two rows of fine mohair braid; cloth button ornaments. This cape is the tailor made throughout and equal to capes that sell at more than double the price. Write for free Color Catalogue.

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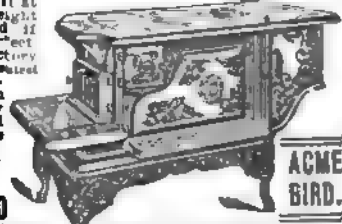
SEND US ONE DOLLAR and this ad., and we will send you this by express, 1000 pattern high-grade **ESSEXVILLE COAL AND WOOD COOK STOVE**, by freight C.O.D., subject to examination.

Examine it at your freight depot and if found perfectly satisfactory and the greatest stove ever made, **NAME YOUR OWN** or heard of, pay the freight **AGAIN** our **SPECIAL PRICE.**

\$13.00

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WRITE FOR OUR BIG FREE STOVE CATALOGUE.

90% OF AMERICAN WOMEN

wash dishes three times each day. If you are one of these, wear a pair of "Goodyear" Rubber Gloves and always have soft, white hands. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.50. Agents wanted. Address, M. O. Dept.

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SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Florentine Camphor Cream ...

THIS is about personal appearance. It may interest women more than it does men. There's a part devoted to men. We have made a "CREAM" and it's the best thing we know for keeping the skin in a proper condition.

It's unlike anything else of this kind because we make no secret of the ingredients. We use Witch Hazel, Glycerine and Camphor, all these are known in every home. Baby knows the Witch Hazel bottle. Grandma has used it all her life. The odor of Camphor everyone may recognize.

Then we add an antiseptic. We have called our preparation **FLORENTINE CAMPHOR CREAM**. It has all the healing properties that Witch Hazel and Glycerine has; it is as pungent as the best Camphor, it renders the skin white and soft, and cultivates a most pleasing fairness.

It is particularly suited to relieving the heat in sunburn. Then too, it is unequalled for chafing, giving immediate relief and restoring the skin to its normal condition.

Men who shave need no reminder of burning necks and throats all full of fire. The best razor, will often irritate, and the collar lends its aid to the bad work.

This preparation is particularly suited to application after shaving.

Its continued use for this purpose will in a short time effect the skin in such a manner that no further trouble will be experienced.

It is also useful as an application after profuse perspiration as it regulates the pores, and has a very refreshing effect when applied.

Ask your Barber for it

This Cream as a Toilet preparation is the best that can be had.

The reason we know it's the best is because it's made of three drugs, that separately are acknowledged by the public to be the best for their respective purposes.

The three compounded after our system, with the antiseptic, form a most healing and delightful Cream, that softens the skin and makes it white and fair. We're selling a good deal of it for 50 cents per bottle. It's honest value. **SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.**

W. F. DALY & CO.,

232 Bleeker Street, Utica, N. Y.

ENDORSED BY MILITARY AUTHORITY!

— ALSO BY A —

Noted Writer of "The New York World." — A Tale Told Many Times.

BRIGHT'S KIDNEY BEANS "A SURE CURE."

THIS is the age of specialists. The human body is too complex and too wonderfully made for any one man in the brief span of a single life to become expert in his knowledge of all the ailments of all the body. That is why the leading physicians of the world are to-day confining their attention to one branch of study and practice, such as kidney, ear, eye, nervous diseases, etc., and they become known to fame as specialists in their chosen branch.

We early recognized the truth of this undeniable fact and selected as our life work the study of that highly important branch commonly known as "Kidney troubles."

These diseases exist to a much greater extent than is commonly supposed. They are to be found everywhere and in all grades of society—statistics proving that the number of cases average nearly one to every grown person. The fact that we are making thousands of permanent cures is proven by the letters received every day from our patients in all parts of the United States.

General Elias M. Greene, who is known throughout the United States, is one of the many endorsers of this remedy. Before the war he was of the firm of Gardner, Greene & Co., and N. W. Burtis & Greene, of New York. During the Civil War he was Chief Quartermaster of the Third and Twenty-second Army Corps, and Chief of the Department of Washington. He was the originator of the Freedman's Village and Government Farms. Since the war he has been extensively known as Vice-President and General Manager of the Echo Telephone Co.; of the Magnet Electric Mfg. Co., and Vice-President of the Columbian Railway Co. Here is the story of how Bright's Kidney Beans benefitted him:

GENERAL GREENE says:

COLONNADE HOTEL, NEW YORK, May 17th, 1899.
For years I have been troubled with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder. Sometimes it was exceedingly painful. I was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but they seemed to afford me but temporary relief at the most. A friend suggested Bright's Kidney Beans, and while I had no faith in them, like a drowning man gasping after straws, tried one box and the result was most gratifying. I now use them whenever occasion requires, I consider them a very valuable remedy.

GENERAL ELIAS M. GREENE.

Here is one that comes from **Mr. Sam E. Whitmire**, known as one of the foremost advertising men of the United States. He is known as advertising manager for Ehrichs Bros., New York; Joseph H. Bauland, Brooklyn; L. S. Plant & Co., Newark, N. J., and a regular writer for the "New York World," "Printer's Ink," "Fame," "Brains," and other publications. His headquarters are in the World Building, New York, where he can be addressed as to the effects of our remedy upon his troubles.

MR. WHITMIRE CURED.

Room 144, WORLD BUILDING, NEW YORK, April 26, 1899.
BRIGHT'S CHEMICAL CO., Little Falls, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find express order for \$2.00 for four packages of your Kidney Beans. I wish them for a friend, Mr. S. W. Floyd, who has the same symptoms that I had six months ago, when I began taking your medicine. As to my own case, I am entirely cured. I began to feel better after using the first box. Now I have no more palpitation of the heart; no more constipation; no more dull, heavy headache; no more coated tongue; no tired feeling on arising; no billiousness; no intense thirst; no pain in the back; no shooting pains in the region of kidneys, etc. In fact, I feel like a "two-year-old," and I shall recommend your Kidney Beans most highly to everyone who has any symptoms of kidney troubles.

Yours very truly,

SAM E. WHITMIRE.

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE.

Bright's Kidney Beans come 24 in a Metal Box.

They are to be taken one or two before meals. The first box will do you good, as this remedy is a proven success.

For a limited time we will send a trial package free, also a valuable booklet, together with a brief history of the Spanish-American war. Address,

Bright's Chemical Co.,

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

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...ROBINSON'S BATH CABINET...

Opens the pores and sweats all the poisons out of the blood, leaving it pure and healthy. Physicians recommend it for the cure of

**LA GRIPPE, COLDS, KIDNEY, LIVER, BLOOD AND
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If you are sick, it will make you well—if well, it will keep you so.

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There are cheap imitations of the Robinson Cabinet on the market—don't be deceived by them. Sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Try it 30 days, and if not satisfied we will gladly refund your money.

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